TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Amongst the criticisms which naturally pour into one who like myself ventures upon general criticism, I heard many congratulatory things regarding my little unorganized clamor for a man. I have to thank many for their kindness in saying pretty things about my having expressed their unwritten ideal as to a great leader who should absorb the people of Canada and lead them to success. I must confess that I am surprised at the liberality of the Conservative party; members of it who have endeavored to strengthen my purpose and hold up my hands in the struggle for a strong and aggressive leader, make one believe that partizanship is not so hide-bound in Canada as it is generally supposed.

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"Say, Don," said a friend of mine the other day, "I read your last week's appeal for a man, for a leader, for someone who will excite our enthusiasm, with more interest and a greater degree of enthusiasm than I have read anything you have written for six months. Do you know that in the old days, when I was a little girl, I used to go with my father to hear George Brown, and Alexander Mackenzie, and Edward Blake, and what was that man's name who had an empty sleeve? (E. B. Wood, I suggested.) Why, the farmers and the people used to turn out in thousands, and though I didn't know the meaning of much of it I used to be thrilled and wildly excited and it seemed to me there was only one party, and I am sure that is what my father used to think. How people used to shout, and the enthusiasm that pervaded the crowd possessed me, and I used to hang on to father's arm and think it was the grandest thing in the world.

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"I don't see any of these things now. Who goes around speaking for the Reform party? I never hear father say anything about going out to big meetings; he doesn't argue politics with people who come to the house; he seems to take no interest any more in what is going on. Are there no leaders? Oh, what a lovely speaker that man was with only one arm; E. B. Wood, didn't you say his name was? I like Mr. Mowat, he is so quiet and so smart; he knows what he is talking about, but he seems to be the only one who has any idea of what he wants to do. What are your party trying to do? What are the Conservatives after, anyhow? And say, really, what are the Reform party in Dominion politics agitating for? I cannot see what they are after. And who really is the man who ought to lead in Canadian politics?"

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It is in this way that my wife talks to me about what ought to be done, and when memories are forced upon me of the old-time leaders I really wonder what we are after. We never see a leader nor hear of one; we fight for drill sheds and harbor improvements, and for additional grounds for the Industrial Exhibition, but we seem to lack issues, men, and those soul-stirring things which at one time used to move us either for or against the dominant party. When Sir John used to speak to us, and tell us very stale stories perchance, we recognized in him the leader of the people and followed him, believing that he understood what was best for us and was willing, notwithstanding many attendant difficulties, to make Canada a great and glorious country. Of course this "great and glorious country" is very much of a legend; it is easy for people to talk about it, to proclaim it, to prophesy that the time is not far off when visions will materialize into farms, and wheat, and money, and wealth. No matter how mythical it may have been, what has replaced this pleasing illusion? Who is talking to us in these paternal and pleasing phrases? Nobody. "We have no papa now," to use the post-funeral phrase of the child who finds the house empty; there is no sentiment in the Conservative party, or the Reform party, or any party; there is no sentiment emanating from any party, from any people, any section of people, any fragment, who says, "This man is liable to lead us to success." We all know that every man who is in public life has obliterated his personality, has sacrificed his impulses, has betrayed the godly and glorious things that were in him in order to be a Cabinet Minister. It may be necessary—I don't know; I am talking as one who knows nothing of these things—to wipe out all the beautiful colors of youth and manhood,

And that sweet time
When first we heard their pleasing rhyme.

It may be necessary in order to succeed politically that all these impulses and sweet things, every impulse and nucleus of greatness must be fastened up, tied about with party strings, and religious straps, and sectional refrigerators. This all may be necessary; the party politicians no doubt have experimented in how these things could be worked; they no doubt know how far they can carry the grandly gorgeous and buoyant idea of being a man. The experiments have resulted in the political eunuch. We see the fat-faced, the unsexed, the unimportant personage standing in the corridor of Canada demanding the passport of people who have some virility. The man who has heard nothing of a harem and is unacquainted with a eunuch demands from this fatted personification of nothingness why he should be accosted in the hallway. He is beaten and thrown out, and no other reason need be given. The person without any intentions, honorable or otherwise, the thing who has by some extraordinary procedure been able to obtain a salary and a position rules the roost. Interests which are not strong enough to make the Government feel that things have not been rightly "arranged" can keep on being disarranged. A government which does not give a continental what happens so long as it lives is not, in my opinion, likely to live. Nobody is asking Canada what it wants; nobody is feeling the pulse of Canada as to what it needs. In the best sense of the word we have neither a leader nor a policy. The Dominion Government may feel secure, yet with the prompt candor of the unappreciated friend I may say that there is nothing that might not happen it. All a movement against it needs is a leader, a man, a somebody who can advise the people how to act. If such a man should arise the Dominion Government would not be in it; they have no policy that could be remembered through the speech of a schoolhouse orator; their arguments would be forgotten in five minutes of the braying of an opposition brass band or in ten minutes of a county banquet. They are living in the fool's paradise and believing that they are the people; shallow Cabinet Ministers are talking shallow things to people who do not care whether said Cabinet Ministers are alive or dead. An earthquake may disturb these smart people any moment; any man who arises with a strong popular belief behind him will shake them to their center. These may seem to be assertions, but let me ask in the light of a woman's suggestion, which so often goes straight to the point, where are the leaders of Canada to-day, and who are they?

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George Brown is dead; Alexander Mackenzie is dead; Edward Blake has forsworn his country and become an Irishman; Sir Richard Cartwright has forsworn his country and become a Yankee; Monsieur Laurier has identified himself with Monsieur Mercier, and jointly they have rented rooms in the realm of Nowhere; Premier Abbott is an invalid who doesn't know whether he should remain in power or not; Sir John Thompson is the apostle of goodness who appears not to know whether it really pays to be good or bad; Sir Caron is rusticating while his political smallpox peels off; Mr. Chapleau is getting his hair curled and his voice rested after campaigns which mean disruption to Canada if they mean anything. So we might go through the whole list of political personages, political things, political nobodies; in this way we might enumerate with tiresome iteration the miserable factionists, the petty personages who occupy the public mind as far as it is occupied. But let me ask again, who is the man? Who is THE Canadian? Who is likely to lead us to something better? Who is likely to unite in his grand personality the ambitions of this people? Who is a possibility as the centerpiece of the geographical and patriotic outlook of Canada?

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I have seen much of politics and have had some slight personal experience. This experience has not been bitter, but simply preservative. It has afforded me an exact point of view; its sidelights have revealed to me the strength of positions and the shadows which come to those who are offered as party sacrifices. I have seldom seen men perish from the face of a party ticket because they have been personally ambitious. Little is known of the difference between the man who is a follower of a friend, the nominee of a party which must lose, or the exponent of a principle which in losing may win, and the man who is simply working for himself. These little trifles never occupy the attention of the voter, and he has really few facilities for obtaining a proper knowledge of the candidates. It matters little. Time and the great gods alone make these things plain; the nominee of a known leader and an accepted apostle will go, and it takes a great amount of argument to change a vote. People are followed, not principles, and so, as the whole thing goes down into history, we watch a parliament, led by nothing but a blind impulse, and may very well wonder what will happen next time. Anything is possible, everything is possible; for surely if we have no leader, if we have no principles, if the Government is conducted on a basis of postoffices instead of patriotism, the most surprising thing might offer itself and find a lodgment in the public mind, which now believes that nothing could be worse than that which exists. We have no influence anywhere; our cattle are scheduled in England, our goods forbidden under heavy penalties at the border; we have found no customers in foreign nations; we have done nothing except peddle subsidies; our rulers have succeeded in nothing except increasing the public debt. Of course if this is satisfactory we may go on and keep up a similar procedure. That the Grits are more wildly foolish and more heartlessly unpatriotic and more insanely unbusinesslike is to the advantage of the administration but not to the advantage of the country.

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As it seems to a bystander, so it must seem to every outsider; so our policy must impress everyone who might possibly be induced to become an immigrant. Where is there anything but our rich public lands that beckons the stranger to make his home with us? It is true we shut up our taverns at seven o'clock on Saturday, permit no Sunday street cars or newspapers or ungodly things until the Monday morning sun sanctifies a renewal of licensed ungodliness, but is this attracting population or gathering business or promoting goodness? We may very reasonably ask if anything is being accomplished by this sort of thing except the exclusion of people who want to mind their own business and are unprepared to have their business minded for them by the churches.

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Forgetting these minor considerations, are those who are believers in Imperial Federation likely to survive the snubs they are receiving in England? Can they hope for much when even the privilege of importing cattle and feeding them has been denied those progressive and daring men who have engaged in the Canadian live stock traffic? Where can the independence-of-Canada advocate find comfort when he knows that the first act in such a *regime* would be the gathering together of a constitutional convention which would give Quebec less than it now possesses, and would be asked to give that province more than the other six provinces would consent to grant? Annexation has no beauties that we should desire it. Yet let not the friend of British connection forget the fact that under Democratic rule, when inducements may be offered to us, the impulse may grow towards political and commercial union. It is not to our advantage. A closer alliance with the Empire would be a vastly greater advantage to us; our history, our impulses, the everything which tends to the greatness of a people is opposed to annexation, and yet let it not be forgotten that the bribe will be on the desk to tempt the cupidity of those who are always willing to sacrifice the future for a small certainty or the prospect of petty profit.

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When we look at all these things and their bearing upon Canadian politics, when with the garrulousness of gray hair and gray and sombre prospects we begin to cast about us for security, and years roll up and energy becomes dull, we are apt to ask, what is England offering her colonies for continued attachment and more profitable trade? Personally though I may be an enthusiastic Imperial Federationist, what is there to make my faith secure? What, in argument, have I to offer in anything the Gladstone Government has done or is likely to do to obtain converts to my way of thinking? What is there in Canadian public life, who is there in Canadian public position to win men to the belief that there is a future for this country no matter what England may do or leave undone, no matter what partizans may say or leave unsaid? Who is the man? No matter what he believes, if he be great enough to lead Canadians would be loyal enough to follow almost anywhere. Unfortunately for us all, we lack the man who feeds as they do in the old southern Barbacue, the orator who stirs us as the Clays, the Calhouns, the Websters once stirred our neighbors to the south of us. We have not the editor or publicist who is making the great clamor for principle that George Brown once did; we lack Sir John, the man who led us even though we knew not whither; we have nothing but a petty Opposition and quite as petty a Government which says, "We are here to draw a salary; we have no impulses; we belong to every section and subscribe to every religion and our only object is to conciliate the country, province by province, so that we may maintain a Government which was left to us by Sir John and which has no meaning to us except as a source of honor and emolument."

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What should we strive for? This is a very reasonable question. We have been left behind in the progress of the new world; our own statistics prove to us that we have either been unhappily managed or unfortunately located. What are we going to do about it? It may be very pleasant that the Government have employed a newspaper to say that everything is being done for the best; we may be joyously confident that something will turn up; with Tony Weller we may believe that "circumspect is a more tenderer word than circumwent;" we may have many private images in our minds, but what foundation have we for hoping that years of inaction are to be succeeded by a policy of progress and a period of prosperity? It is useless for the gentlemen who have charge of our affairs to say that times are likely to change. We are in the painful position of being forced to demand: "What is likely to make things better?" We may conceive that after a while a reaction may set in and that the United States will not admit the immigration which they have had a surfeit of, while leaving us a nation with a scanty population extending along the border of something which has been more absorptive than a porous plaster; we may hope the time has come when our rich acreage will attract the population it deserves, yet are any of these things likely to happen as a mere happen-chance, as a circumstance, as a frill on the progress of another nation? Is it not fair that we should enquire what we are doing to promote these things? We have built a great railway, we are proud of its prosperity, and yet blushingly we must confess that we are not sharing in the profits. We have a great people, a dominant people; those of our nationality hold the best positions in the United States, but what are we holding at home? What are our prospects? From what country are the people to come who are to live on our prairies? What is being done with our iron? Where is the market for our nickel? Is it not a fact that our National Policy is becoming a good deal of a chestnut?

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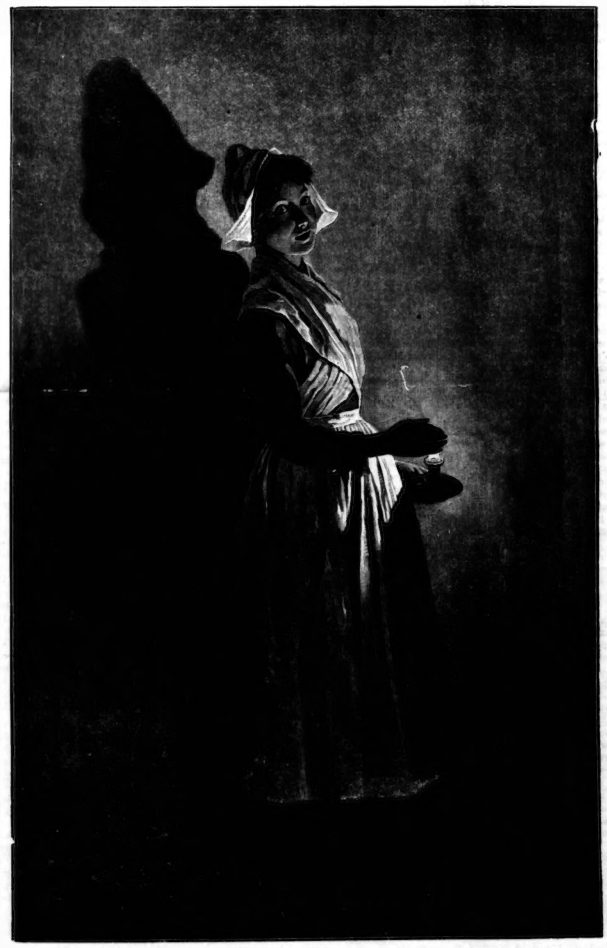
Why should not the Ontario Government organize an experimental mine, an experimental rolling mill, a something to show the capacity and capabilities of our mines? Is it not a fact that our governments, no matter whether they are provincial or Dominion, believe that their only function is to administer the laws, exact taxes, retard progress, embarrass everything which does not procure a place or salary for the needy sycophant, or to erect asylums, postoffices or a custom house in the constituency which needs attention? What is government for? What are politicians for? What place has patriotism in the whole performance is a question which we have a right to ask; it is a question which our rulers never see fit to answer. What we need and must have is a man; what we need and must



GOOD NIGHT.

have is an upheaval. The something which is to happen cannot be far off; the man who is to lead the movement will likely create the upheaval; the time when all the forces of Canada will assist somebody to be something cannot be afar off. It will be a national rather than a political movement; it will make somebody, and it will drop into private life many who think themselves made, but it will be a combination of the time, purpose, the people and the man.

DON.

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It is always a sad thing to see a man in vigorous health suddenly struck dead, whether by accident, disease, or the hand of his fellow. The last is the most shocking occurrence of all, when happening near by. It causes one to shiver through and through. The tragedy of Thanksgiving Day—and every holiday in this town produces its tragedy—has commanded a more than usual amount of general interest because those concerned in it belonged to separate branches of the public service. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide, the only verdict possible under the circumstances. But the ever-watchful maniacs who hound the press with letters on every possible subject may be depended upon to keep the question alive for months, and to unhinge Policeman Campbell's mind if he be at all sensitive. One good result of this most unfortunate thing will be that volunteers in or out of uniform will find the true amount of exemption enjoyed by them. We have three local regiments of which we are, and have every right to be proud. In these battalions young men of all classes are enrolled—young men of all degrees of good and bad inclinations, of all degrees of intelligence from broad enlightenment to actual stupidity. The idea has got abroad, though it is not entertained by the better classes of citizen soldiery, that a volunteer in uniform is a public character superior to the police, who cannot legally be arrested whatever provocation he may give. Usually the most stupid and the most reckless among the soldiers are the ones who harbor this idea, and usually this prevailing idea induces young men of reckless disposition to seek admittance to the militia for the fancied exemption they will enjoy. Of course there is nothing in it, for the colonel and major of a regiment as well as the privates are liable to arrest by the most humble policeman if they disturb the peace when out of the ranks. It is only right that it should be so, for militiamen are no better and no worse than the rest of us and must be kept to law and order as we are. By an arrangement between the chief of police and the military head of the infantry school, members of that institution who are apprehended in wrong-doing are detained at police headquarters until a guard from the Fort can take them in charge, and thereafter their punishment is more severe than that meted out by the police magistrate to civilian offenders. The tragedy of Thanksgiving night, the exoneration of the policeman who fired the fatal shot, the disgrace to which Wheeler has been subjected, will all serve to dispel certain false notions that have too long lingered in small corners of the civilian and military mind.

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One excuse for the existence of the militia is that they constitute an effective reserve force for the preservation of law and order and for the suppression of disturbances too large for the police force to cope with. This being so, no ordinary citizen should possess such an indwelling respect for the authority of the policeman as one wearing military uniform. But the onslaught upon Policeman Campbell was not required to prove that those wearing the Queen's colors are deficient in this regard. If the men are instructed in this part of their duty, many of them profit very little from their instruction. Some of them travel on their colors every chance they get, roaming about in squads and penetrating into unholy dens where the atmosphere taints the regimental clothing. The sham battle did not come off on Thanksgiving Day, but with the shooting of Tickner and the brawls and fistic encounters that occurred in hotels all around the city, our militia lost almost as much blood that day as it did at Batoche or Cut Knife Creek. I know that the great bulk of our citizen soldiers when thrown upon their own devices for the day conducted themselves extremely well, but in uniform the conduct of every man in a regiment should be above reproach, and fifty men should not bring discredit upon ten or fifteen hundred. When a drunken and blood-bespattered volunteer staggered along the street he put an indelible disgrace, not on himself, but upon his regiment.

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A private citizen, if set upon and brutally beaten by a mob as Campbell was, would no doubt be acquitted had he in defending himself killed one of his assailants. Defenders of the peace, owing to the enmity entertained for them by lawless people, are in constant danger of being pounced upon, and in preserving their own lives and those of other law-abiding people it is necessary in extreme cases to take life. It is necessary to arm policemen with deadly weapons so that they shall not be scoffed at by burglars laden with a night's plunder, or chased all around the city by frolicsome rowdies. It is necessary, further, to endow them with authority to deal death in emergency. The important thing, therefore, is to select as policemen only such men as possess nerve, coolness, a high type of physical bravery and the judgment to know when an extremity has been reached. One sort of man would shoot where another would find it necessary to use his baton only with moderation. A policeman should be more than a giant of flesh and bone, more than a great human ox. This tragedy has its lessons for those who train soldiers and those who select policemen.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The social event of the week, so far as public festivities are concerned, was the Cricketers' ball on Tuesday evening, than which a more successful evening's amusement has seldom been given. In the first place, the Pavilion was charmingly decorated in a novel and unique manner, as mentioned in last week's account of the Chrysanthemum Show, the graceful evergreen ropes and myriad Japanese lanterns, fans, and parasols lending a grace to the ordinary festooning and draping. Light-colored hangings were used with good effect, and the antiquated bars was quite a bower of cosy nooks for the guests began to arrive. The Grenadiers' band played various selections that were old favorites, and also the new Government House waltz which, as I predicted would be the case, was much appreciated by the dancers. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, to whom the pretty measure is dedicated, expressed her pleasure at its rendition. Bandmaster Waldron has arranged it most charmingly and the Grenadiers played their best in honor of the lady of Government House and the fair composer. If there be a time to rejoice, methinks the Cricketers must have seized on the auspicious moment for their ball, for never have more bright and bonny faces smiled care away so persistently. The ball was under the patronage of his Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey. The committee of the club was composed of Major Cosby (chairman), Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. John Wright, Mr. H. E. Harcourt-Vernon, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mr. E. Bristol, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mr. S. F. Houston, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. H. Montizambert, Mr. A. B. Cameron, Mr. W. Creelman, Mr. H. J. Bethune, Mr. A. H. Collins, Mr. W. H. Ketchum, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, jun., Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. K. H. Cameron, Mr. C. S. Wood, jun., Mr. J. E. Hall and Mr. C. N. Shanly (secretary).

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It was almost ten o'clock when the Lieut.-Governor and party arrived at the southern entrance, near which very charming tiring-rooms had been costly fitted up by Mr. Jolliffe of Queen street, for the use of the distinguished guests. A few minutes afterwards the ball was opened with the following ladies and gentlemen in the set of honor:

The Lieut.-Governor,	Mrs. Cosby.
Major Cosby,	Mrs. Kirkpatrick.
Col. Davidson,	Mrs. Cockburn.
Col. Otter,	Mrs. Hume Blake.
Commodore Boswell,	Mrs. Davidson.
G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P.,	Mrs. G. W. Allan.
Mr. Hume Blake,	Mrs Sweny.
Col. Sweny,	Mrs. Boswell.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a magnificent gown of white and gold brocade, with jeweled girdle. A tiara of diamonds fittingly crowned her handsome head. Mrs. A. M. Cosby wore silver-gray and black brocade, and looked stately and well. The dais was elegantly furnished by Mr. Jolliffe and prettily decorated with plants and shrubs.

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The supper was served in Ye Maypole Inne, and was, as a cricketer remarked, "too good," but for such sweet women and brave men nothing could be too good. A constantly patronized corner buffet near the stage supplied tea, coffee and champagne cup to the thirsty fair. Very little sitting out was remarked, the dancing being kept up with the vim and enjoyment which always marks the first public ball of the season. A number of strangers were present who disputed the honor of belledom with our own beauties. Whitby sent two lovely girls, Miss Gross and Miss Dartnell, who were gowned, the former in cream white silk and Irish lace with fan train from the shoulders, the latter in pure white with chrysanthemum bouquet. Many admirers pronounced Miss Dartnell the very sweetest-looking girl present. Among the *distingue* married ladies Mrs. Dobell was remarkable, in an elegant royal blue velvet gown with satin petticoat. Mrs. Forrest Dewar of Hamilton, in another rich velvet robe with immense train of lustrous black; Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne's bright and beautiful face set off her shimmering white gown, lightly trimmed with green velvet; Mrs. Stephen Haas wore a delightfully dainty little frock of white and rose with exquisite lace falls; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet wore a pretty deep yellow silk with corselet of white bands; Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a beautiful French brocaded satin in dainty shades of pearl and pink and small flowers; Mrs. G. T. Denison was *piquante* and charming in a heliotrope gown with velvet sleeves of a deeper shade and lace *berthe*; Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore wine colored silk under gold-embroidered black lace with corselet bands of gold braid; this was a most charming and becoming gown. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's blonde beauty was set off to perfection by a pale green silk gown, with shirred bodice and neck and foot border of faint-tinted pink blossoms making a very delicate picture. Mrs. Graham McPherson wore rose-pink silk and quilled *chiffon berthe*; Mrs. R. B. Hamilton was bright and radiant in black lace and silk with cut jet trimmings; Mrs. Hume Brown was in dove-gray silk with beat fringe; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore a very subdue shade of green brocade, elegantly fitted and very becoming, which came in for many admiring comments as its graceful wearer flitted about in the light steps of the Scotch reel. Mrs. Grantham wore dark red silk and black lace, and looked most gracious and handsome. Mrs. Temple was a sunny blonde in shell-pink and turquoise-blue. Mrs. McQuillan, the bride, wore a long-trained gown of rich white silk. Mrs. Bristol wore a very handsome gown; Mrs. Philip Drayton, a most becoming black and white costume. Among the young ladies Miss Mills of Hamilton, who is the guest of Miss Violet Burns, was charming in orange silk. Miss Seymour wore a stylish gown of black and pale blue; her sister wore white satin and gold passementerie. Miss May Walker was very elegantly gowned in a striped rainbow silk with velvet sleeves. Miss Grantham, who made such a lovely central figure in one tableau at the Olde Englishe Fayre, looked well in buttercup *crepe*, as did Miss Violet Burns in pale blue. Miss Lalor, also one of the centers of attraction at the Fayre tableaux, looked a picture in a dainty gown. Miss Darby wore a red *chiffon* frock with long puffed sleeves. Miss Drayton looked sweetly pretty in a primrose bengaline with dark velvet trimmings. Miss Florence Wey wore a handsome velvet and silk gown. Miss Cawthra was in pure white satin and looked extremely well. Miss McLean was a real snow maiden in a filmy white gown and a most becoming *coiffeur*. Miss Mackay looked charming in a yellow gown. Miss Wright wore black lace and silk. Miss Boulton was in pure white. Miss S. Herbert Mason was also in white, with tiny scarlet flowers and scarlet slippers. Miss Ferguson wore a rich costume of pale blue combined with pink and blue flowered brocade, in which she looked very comely. Miss Gussie Hodgins looked her usual charming self in white. Miss Hornibrook wore a lovely black gown with gold embroidery, which set off her blonde beauty to perfection. Miss Francis' Frenchy-looking costume of steel gray and shrimp pink was remarkably pretty. Miss McLean wore a *chic* gown of nile green trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong pale blue and pink. Miss Morphy was charming in fawn and blue. Mrs. Fred Gillespie was a sweet picture in white *crepe de chine*. Miss Blossom Kingsmill looked very pretty in a simple gown of white muslin and pink roses. Miss Tootie Heward was a piquant little figure in pale blue, while Miss Allie Heward wore a nile green gown. Mrs. Duggan wore a charming gown of pink silk and *crepe* trimmed with natural flowers; Mrs. Fraser MacDonald, white silk and tulle; Miss Edith Howard, a becoming gown of white silk trimmed with yellow flowers. But space and memory fail me to tell of all the sweet girl dancers and their chaperones, as they combined in as pretty a picture as the old Pavilion ever contained. The Kilties wore their kilts and the other officers wore their swords, at least some of them did, but the most devoted dancing men unbuckled the warlike trapping and stowed it peacefully away in some convenient corner. Taking the ball altogether, from the opening lancers, which were danced to a quaint lot of old English airs, arranged by Mr. Waldron and aptly named after the recent fayre, to the last lingering waltz, it was an unqualified success, and the rumor that the knights of the wicket may repeat their hospitality in the spring is whispered with great satisfaction.

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Mrs. Janes was At Home to a number of friends last Tuesday afternoon, and in spite of the wretched weather a goodly party assembled for a farewell chat and dance at lovely Benvenuto. Among those present were: Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Pope, the Misses Strathy, the Misses Thompson, Miss Gunther, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Orr, Miss Dallas, Miss Walker and many other smart women with their attendant cavaliers. Nespolitano's music floated through the handsome *salons*, and dancing was enjoyed in the dining-room. I regret to chronicle the departure of the Misses Janes for Philadelphia, *en route* for Europe, and of the pleasant hostess of Benvenuto to-day, to join her daughters at New York, whence they sail in the near future for a continental winter.

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Mrs. Newman's tea on Wednesday afternoon was largely attended, and the finer weather made it decidedly more pleasant for the guests. There is not a cosier home on Wilcox street than Mrs. Newman's, and those who enjoyed its welcome on Wednesday seemed to be happily impressed by the fact.

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Miss Nettie Saunders of Guelph is the guest of Miss Shanly. Miss Saunders was much admired at the recent ball.

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Several buds will make their *debut* at Mrs. Ferguson's dance next Thursday evening. Eastlawn parties are sure to be enjoyable to the newly-fledged belles, as their seniors can say from pleasant experience.

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Mr. Ernest Thompson's grand painting of a tragedy in the Pyrenees has been on exhibition this week at his home, 86 Howard street. On the seven-by-five foot canvas is portrayed a most realistic and terrible scene, the death and devouring of a poor woodman by a pack of ravenous wolves. The painting was conceived by Mr. Thompson after reading an account of the tragedy, and was painted in the open air and snow-shrouded woods of St. Cloud, in bitter winter weather, every detail of the awful scene which it was possible to reproduce being brought bodily together. This extreme of realism led to the arrest of the enthusiastic artist, the French police believing him to have committed a murder on the spot. In spite of the gruesome subject one is fascinated by the artist's masterly treatment and led away from the terrible foreground by the pathetic suggestion of the title, Awaited in Vain, by the blue smoke curling from the hearth fire in the cottage near by, and by the raised head and listening attitude of one of the feasting brutes, as he hears the good wife calling her murdered husband to his evening meal. I hope everyone who has outgrown their Red Riding Hood horror of wolves will look at this wonderful picture, which as the work of a Canadian artist has so much to interest his fellow countrymen, and has already received the seal of approval of the critics of the French *salon*. The picture will be on exhibition at 86 Howard street during the coming week.

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Cards are out for an initial dance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Catto on Bloor street east, on Thursday of next week.

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St. Andrew's ball will be the next public festivity to exercise our dancing people. It promises to be a charming affair.

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A universal feeling of regret has pervaded the social circles of Toronto at the tidings of the sad and untimely death of Mr. Harry M. Boddy, which took place last Tuesday evening. The fast-developing dramatic talent, the refined and lovable nature and bright personality of Mr. Boddy will be missed by Toronto people with a sincere and heartfelt sorrow. All sympathize with his much-esteemed parents, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, in their unlooked-for bereavement.

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Mrs. and Miss Dennistoun of 129 Beverley street have gone to Florida for the winter.

*

Mrs. James F. and the Misses Dennistoun of Castleknock, Peterboro', have taken up their residence at 129 Baverley street for the winter.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilcox of Marlborough avenue have returned from Hamilton.

*

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who has been having a busy and wonderfully successful season so far, was in town last week, and occupied a box at the Grand with Mr. Owen A. Smily and Mr. Charlesworth. I hear that Mr. Smily and Miss Johnson are to give a dual recital in Association Hall on Monday, November 23, also that a new and wonderful Indian dress, the work of various Indian tribes and presented by them as a token of their esteem, will be worn by the talented poetess-reciter on this occasion.

*

Miss Amanda Reinhardt, of River street, who has been visiting friends in Hamilton for some time, returned home this week.

*

Lieut.-Col. Bog of Picton was in town this week.

*

Dr. G. O'Reilly of Fergus has been visiting his brother, Dr. O'Reilly, of this city.

*

The annual conversazione of the College of Music is announced for December 8. A most enjoyable evening is being arranged by the students for the entertainment of their friends and a brilliant gathering is expected.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackay and family, who have been residing in the United States for a few years, have returned again to this city to live.

*

Mr. James P. Watson was presented with a handsome arm-chair last Saturday by the employees of Messrs. Caldecott, Burton and Spence on the eve of his leaving the firm.

*

The Hon. J. M. Gibson and the officers of the Grand Lodge dedicated the Masonic hall of Stanley Lodge at Toronto Junction last Tuesday, when quite a number were present from the city.

*

Mr. Catto of Dallas has been the guest of Mr. John Catto of Bloor street east.

*

Mrs. Gosling of Wellington place has returned home after spending two months in England.

*

David Merton, jr., of Hamilton, was in the city this week.

*

Miss Violet Burns gave a charming young ladies luncheon last week in honor of Miss Mills of Hamilton.

*

The many friends of Mr. R. J. Walker, late of Messrs. Wyld, Grasett & Darling, will be pleased to hear that he has accepted a much more remunerative position with Messrs. S. Greenshields, Son & Co., of Montreal, where his intimates hope and confidently expect his ability will receive still further recognition.

*

Mrs. Alex. Cameron gave a charming little dinner of twelve on Thanksgiving night. Those present were: Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Richards, the Misses Hugel, Miss Chittach, Dr. Macdonough, Mr. Martland, Mr. Drake, Mr. Edgar and Mr. Stewart.

*

Mrs. Charles Clifton Cameron (*nee* Pechell) will receive on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next at 95 Borden street.

*

Mrs. McKinnon of Sherbourne street gives a tea this afternoon.

*

The French Club passed a pleasant evening at the residence of Miss Howson, 15 Brunswick avenue, last Saturday. They will meet tonight at the residence of Mrs. Beard, 53 Alexander street.

*

The Varsity lawn was crowded last Wednesday afternoon with football enthusiasts to watch the Rugby match between Trinity and University teams, which, as we know, resulted in a victory for the latter club. It was a closely contested match, and the skilful playing by different members was rewarded with many cheers. Among those present were: Miss Cayley, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. E. S. Stanton, Mr. Strathy, Mr. Gordon Mackay, Miss T. Mason, Mr. D. McCarthy, Mr. Goodwillie, a number of the faculty of Trinity, Mr and the Misses Sloane, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. E. Tremayne. Students innumerable with a variety of horns furnished startling music intermingled with their melodious voices singing out "Varsity" and "*Rouge et Noir*," to the amusement of the throng of spectators.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford are stopping at the Queen's Hotel. I was glad to hear that Mr. Osborne purposes purchasing a residence in Toronto.

*

Miss May Temple gave a charming tea some days since, at which I remarked: Miss Lottie Wood in black velvet with hat to match, Miss Ethel Baldwin, the Misses Parsons, Miss Trixie Hoskins, in a becoming gown of steel-gray; Miss E. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Temple (*nee* Skae), Mrs. Cameron, Miss Maule, the Misses Morphy, Miss Minnie Temple in a pretty brown dress, Mrs. Roberts and Miss Baldwin.

*

Mr. Orville D. Tait of Belleville College and Mr. A. Leslie Davidson of Toronto have returned from Orillia, where they were the guests of Mr. A. Tait.

*

A very pleasing event took place in Barrie on the eve of November 8, it being the marriage of Miss Florence, daughter of Mr. D. J. Murchison, to Mr. C. A. Wilson, all of Barrie, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Alex. Chafee, M.A., of Coboconk, cousin of the bride, in the presence of between twenty and thirty guests, immediate friends and relatives. The bridesmaid was Miss I. Chafee, cousin of the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Old Styles and New.

WHAT is there that is new to say about tea-gowns? Simply this, that many of them, like ordinary dresses, have short capes, frills or flounces on the bodice to add width to the shoulders. Cashmere appears to be coming into favor again, and I have noticed a green tea-gown of this material, belted at the waist and bordered everywhere with brown feather trimming. A simpler and prettier gown was of mauve cashmere with many rows of narrow black watered ribbon arranged in a Vandyke sort of pattern on the lower part of the bodice and sleeves. The more elaborate gowns are a mixture of silk and velvet with lace adjuncts. One in greenish gold Ottoman silk had the inner half of the sleeve made of a beautiful, delicate-colored embroidery laid over velvet. It opened in a V at the neck and had pretty lace trailing down the front and a Watteau train.

•

I saw lately two or three distinct novelties. One was a shoulder wrap to wear at the opera, made of concertina-pleated white *chiffon*, ornamented with a *chiffon* ruche round the neck and a short lace cape. Then there are some lovely things in neckwear, made of *chiffon* and lace, which appeared to be entirely novel in the matter of shape. Nor could I help admiring the new gauzes for ball gowns. One very pretty net, at a moderate price, was daintily embroidered with marguerites.

•

Never has the great subject of clothes been esteemed of such importance as at present. The probable revival of the 1830 modes is discussed by the fashion writers in the daily and weekly papers almost as if it were an affair of State. One writer, adopting the tone of a political speaker, talks in the loftiest way to "that portion of the community which comes under my special influence." It has always seemed to me rather strange that fashion chroniclers never find anything to complain of, because the bulk of novelties shown to me are so startling, so appallingly ugly. The 1830 dress is as hideous as any dress could be, and it is to be hoped that the struggle now going on between dress-makers and their customers will result in the latter's refusing to adopt it.

•

Table decorations are at present all French in design, and very graceful, light and elegant are the rococo ornaments—all curves and scrolls, with not a straight line anywhere—formed of orchids, delicate foliage, and light feathery grasses. The foundation of these ornaments—a thin frame of wicker or wire—is entirely lost sight of under its cover of ferns and flowers. The large ornaments are accompanied by wreaths, scrolls or bows, which are placed lightly on the cloth here and there. On one of the tables, arranged in a most ingenious manner on stands, are trees of light and waving ferns interspersed with large blooms of the loveliest form and color; and on another kiosks built of bloom and foliage, light, airy, elegant, and designs of rococo style in which the greens and ruddy browns of moss and creeper are blended (but never stiffly) with the loveliest blossoms. The florist has the true eye of the colorist, and does nothing mechanically. The art of his decorations seems, in fact, to lie in the apparent artlessness of their arrangement. Ribbon is used in a lavish manner for table adornments just now, but you rarely or never see it on posies. The latter are made of flowers and foliage only. Some charming bouquets worn at a recent wedding were made of Neapolitan violets, with showers of the same flowers falling from the holders. I must not omit to say that the most fashionable dinner tables are at present dressed with foliage and white or colored chrysanthemums. To me these autumn tables are far lovelier than those of any other season.

•

There are some amazing novelties in outdoor clothes, the most striking thing being, perhaps, a short-waisted long cloak in fawn bengaline cloth lined with crimson watered silk—the interior of all elaborate outdoor wraps is invariably made of richer stuff than the outside—embroidered with gold on the yoke and lower half of the sleeves, and trimmed across the bust and round the bottom with bands of sealskin. There are fur hats and bonnets to accompany cloaks, and an apotheosis of the 1830 poke is in sealskin trimmed with brown ribbon, and having a waving feather at one side. It has been designed to wear with a sealskin coat of the same period of three-quarter length, with a full skirt and tremendous sleeves. Every attempt is being made to revive purple, and though it is not popular yet it is almost sure to be in the spring. I saw a very handsome cloth coat in the shade known as bishop's purple, with collar and large full lapels of velvet the same shade, the lining being a purple and black silk. Muffs are to be immense this winter. A "granny" muff made to match a boa was of sable adorned with three sables' heads. A most luxurious traveling cloak was in myrtle-green cloth arranged in two box pleats at the back and trimmed with a deep rolled collar of black mongolian. It was faced with the same fur, and opened over a tan cloth waistcoat trimmed with royal blue velvet applied in a kind of scroll pattern, the design being outlined with narrow silver braid.

•

Here is a delightful bonnet, presumably of the 1830 period, in buff-colored felt, trimmed with black ribbon and two black plumes. It is lined with emerald velvet and its becoming shape renders it exactly suitable for sweet twenty-one. One can imagine to what an extent it would set off the charms of a sweet young face. Indeed, the wearer of such a bonnet would be quite irresistible. LA MODE.

Our New Churches.

What do you think of them? Magnificent, grand, fine; their beauty pleases the eye, attracts your attention, and distracts your mind. There has been a bran new church dedicated near by us; nothing made over, spick, span, new, the nicest of nice stained glass windows. A lady remarked while we were gazing at them, "Take them out and what would there be left?" She was looking down and I was looking up, and I thought there would be plenty left, for the ceiling seemed to be a mass of massive rafters. The building had the usual cupola on top and mortgage at the bottom.

Now, I wonder if we are in accord with this sort of church building? The majority must be or it would not be done. I like nice churches as well as anyone, but I am not in accord with building anything that should be so sacred as a church, with any weight like a mortgage that would keep it from getting very near heaven. And it generally has the same effect on the members and adherents—it has a tendency with them to make them of the earth, earthy. All churches should be free of debt before they are dedicated to God; and I don't believe they are dedicated to God unless they are free of encumbrance. I believe the devil holds first mortgage; yes, and second mortgage if there is one, and he generally forecloses every time the church board has a meeting.

I wish all places of worship were built within the means at command, and if more funds came afterward let there be additions and improvements as much and as beautiful as you can buy. Even if you can get money borrowed on a ninety nine years' lease or mortgage, or whatever term may be used, from Edinburg or Edinboro', with the Scotch accent, or from England with the Hinglish H, they want their interest just the same. I don't like to see Christianity getting into debt with the world the way it is doing these days. LIZ.

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is a great convenience both to our patrons and ourselves We do not mean by this "a corner IN diamonds," although to see our stock you would imagine that too—but a corner FOR diamonds. It is a little alcove where, with a perfect light, seated in an easy chair, curtained off from all beholders, intending purchasers may examine our stock and make selection at leisure.

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Heavy cloth skirt, with frill, fine goods, $1 75, $2.
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Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.

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TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING THAT WAS GOLD.

It was a busy time with John Crane, and at first when the new consideration of Pollie Jeaters' future had to be faced he felt as though all he had to do before leaving for America could not be accomplished in the time. Nothing was to be gained by delay. The documents in connection with the firm from Wrighton & Fry on the Viaduct and the deed of partnership between himself and Ben Sherwin could be got ready within a few days. The preparations for the voyage could be completed at the same time, so there was nothing to prevent his leaving England in ten days.

He was going to New York first, and there he was to find out the best way of reaching Vera Pax, a place of which he could learn little or nothing. He had ascertained that such a place existed, but no one seemed to know anything of it. If it had been a seaport he could have found out all that was to be known of it, but it lay inland somewhere in the neighborhood of the Yucatan peninsula. At one time it bore to him the appearance of a district, at another the appearance of a town, and then of a district and a town in one. Even its very name did not always seem the same. His memory of his uncle's letter made the place Vera Pax; he found no Vera Pax on several maps he consulted. On one he discovered Vera Paz, and another had Santa Fe, which looked an impossible kind of name for any place or thing, except the nominator was a joker or a lunatic.

The news of his uncle's death, and the intelligence that Arthur Stebbing left all he died worth to John Crane, his nephew, had come from one George Pounder Crook, of whom Crane had never heard in all his life before. Crook, who seemed to have been a friend of the dead man's, wrote stating that the belief that uncle and nephew had corresponded, and that Crane knew all about the old man and his affairs; instead of which, Crane had received no letter for three years, and knew only what his uncle's letter of three years back had told him.

Crook's letter had the brevity of a telegram. It was written at San Salvador. It told the young man that the writer was on his way to Shanghai. The part of interest to Crane ran:

"If you have not heard the melancholy news already, you will be shocked to know that your uncle Arthur passed away last Friday week in Vera Paz. I have often heard him say that everything he possessed was to go to you. Owing to the condition of this unhappy place you can do nothing towards establishing your rights or getting possession of the property unless you are on the spot, so that you will have to come here, and the sooner you set out the better."

Crane was not daunted or discouraged by the difficulties in front of him. His resolute and confident nature did not care for easy things. He did not seek obstacles for the mere pleasure of overcoming them, but when the obstruction was worth overcoming he merely pulled himself together and pushed ahead. He had no promptings towards adventure, but having made up his mind that it was good to go on, and that it was possible to go on, he would go on so long as he continued undisabled. His uncle had left him some property or money, or both. He wanted money to develop his business with a view to marrying Edith Orr, and he would go to Vera Paz or anywhere else that man could go for money. He was young, intelligent, and in sound health. Nothing short of a physical bar should stay him. No doubt the journey and the experience would interest him, but such considerations were by the way, and had no influence in determining him to set out on the expedition.

The unexpected discovery of Pollie Jeaters (or as she wished to be known for the future, Fannie Blackwood) in her deplorable condition introduced new matter into his consideration and arrangements. Fortunately he could provide the best of all asylums for her. Where could a poor wrecked being find safer haven and more kindly hands of succor in distress than at Muscovy place, with Bridgy, sympathetic Mrs. Orr, and her beautiful daughter, whose full spirit had the calm of sunny hills.

Until the evening that Crane proposed to Edith Orr there had never been a word of the private life of either between them. Since then they had so many matters of the present and future to discuss that Pollie Jeaters' name had not been mentioned by Crane. He was glad of the fact now, for if Pollie desired to be called no longer by either of her old names, it would be just as well Edith had never heard of her by either.

The morning after his meeting with Pollie at Mrs. Natchbrook's, he told Edith of the cousin he had not seen or heard of for years, and of the deplorable condition and circumstances in which he had found her. "The unhappy woman," said he, "does not wish ever again to be reminded of her life before her marriage, or of her married life, and she has begged me never again to call her by her maiden name, or by that of the man who I am sure treated her too shamefully for words to say. She wishes to be known as Fanny Blackwood, the name of one of her family long ago."

"Of course," said Edith gravely, "if I ever meet her I shall know her as Fannie Blackwood, and I shall be acquainted with no more of her story than she cares to tell me."

"Then," said he, "if you will put on your hat we shall go see her at once. I told her about you and she is anxious to make your acquaintance."

Edith ran out of the shop, upstairs, and came back in a few minutes ready for walking.

"By the way," said Crane to Mrs. Orr, before they set out, "has your lodger come back since?"

"No," said the mother, "and somehow I feel he won't come now. Perhaps he heard that his portmanteau burst open and we found the rope for the robbery."

"I don't think it is likely he heard that," said Crane. "I did not tell anyone of it, or go to the police. You see we had nothing but our suspicions, and it is very dangerous to act on mere suspicion. If he comes you must say that he can't have the rooms. Then let him take his own remedy if he chooses."

"Oh, he's sure to come or send. He is not going to make us a present of his watch as well as the portmanteau. What he meant by his not coming was that he will not claim the lodgings."

"If he does, whether I am here or not, you must promise to let him in. From what I know of him he does not look like a man likely to have honest business in this place. He looks to me much of a piece for a for Furham. The clerks in the Arsenal would no more think of taking lodgings in Muscovy place than of going to sea before the mast. Edward Fancourt, take my word for it, is hereabouts for no good to this neighborhood."

The day was fine, and Edith suggested that for a change Crane and she should walk to Verdon and take the free steam ferry to the Isle of Dogs. The steam ferry at the Isle of Dogs is a diminutive river boat which takes passengers alone. It is no more like the Furham ferry, with huge upper deck capable of accommodating the horses, men, guns, limbers, caissons and tumbrels of a battery of artillery, and lower deck with room for a battalion of infantry, than a gazelle is like an elephant.

"I never went across the river by the Verdon ferry," said Crane, "and I am not sure that I know where it is."

"Oh, I've been across it," said she. "I'll take care of you and show you the way."

"My cousin is in a low and wretched condition, as you may imagine. She has no look of the pretty girl I once remember her—and she was down-right pretty once. She is very young to be done with her life. There never was a child, and I don't see what she has to look forward to."

"What was she before she married?" said the girl, looking with calm steadfast eyes at him.

"In a draper's or milliner's at Hoxton. It is most unfortunate that I should be going away just now. I have time to make no arrangement about her."

"Let her come to us—to mother and me at Muscovy place."

"I did think of that. I came over this morning with the intention of asking you if you would take her. If we might stay with you I should go away perfectly at rest about her. She is only my cousin I know, but then she is my only living relative now, and if she has been cast off by her husband there is no one else for her to look to but me."

"Why do you take such trouble to convince me? I do not need convincing, Jack. I was convinced the moment I heard her history," said the girl quietly.

"I know that. I am not trying to convince you. I am only talking my mind aloud. You see, when my uncle died and left me all and nothing, he made his will in the belief I was not well off, and that she had married a rich man. Whether her husband was, or is rich, does not matter now, for she says she will never even listen to his name again. It is not likely she would take an allowance from a man whose name she will not bear. If my uncle had only lived to know of her misfortunes, it is certain he would have done something handsome for her—leave her half, or more than half, of his money. I am sure that she will be no worse off than if he had lived to hear of her misery."

"Yes, Jack," said the girl on his arm. "I would have said something of this kind to you, but I knew I need not. I knew you would think of all I could think of. You are not so much speaking your thoughts aloud as giving words to mine."

"Yes, dear, for you are my heart, and speaking to you is only putting my mind into words for my heart to listen to. This is the way sweethearts ought to be."

"We go this way," said the girl, leading the way to the right.

It was a quiet street; not a soul was in view. A covered van stood at a door a little way down the street, but the driver was not with it.

When they came to a point between the van and the door, Crane put his arm softly round the girl's neck and drew her head towards him, whispering as he kissed her: "My darling, I always knew you were my heart, but you are growing to be my spirit, my body, myself." He kissed her again.

"Not so loud, sonny; not so loud. You'll frighten my horse," said a voice.

Edith and Crane started and turned round, and saw a huge form coming from the doorway in front of which the van was drawn up. The man had a large basket of dust and charred rubbish on his back.

Edith and Crane laughed in confusion. The man winked and nodded knowingly, saying: "I won't tell ma if you don't tell of the blessed sweetheart. You didn't expect to find me here, and I didn't expect to find you or anyone else here. Young man, you're all right. You got what you wanted down here. Well, I'm trying to earn a dollar. I'm sweeping and cleaning up this old barracks. It's against rules, but I was going to heave this basket of rubbish in the river. It's only burnt paper and rags, and if you don't tell on me I won't tell on you, and my name is Digby, and I'm an honorable man."

"Very good," said Crane. "It's a bargain. I won't tell." They had been walking down the quiet street behind Digby. At the end of the street rose a railing, and to the left lay a parapet, and at the other side of the parapet the Thames.

Digby rested his basket on the parapet and flung the charred contents into the river.

"What is that large building out of which the man with the basket came?" asked Crane.

"Oh, that's the St. Vincent Hotel. You know it was a failure and has been shut up for years."

"I think I remember reading something about it," said he, glancing over the parapet at the mass of floating charred paper and rags in the water.

He looked up and down Museum terrace. There was not a soul in view. "By the way," said Crane, "I have made something for you. Take off your glove—the glove of your left hand."

She did as she was told.

On the third finger of her hand he slipped a plain gold ring with a gold shield, and on the shield the words: "This woman keeps my heart. John Crane."

She read what was on it, and her eyes filled with tears. "You are what my mother called you," she said.

"What was that?"

"My man."

To hide her happy tears from him she turned her eyes once more upon the water.

The ashes of Pollie Steobing's wedding dress had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WEDDING RING THAT WAS DROSS.

When Edith and Crane reached Mrs. Natchbrook's they found that good woman wearing a long and wonderful face. The young lady, who now gave the name of Fannie instead of Pollie, was not as well as before the gentleman called yesterday. No doubt the excitement of the gentleman's visit had been too much for the poor broken-hearted child.

Oh, yes, the lady and gentleman could see Mrs. Blackwood (she had now given her other name), but it was doubtful if any good could come of the interview, for the poor afflicted creature could hardly be induced to utter a word.

When the two visitors were shown into the room where the patient lay, they found her in her old position, on her back, with her eyes fixed on the blank ceiling. She merely moved her eyes on their entrance, and then once more returned to her stare at the ceiling.

"I have brought Edith with me to see you, Fannie, dear. I told you of Edith Orr, whom I am going to marry when I come back. She and her mother will take care of you while I am away."

Edith had sat down by the head of the bed and taken the sick woman's hand in her own.

"Yes," said a thin, weak, husky voice from the bed.

"And to-day, or the first day you are strong enough to be moved, you will be brought to Edith and her mother's place at the other side of the water."

"Where?" said the prostrate woman, removing her eyes from the ceiling and looking at her visitors with the first gleam of interest.

"Muscovy place, Furham."

"Near Verdon?" said Pollie, raising herself slowly on her elbow and glancing from one to the other with round, wide-open eyes of horror.

"Yes."

She sat up fully, and with one hand brushing the hair out of her eyes stretched out the other towards them and whispered: "I'd rather you put me back in the river where they found me than take me to Furham or Verdon."

"But, my dear," said he gently, "you would be with friends, and you need be afraid of no one there."

"At Verdon or Furham my enemies would kill me slowly, surely, cruelly."

"Your enemies, dear! They could not get at you. I should leave you in safe and most trustworthy hands," said Crane, with a secret glance at Edith.

"Not all the soldiers of the Queen could save me from the enemies I have in Verdon and Furham. Can you or anyone else protect a woman from the memories of a lost love?"

"You shall not go there if you do not like, my dear," said Crane very tenderly. "You shall stay here or you shall come to my place at this side of the river, or you shall go to some other district if you prefer it."

"I wish," Pollie said, falling back exhausted, "I could go beyond all, for I have gone beyond all. My life is over. My love has left me. My life is dead."

"Jack has told me all," said Edith, speaking for the first time, "except what you do not wish told to anyone. Let us hope love may come back."

"When dies once never comes back to life again—love least of all. But I do not wish to speak of this now. I do not wish to speak of it any more. It is good of you to come to me, for I am very, very spent thing. You are at the beginning of life, and I am at the end of it."

"The end of life! Oh, no! Why, you are no older than myself. You will live many a year yet."

"I have no child, and the man who took me in his arms and made me his plaything turned from him. He does not want me any longer. He is tired of me. He may love another. I do not care about that. You are your sweetheart and he loves you. He is with you in your nature, like your marrow or your soul, or the blood of your heart. That is the way I loved him myself. Do you love him?"

"No," whispered Edith, pressing the hand she held, and blinded with her tears.

"Very well. If you love until love is all the world, and your love is all you, and then your love goes from you, what business have you with life? What is the good of walking up and down through life hungry for love, and for love? I talk to you, for you are a woman in love and know what I say, or you are no woman and worthy of no man's love. I have no intellect, I know. I have no breeding, I know. I have no arts or manners or accomplishments. I have nothing but the power to love, and some few good looks to draw eyes to me. I was weak in all things, but in love I seemed stronger than anything only human could be. But I seem to have crumbled in all things put together. I did believe that by some mysterious power of my love (the way of which I do not know), my love could draw him to me from the other end of the earth, could put life back into him if he were dead. And yet when he tired of me he walked away from me, like any other man. Edith Orr, pray night and day that the man you love may never walk away from you and leave you empty."

"Oh, he could not," said Edith Orr. "I should hold him back. I should beg him on my knees to stay with me."

"A man," said the voice from the bed, "can walk away if every step he took drew your heart's blood from you. I know it. Men are not like women. No woman who can love at all can love twice. My God is unlucky. I never see no daylight now. Is the sun gone out? Or am I in the dim darkness of that hall again? I hear the water in my ears. The water of the hateful Thames. The pit lies before me, and something moves me towards it from behind. Frank, save me!"

She had fainted.

Crane stole out of the room and sent Mrs. Natchbrook upstairs. In half an hour that good woman came down saying Mrs. Blackwood had come to herself, and appeared more reasonable and natural than at any time since she first found shelter under that roof.

"She asked your young lady to kiss her and forget what she had said, and it was beautiful to see the two of them like most loving sisters after one coming back from foreign parts. A place they tell me you're going, sir, among the niggers, sir, and them that ought to be niggers, if all has to their own, and shooting the daughters of others to rival them," said Mrs. Natchbrook, with a distracting wealth of confusion.

While Crane was waiting for Edith to explain the difficulty he found himself in about Fannie, and after some resistance on the generous woman's part, they came to an arrangement, by which Pollie was to be provided with clothes and food and lodgings, all of the good woman's providing, until his return from among the haunts of the heathen savages of Central America.

When Edith appeared she promised to call next day to see the patient, and then the visitors took their leave, having won the good graces of Mrs. Natchbrook.

"That was a terrible scene," said Crane, as they walked towards his place in North Furham. "It would make many a woman on whose finger the engagement ring was not yet warm wonder whether she had not better fling it into the Thames."

"It might have such an effect on a woman who did not very well know her own mind or the mind of her own man," said Edith soberly. "I am not in doubt of either."

"All misfortunes in love come of wrong estimates of one another," said Crane.

"All," said she.

"If I were not absolutely sure of myself, Edie, I never would have spoken to you."

"And," said she, "if there was any flattery in the way you spoke to me I should not have been sure of our happiness. I remember seeing somewhere that when unwise people come to London to seek their fortunes they take rooms on the first floor; they end in the garret. The wise people begin in the garret and end on the first floor. You began with the prose Jack; but it was the fine simple prose of a man who was not afraid of himself or in doubt of himself."

"Do you know what you are doing now, Edie? Making love to me."

"Making love to me."

"I dare say," said she with a bright smile. "As you do not begin I must lead the way. Life is not all rain any more than it is all sunshine."

"All life is love," said she, "where life is worthy."

When they reached Water Lane, Ben Sherwin was very indignant that in the absence of any warning of their coming he should be found unshaven, wearing his apron, which was greasy and blackened hands. "Honest toil," said he, "is a fine thing to write about, but I don't think anyone bothers much to paint honest dirt. The horny-handed son is, no doubt, a worthy fellow, but even in a circus I don't think anyone ever tried to make a purpose out of the black-handed, fish-oil fist of the watchmaker."

Crane put Edith aboard the great ferryboat, and, as he was bidding her good-bye, said, "Now I am going to plunge into the full tide of my preparations for going, dear. You are not likely to see too much of me between now and the time I start. I hope you will not come to think when I return that you see too much of me then. Anyway, acting on your principle of beginning in the garret and opening love with prose, you and I are going to have our first separation before marriage."

"Our first and only," said she, with a smile.

"Ay," he said slowly. He had not recovered from the effect of poor Pollie's words. "I am not, as you know, an heroic soul. But I think I deserve credit for one thing—for one great piece of courage."

"What is that?"

"I am not likely to be tempted to wander in my mind while I am away. I am not the kind of man that women make love to. I am not good-looking, and I fear I am a trifle hoary. Don't you think I am doing a very heroic thing in leaving you behind me?"

"Do you know what you are doing now, Jack?"

"What?"

"Making love to me," and with a low laugh she shook her head from him and tripped about the great, grimy ferryboat.

As the boat moved away from the shore a man came towards her and raised his hat, saying, "How fortunate I am to meet Miss Orr."

"Oh, Mr. Fancourt, you startled me," said she, with a sudden loss of her good spirits and serenity.

"I am on my way," said he airily, "to take up my new lodgings at 8 Muscovy place."

(To be Continued.)

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His Appearance Deceived.

"Speaking of hunting," said a hunter, "reminds me of a little fun I had some four or five years ago.

"Three of us, more or less sportsmen and all jolly fellows, were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November, and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting, I can tell you.

"One day the landlord announced that a nephew of his, a young man just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a dandy on the shoot.

"Well, pretty soon the young fellow arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, much less shot one.

"He was one of your swell hunters, all togged out in corduroy jacket and high top boots, with one of those patent reversible fore-and-aft caps and a pair of eye-glasses astride his nose. He showed us his gun, a double-barreled pistol grip thing, and blowed a pile on its fine qualities and at the wonderful execution he could do with it. 'It came from England, ye know.'

"Would he go after ducks with us in the morning? Oh, yaas, he fancied he would, though it wouldn't be much sport, he was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and ducks flew so beastly slow.

"Well, we fixed things up among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and anchored them out in a bayou a short distance from the shore, then turned in for the night.

"Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some excuse about not being quite ready, but told him that if he would go over to yonder bayou he might get a shot before breakfast. He put off with much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp bang! bang! of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another double report. Exploding with laughter at our success we hastened to the spot.

"Did he fill the decoys with lead?"

"No! Say, he had bagged four as pretty canvas-backs as you ever saw."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Tragic Fate of Eloping Lovers

"The most pathetic scene I ever witnessed," said Judge R. L. Cawthorn of Texas, "was a third of a mile long and I was in a rapture as my eyes to-day as it was then. We had been bothered by horse thieves down on the frontier, and you know what that means in a wild country. A crowd of us started out after the scoundrels, and just before we reached the Rio Grande we saw two horsemen off to the left, who acted suspiciously. We made for them, and it was a pretty race for a while till they disappeared behind a clump of trees. We had shot to stop them, and when we got in sight again we found that one horse had been shot, and they had deserted him, while both were riding the other. They were evidently Mexicans—a man and a boy—and the man showed fight, turning and firing at us, finally hitting our deputy sheriff. We gained on them rapidly, and presently a well directed fire sent them all in a heap.

"When we reached them the 'boy' was kneeling in front of the dying Mexican, groaning and moaning as if her heart would break, while her hair, which had fallen from her cap, fell below her waist. It was a case of elopement, and they had taken us for her father's servants, while we had been equally stupid and had taken them for horse thieves. When he began to gasp she drew a little pearl-handled revolver, and before anyone could think of stopping her, placed the muzzle under her ear and fell into his arms a corpse. No, we never heard who they were. We buried them and went after the horse thieves."

He Chose His Weapon.

The officials of a country police court were startled one day to see a man walk into the court with an enormous axe over his shoulder. He glared fiercely around him, as if he expected to be attacked. Ultimately the clerk of the court ventured to ask him why he was armed with so formidable a weapon. The man replied that his summons told him to be provided with the means of defence, and he considered that an axe would do for that purpose.

He Was the Man.

Ricketts—Who are you sneezing at?

Skidds (with repeated sternutatory paroxysms)—At choo! at choo!

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.

Mat's Husband.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wuthless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the cross-roads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family. Bunn had a dramatic style of delivery that was very fetching, and invariably impressed strangers as being very much in earnest.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the conversation of his loafers. If Sam's name was mentioned, he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which found egress through his nose; then he would draw in a long breath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse his mouth, and give a heavy, whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large quantity of tobacco juice, carefully aimed at some object in the vicinity. These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would rise to his feet, thrust one fat, dirty hand into his shirt front, wave the other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head sadly from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly, after the following fashion:

"Ah—hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shiftless, o'nery, triflin' cuss I ever seed—an' yere I've done got 'im fr a son-n-law. Hm-hm-hm!" Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume his seat, still shaking his head sorrowfully.

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally, Sam was a cowboy; but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin' off a spell, t' rest up like."

He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy-going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise; and it puzzled people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam; but it is quite certain that she never told anyone what that reason was. Sam was tall, and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes, too. These facts, and his personal good nature and friendly ways, were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and, also, that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was morally so weak that anyone could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along, no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while, Sam would do some work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But, offtimes than not, he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip t' two," and that would settle it. At such times he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again. And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would stroke his curly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her dark, tired eyes back of which there were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firm-set mouth and weary look might indicate over so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places, too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon, and Mat found some means of paying the debts—only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told; yet live they did—or, rather, existed—and for the most part, kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be—but he did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—four—five—and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, although Sam had often away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her shawl over her head and went down to her father's, to find if they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway, talking to a couple of strangers.

"No," he was saying, "they hain't be'n no person 'long yere, lar' few days, but what b'longs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout a be'n seed over yere t' Bacon's. Ben that? No! Wa-al, my boy's comin' in fm thar purty soon, an' he c'n tell ye. Come in an' feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat stayed to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse-thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Pickett Station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation, a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel faint and ill. As soon as supper was over she took her shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to find the door opened. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for someone to come and feed him. Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trowsers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it, and drew it forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly.

"Sam! Sam!—wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "H'lo, M-Mat! Yere, be ye? Gim-me kiss," he said in a dull tone.

"Not till ye tell me whar ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w'y, them—them thar, honey!"

She shook him fiercely, and said in a lower tone—a tone of extreme force:

"Tell me, Sam Toms, whar ye done got these yere coins! Quick, now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked querulously:

"What 'n h——ye so all-fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin'." And he laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous way.

"Sam! whar did ye git 'em?"

He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam!" her voice was full of horror, "did you steal that thar hoss?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor; slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring, and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and presently she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished, when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an' thar's th. money," she said, and passed on out through the back door without looking at Sam.

Tnere was a jail at the cross-roads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the sidewalk, and had a heavy oak door and great steel hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape—and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it had all happened. It must be a drunken dream—but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But—he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat, who had given him up! There must be some mistake.

The big, strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep, like a child.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when someone silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This someone entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened a little after this by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up, just as the big oaken doors swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle horses.

"I come fr ye, Sam" said the woman, with a sob. "I done brung both hosses an' co'ches. Le's go, Sam; we'n git 'crost th' rivah befo' mawnin'. Come!"

He clasped her in his arms, and they clung to each other a little while. Then Mat said, more steadily:

"Come, Sam. Le's go ovah t' Mexico—an' maybe we'n try t' do better ovah thar."

And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight, down towards the Rio Grande—into a new and better life.—*R. L. Ketchum, in The Argonaut.*

A Couple of Tricks.

Like other great men, Tennyson was pestered by correspondents. A lady once got his autograph in a clever manner. She wrote to him that she could not understand the meaning of one of his poems, and the poet's answer to her was: "Dear Madam,—I merely supply poetry for the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson." On another occasion a gentleman wrote to him, asking his advice about some literary work, but failed to get any reply to his letter. He wrote again and again, until twenty letters had been sent. At last came this reply: "Dear Sir,—It is a fact, alas! but no fancy, that half my letters are unopened."

The Wisdom of Prevention.

Mr. Tricure (anxiously)—My dear boy, what a dreadful cold you have!

Mr. Strongman—Yes. I get a cold now and then. My only ailment.

Mr. Tricure—But that's very wrong. I never get cold, and you wouldn't either if you treated yourself as I do.

Mr. Strongman—Well, how, for instance?

Mr. Tricure—Take a Russian bath every week—it's excellent for my rheumatism, I find—and massage twice a week; that's for insomnia. I rarely sleep more than three hours any night. Then a cold plunge first thing in the morning for my lungs, and a two-mile walk. I seldom take any breakfast; dyspepsia's too bad. I drink about three quarts of water during the day for my liver, and then I use a nerve tonic at night. I tell you, my boy, if you'd follow my regimen——

Mr. Strongman—Oh, thanks—but—er—ah—I think I'd rather have a cold.

A Misuse of Terms.

Bilton—It is a great misuse of terms to say a man is the architect of his own fortune.

Chilton—How so?

Bilton—When an architect plans a $5,000 house it costs $10,000; but when a man plans to get a $100,000 fortune he usually lands somewhere in the neighborhood of $1500.

A Generous Man.

"Harkins," said old Mr. Barlow to his foreman, "the firm has decided to inaugurate a system of profit sharing with its employees."

"Good enough!" replied Harkins. "What were the firm's profits last year?"

"Last year the firm lost $7,000. That necessitates a cut of ten per cent. in wages under the new system. Tell the men the new arrangement goes into effect immediately, Harkins."

Sentences Passed by the Judge.

An unpleasant truth is avenged by unshrinking falsehood.

Art is but an indifferent stepmother to nature's children.

No one makes a prediction that he would not like to see fulfilled.

If ill is to be done the conventions of propriety need not be departed from to do it.

Women most often admire men for qualities of which they are not possessed.

There is something cruel in the triumphal car of youth over-riding an old age without triumphs.

It may hap that the finished musician is too skilful to be reverent, too brilliant to be sympathetic. Instead of making himself a reed for the gods to breathe through, he sends a blast into the face of the Almighty.—*Kathrine Grovjean in Judge.*

Henry was Polite.

This story is told of a Lewiston man who is just home from Washington. He didn't know that his wife had been down to Portland, and as he got in at the Union Station he noticed a nice looking lady in front. He sat in behind, and began to look at her. Fate ordained that he should make a fool of himself, and he leaned forward and said, "I beg pardon, but wouldn't you like to look at the last magazine?" "Thank you, Henry," said she, turning around and paralyzing him with a smile. "Your manners have certainly improved, and your bashfulness in the presence of ladies has vanished. Come and sit with me, my dear; you'll be safer." Henry says he knew it was his wife all the time, but she knows better, and he knows she knows it, too, and he is kind of sorry he did it."

Poor Boy!

"Do you study grammar?" asked a strange lady of a little boy she met on the train.

"No'm," he replied; "she's dead."

Charity

Farmer (emerging from shadow of hen-house)—Hold on there, you old rascal! I saw you coming an' I jest thought you wouldn't be able to go by that pullet."

'Rastus—Go by dat pullet? No, sah—reckon not, sah! I'd got some human'ty in me, sah. Yo' 'didn't s'pose I cud see a po' chicken roost out a freezin' night lak dis, did yo'?"—*Judge.*

An Enemy Devoured.

City Missionary—You say you hate work or anything that works.

The One of Leisure.—Yes; down with it!

City Missionary—But still you like liquor—something that ferments—works.

The One of Leisure—Then, as I said before, down with it!—*Puck.*

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NANCY L.—You are impulsive, warm-hearted, true and discreet, kind and sympathetic, and very self-willed, quick, fond of romance, constant in affection and careless of details.

THE BEAR.—I am sorry, dear Bear, but your writing is so undecided that it cannot be delineated just now, besides which, Oh, growler! you forgot your coupon.

MILL ON THE FLOSS.—This is rather an uncultured study, but has some capital traits, perseverance and desire for perfection and completeness in anything you undertake; good temper, honesty and truth, love of home, sympathy and carefulness.

BERTIL.—You are prudent, generous, frank and honest, with sense of humor and rather a lack of intuition. I think it is hardly fair to say more, as your study, though of excellent promise, is quite in a transitory state. If you don't make a fine woman I shall be surprised.

SARAH MAHLA.—1. You and Grover are a splendid pair of sinners. The composition is nearly right. 2 You are clever, bright, frank, communicative, independent and original; have pluck and perseverance, and while somewhat tender and sensitive, have a good share of humor.

MELANIA.—Large energy and imagination, great desire for approbation, indiscreet and over-frank speech, generous and amiable nature, strong affection, love of ease, excellent decision and good perception of evidence. I think you are prudent in affairs, but not so careful as you might be over details; have sympathy and some tact.

YOUNG TRULY.—This is not a very eloquent study. Writer is an impulsive, generous, inexperienced person, with possibilities of temper and judgment which may improve. At the same time she is sociable, affectionate, decided and constant, lacks intuitive perception, but wouldn't wilfully wound a friend's feeling.

GROWLER.—This is a clever, self-seeking and capable person of very fitful humor, and uncertain moods, alternately incorrigibly cynical and depressed, and full of appreciation of fun and able to enjoy life, unable to take comfort unless just in the humor; extremely critical and somewhat selfish, but affectation adorn this elegant study, which is strong and attractive, though very headstrong and unconsciled.

JAY.—Your kind hints as to your character, are, I am afraid, quite misleading. You are a little too fond of society, rather given to self-indulgence, fond of change and not too reliable in action. You will at times work very hard, but your endurance is not in proportion, you are adaptable good-tempered, fond of beauty, self-willed, with plenty of energy, hope, and though impatient, still pretty sure to succeed in what you set your heart upon.

CECIL.—This is rather an enterprising and bright individual, fond of society, able to joke and talk with very strong ideas and probably prejudiced opinions. Extreme perseverance and great decision of character, with a cautious action and very great attention to the little things of life, mingled with some mistrust and strong love for number one are shown. I should fancy the writer rather censorious and optimistic.

ELIZABETH.—1. If you want to purchase the book write to McGill street, Toronto. He can promise almost any book you want. 2 Your writing is rather unpleasant to read, but it seems formed, to all intents and purposes; it shows impatience and love of action, rather good constancy and honor, some lack of hope and variable temper, discretion and love of a little fun sympathy and praise. You are averse to change in associations, but can adapt yourself to circumstances, and are a little temperamental at times.

KATE OSBORNE.—You have good imagination, rather poor memory, good perception, but not very strong, and very love of the beautiful evident. In many respects, particularly as to temperament, this study much resembles Elizabeth's, but her power of adapting herself to circumstances is quite wanting in this study. 2 Another quotation is more the current one, I think:

"Shadows we are, mere shades pursuing,
Swiftly to our own undoing."

But the same sentiment has been expressed in several different ways.

WALTER.—It is hardly fair to size up a character from left hand writing, as there is a lack of power in such studies and a sort of deliberation that does not exist in the nature of the writer. Your very fair chirography shows hope and perseverance, excellent temper and good judgment, love of beauty, sympathetic feeling, modesty and desire for perfection, good discretion and fair energy. Adaptability and caution are also marked, with capability of self-sacrifice and some vivacity, but the impression is rather of a self-contained than effusive character. The nature, however, is neither petty nor formal, being rather apt to pass over imperfections of detail lightly, if the general effect be good. An easy person to live with, aren't you?

BERNICE.—For some of your answers see 3, to Agatha D. You are a more original and stronger character than hers; in fact, I should think you were the suggester of the writing of those letters. Your temper is not so good, but your insight is keener and your decision excellent. You are a good writer now, but no doubt practice will give you a more complete style. There are different sorts of poor writing; some apparently bad specimens are so characteristic that they are the delight of a graphologist, while some attractive-looking ones are his *bete noir*. You have great ambition, originality and a bright intelligence, are cautious and reticent, rather optimistic, of excellent judgment and rather conversational. I don't think you admire easy folks. 4. Yes, I have several correspondents in California.

NELLIE B. S.—1. That is rather a queer question, Nellie. You want to know the most way of counting the acquaintance of a lady of whom you are extremely fond? In fact, then, so unapproachable that the ordinary way is not feasible; to be more sensational I should introduce you! 2. I don't think a continued shower of presents would kindle affection in any independent woman's breast. 3. If a person does not answer your letters, and you have no hope that they will, I should think the only thing to be done would be to let the correspondence drop. It is both ridiculified and absurd to pursue a lady who shows she does not desire an intimacy. 4. By the time I had answered your questions, I should have nothing left to tell you in a character study. Your writing is very unformed. You lack self-control and are rather given to fretting and worry; are affectionate but not constant, impulsive, amiable, hopeful and rather careful of dress, fond of beauty, sufficiently discreet, ambitious, and need dignity, reserve and deliberation.

MIGNEATA.—I have just opened your letter. Wish I had time to delineate you over again, without consulting your former study, just to show you how identical the world is. Do you don't wish to be called conservative? Well, I am sure I don't blame you, if conservative really means to you as you say it does, "All that is mean and vile and base; a character capable of closing its ears to all outside misery and distress, and going sublimly on its own way, without an effort to lend a helping hand." (You will perceive that I am quoting you verbatim.) Well, my good lady, if your other ideas are as erratic as your definition of conservatism, the Fates only know what kind of a character I gave you. I am scared at its possibilities, but I am sure of its truth. I am not at all sure you are not wise, in fact I rather think you are, but when you wrote that letter last June your diction was not very attractive; I pause revise your ideas on conservatism. I can solemnly assure you that they are faulty and unjust, as your own decided observation should have told you.

KORRAH.—Your very excellent study has cost me some time and thought. I hope that the question you asked me has already answered itself. It is certainly a very unsatisfactory state of things not to know the intentions of your admirer. All the advice I can give you is to be on your guard lest you waste your affections where they are not desired. Many a man takes great help and comfort from the friendship of a woman, but is never the least bit in love with her. No suspicion of indiscretion shown in your writing, which has very fine traits; you are generous, truthful, constant, sympathetic and while a little egotistic, very ready to suit your own plans in deference to your friends. There is a very attractive vein of romantic feeling for those you think need your goodness; fine energy, self-respect and power of strong affection, love for beauty and keen sense of right are mingled with frankness and good temper. You ask me to take you over the coals a little. Well, I can only say to you what one says to your lovable kind, don't be foolish in your own affairs, look sharp for yourself, as you have no one else to do it for you. Remember, nothing on earth is gained, but much sorrow in caring for anyone more than they desire you to.

AGNITA D.—1. The question as to which is the better accomplishment, music or painting, is very difficult to answer. Music is almost sure to be of more general use. 2. As to what you should do and what towards a person whose love you decline, it is necessary to know what and you are aiming at, before I can give you a useful answer. If you want to confirm your doubt, keep a sharp and suspicious watch on them, complain of neglect, tell them you doubt them, cry, pout, and scold. Then they will soon grow to detest you. If, on the contrary, circumstances and your own wish make it desirable you should retain their affection, be a little chary of caresses, very kind and somewhat offhand; an air of mystery is fine if you can assume it. And have some vague hints of the charms of the other fellow always floating round, but don't make them too definite. 3. A bad writer is certainly not necessarily stupid. Some of the greatest intellectual lights write almost illegibly. 4. As to the question about the surest way to get to heaven, if you did not seem in earnest I should not answer it, but as you say the subject puzzles you, I respect your query. The surest way to get to heaven is to make your life a continual preparation for heaven. If your face is turned to God, your trunks packed full of good works, your checks on the straight road of self-denial, your ticket paid for in dutiful love and gratitude, and stamped with the sign of the cross, with all which that implies, you can get on board when Conductor Death calls you, Mr. Straight to heaven. There is no change nor stop-over, nor danger of accident, and your passing over the matter is quite as unnecessary as the fidgets of the sailors on board of a steamer when they hear a rope. Your writing shows sympathy, hope and some ambition, care and quick perception, love of beauty, mindfulness, but lack determination and constancy. 5. I should say you were rather open to influence.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

COMICAL and funny is Ezra Kendall as old Jiles Button at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. The play — or rather the entertainment, for there is no play—consists of an endless rush of variety performances, among which old man Button bobs up, always in a predicament but always philosophically making the most of it. I would like to see Kendall in a play with a clean-cut part suitable to himself and supported by good actors instead of variety artists. To be sure, this might deprive us of his clever parody songs and of his amusing imitation of a baseball catcher, but it would give us something else perhaps better still. For singing he has a voice wonderfully clear and with distinct enunciation, so that every word is heard all over the house. This is what the house wants in a singer of such songs. When Button fancies that his wife and the restaurant man are planning his death he really does some excellent acting, and every few minutes he rises far above his surroundings and becomes irresistibly funny. The humor of a variety show is too ribald for me and the wit is too stale and far-fetched, so that I attend one with my prejudices aroused, but Kendall mollified me completely in this case. When a man comes on the stage with a pillow stuffed under his vest no one is deceived into believing that it is actual fat, but everyone knows the pillow is there so that when presently the policeman with the hippety-hop-to-the-barber-shop style of locomotion goes whirling across the stage he can bring down his baton on that pillow and make the gallery laugh. What in creation there is to laugh at in that most ancient performance I cannot imagine. Whenever a pillow comes out concealed beneath a vest the policeman is sure to bob up and hit it a crack, still, every soul in the house knowing this half an hour before it happens, it wins a laugh. Human nature is hard to understand. The serpenture dancing of Carlotta is extremely graceful and deservedly encored at each performance, as is the wooden shoe dancing of Miss Jessie Dunn.

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Dartmoor is a very strong play, and on Tuesday evening when I was present I wondered at the comparatively small house which greeted it. Torontonians are not great theater-goers or the Academy would have had fewer empty seats on the occasion, for J. H. Gilmour is an actor of merit and gives a great delineation of the gentlemanly swindler and desperado. His support is scarcely as good, however, as he and Dartmoor are entitled to. Mr. Herbert Archer, as Capt. Lankester, struck me as peculiarly inadequate to his part. He does not look like a man who would nurse a silent love for nine long years, nor does he look like a man who would inspire a lasting and romantic devotion in the breast of a young woman. That laugh of his, so great, so robust, and so brief, is unparalleled in my experience of men and horses. One thing may be said to his credit—he is painstaking and he is consistent throughout, living up to his conception of the part, but it is that conception which grates on me. Mr. Littlefield Powers acts with talent a most peculiar and interesting character, that of Archdeacon Jellicoe, a good old man who has unfortunately developed kleptomania. He has the simplicity of a child and if left to his own vagaries for a moment is soon discovered with soiled clothes, he having probably climbed a tree to recover some youngster's kite or to steal a bird's nest. He picks up anything he can get hold of—not fastgoing you with too much of it, either—and stuffs it away in some place where he promptly forgets all about it. He makes a most interesting character, and having a good face provokes much gentle mirth. Owen Westford as Dr. Pagenstecher is also good, with his faith in the "bomps" of phrenology. Marguerite Fields as Dora Lisle is a sweet little thing with artistic instincts, and where she and Gilmour have their talk, she not knowing that he (as Venables) is her supposedly dead father, it is most effective. High art was attained at that spot. Miss Bettina Girard, as Mrs. Lisle, has an exceedingly difficult part to play, and this considered carries herself through very well. Miss Hazel Seldon and Miss Emma Fossette make the most of their parts, the former especially being true to character.

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At the Grand this week we have one of those sparkling light comedies which afford great pleasure for the flitting moment, without boring one with heavy impressions to carry away. A sunbeam on a dark day dances across your path for a moment, brightening the world and making your heart sing; then it fades or melts away, imperceptibly slow, and, delightful as it was, you soon forget all about it. Such is the light comedy, a charming relaxation for the passing hour, and The Grey Mare is a light comedy. The Typewriter, a one-act piece that precedes it, has mighty little in it. The same old office boy is there, big and old enough to be a partner in the business and fresh and kittenish enough to be only seven years of age—always being sent out, always receiving tips of fifty cents to stuff in his vest pocket, always dancing around like a circus man, and conducting himself generally as no office boy dare do if he valued his life, to say nothing of his situation. The piece has a flat and unsatisfactory finish, the curtain falling in almost a dead calm. The fault is in the piece and not in the presentation of it, for the best actors in the company appear in it. The Grey Mare is better, and no sooner does it commence than the audience shows an intensely improved humor. Marian Giroux as Kate Stanhope is a talented young woman of the day, able to adroitly defend anything she chooses to do and to justify anything she chances to say. She claims that telling white lies is a feminine privilege, and she utters some passingly clever sentences on the subject. This young lady infuses into her work a distinct personality, quite her own but still suggestive of Minnie Seligman. For the moonish part of David Maxwell it would really be hard to find a better man than Vincent Sternroyd. He makes himself a simple-hearted, half-daft genius, the loyal but clumsy and useless confidant of all who get into trouble. George Allison as John Maxwell, M. D., fills his part to perfection. The consciousness of strength, mental and moral, that at first lives in every line of his face and turn of his figure, is marred only by one thing—the comic habit of clutching at every person's wrist and timing their pulse beats. That is, of course, demanded of all stage doctors, but Allison might drop it in a part like his. He cuts a most sorry figure when returning in the gray morning, soaked with cold water, from searching in the bog for the plant he professed to have gathered the previous day. His shivering and his blank despair at finding himself inextricably coiled up in a network of falsehoods, which he had commenced weaving for the purpose of convincing Kate that there was nothing clever about lying, is extremely clever and funny. Jennie Kennard, as Julia, the handsome shrew whom the luckless David had married, is effective, and in fact the whole cast is neatly balanced and thoroughly satisfactory.

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Next week we will have a treat at the Grand, when R. D. McLean and Marie Prescott, in their farewell tour, will appear in The Duke's Wife, Romeo and Juliet, and The Merchant of Venice. There are a great many people who never attend the theater unless Shakespeare is being played, and a greater number who, like myself, consider one legitimate drama—if presented as it should be—worth half a dozen "illegitimate" ones. Next week will be our chance to come out and encourage the thing we admire, for McLean and Prescott are excellent actors and usually carry a good lot of people along with them.

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Wilson Barrett is coming to Toronto at Christmas with his new play Pharaoh. That will be one of the big features of the theatrical season, and it will have an especial interest for many Torontonians because a gifted Canadian, Franklin M'Leay, a Woodstock boy, cuts a figure in the production second only to Barrett himself. His part is that of Pennu, a product of oriental barbarity, who at the whim of his original master, Rameses, was manufactured from childhood into a monstrosity. The poor deformed fellow is supposed to be court buffoon, but he has in him the feelings of a man and becomes a subtle breeder of treason. The English press has greatly praised the work of the young comedian. The *Daily News* says that Mr. M'Leay shares with Mr. Barrett the honors of the evening. The *Sporting Chronicle* says that Pennu alone would make the play remarkable, the character being a fine conception, splendidly acted by Mr. Franklin M'Leay. I gather from the English papers that Pharaoh is a strong spectacular production.

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Next week will be dedicated to opera at the Academy of Music. Monday and Tuesday (with special Tuesday matinee) there will be sung the famous opera Robin Hood by the Bostonian Opera Company, and from Wednesday night until the end of the week Pauline Hall and her excellent company will sing Puritania. There is perhaps, in the English language, no legend so popular as that of Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntington. Ever since the fifteenth century, nursery rhymes and classics have told of the adventures of this bold nobleman who "shot the king's deer and fought the king's men," and there is hardly a child in this country, or in England, who has not had visions of green Sherwood Forest with its camp fires and its smoking haunches of venison; its jolly Friar Tuck and hardy, athletic Little John. The story, familiar to all, I shall not revive here, leaving the gifted singers to do that with more grace and greater acceptance than I could hope for. The seats for Robin Hood are being eagerly bought up at the Academy box office.

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Puritania, or the Earl and the Maid of Salem, is a high order of comic opera, with the scenes laid at Salem, Mass., in the year 1665, and at the palace of Charles II. of England. The story is based on witchcraft. The book is by Mr. C. S. M. McLellan, and Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley composed the music, which is spoken of as being bright and full of melody from start to finish. The opera has achieved great success everywhere for its complete merit, and the cast, headed by the charming Pauline Hall, is notable for the many clever artists, prominent among whom are Jacques Kruger, Harry Macdonough, Frank David, Eva Davenport, Irene Verona, Jennie Eddy, and many others. The chorus numbers upwards of fifty. In Puritania, Pauline Hall brings to us what is claimed to be one of the most pretentious productions seen here for a long time.

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The famous Clemenceau Case will be on at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week. This is the play that the New York authorities interfered with when it first came out. At the beginning of the third act Iza originally disrobed and posed for her artist lover, wearing an invisible suit of flesh-colored tights. This was too much for the public, the sensation at the disrobing being terrific. Now, Iza does not disrobe, being disrobed when the curtain rises and is quickly covered with a cloak. The model scene is the least objectionable feature of the play as it now stands, and to speak out the truth, the whole plot and action of the piece are broad and impure and can be of no possible good to the morals of the community. There is no use being hypocritical about the matter, though, for if the public did not wish to see such plays they would disappear. What the public craves for, theater managers will supply. That is the law and order of the thing. Emma Bell plays the role of Iza, and here again managerial shrewdness has been exercised. Robert Bruning takes the part of Pierre Clemenceau. Dorothy Drew and Hulda Halvers, the novelty dancers, will probably contribute something to the proceeding highly artistic without being objectionable.

MACK.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

From a photo by Herbert E. Simpson, College Street.

A Good Imitation.

Old Walt Houston used to remark as how the funniest thing he ever seen was in Shookville town hall about four years ago, the time a ventrilliquist feller come up to our town to give a entertainment. There wuz about forty people in the hall settin' down, an' about fifty more outside the hall standin' on two planks, the ends of which wuz rested on piles of loose boxes which raised 'em high enough to peek in the windows that had been opened on account of the heat. Well, this yer chap, he came out and give a real good show, but I guess he warn't pretty well pleased at the outside arrangement, particular as some of the toughest chaps made audible remarks during the performance through the winders. When he came on for the second part he had a piece of rope in his hand, th' end of which appeared to run out of the back door of the hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he sez, "I shall open the second part of my programme with a new and startling imitashun," he sez.

"Hear, hear!" sez young Amaziah Bell, through the winder.

"Ah! my boy, you'll say there, there! in a minit," sez the show feller, an' then he continued: "This imitashun will be the kind of sound a lot of mean cusses—as were too blame low-down to buy tickets to a show, an' instead of doing so stuck loose boxes and planks up outside so they could see in the winders—would make if somebody went and tied a rope to them boxes when they warn't looking, and then gave it a pull like this." He then pulled the rope, remarkin': "Look out for the imitashun, ladies and gentlemen." Well, Walt Houston sez the way those heads disappeared from the winders, and the row they kicked up when they went ker-smash, wuz too funny for anything.

UNCLE ARTIE.

One Side of the Question.

The teacher is the natural enemy of the pupil. No one thinks this strange until he teaches himself, then it becomes bewildering. Since your child, as heaven knows, is clever, it must be the teacher's fault if the child can't work arithmetic. A few children are acknowledged by their parents not to be clever—in that case they are good, much better than the teacher, who is but clay.

Some men teach in order to live, some, it would seem, in order to die. Women teach till they get married, men till they achieve a profession. A few teach because they love it. It may even be that a teacher loves his pupils. This is not a good investment in a worldly sense.

The best test of a teacher's fitness is the number of successful pupils sent by him to the frequent examinations. A teacher's salary should be based on these results. The fairness of this arrangement is evident to the weakest mind. Examinations are the only infallible tests. The more frequent the examinations the better for the pupil. Early experiments in agriculture, however, decided the advisability of examining the roots of a growing plant.

PENNY.

Bobby's Composition on a Hen.

A hen can lay a eg every day and he eats sand to make the eg shell. If a fox comes along a hen can roost on the fence, for a hen don't like to get et by a fox.

Hens loves to scrash up flower-beds with their hind legs for to get the seeds an fish-rooms. When hens is hatchin' they sit on their egs, but that don't smash 'em, for hens is all over feathers and feathers is awful light. Some hens are woman righters and trys to crow like the roosters, but they was only ment for to cackle. Hens hates water—only fer to drink—cos their toes ain't joined like geeses' and they ud get drowned sure pop. PIXSY.

Old Bill Took a Crack at It.

All day the hunters had been bowling across the plains, not quite sure of the route they traveled and keeping suspicious eyes upon the half-breed guide who cantered in advance upon a wiry broncho. The Indians were in the habit of swooping down upon small bodies of white men and wiping them out for the sake of such plunder as they could glean, and the guide had somehow inspired the party with fears that he harbored treacherous designs. Old Bill, the veteran of the expedition, looked to his rifle and intimated to his comrades that if the guide was in cahoots with Indians he would not be able to claim a share of the plunder. He said he had a pretty sure notion that whether the crowd went to kingdom-come or went straight along over the prairie, that guide would be number one in the procession just the same.

Night fell and still they proceeded, the half-breed's anxiety to camp being the chief reason for pushing on; but at last the men decided to halt until the first streak of day. The horses were picketed around to eat bunch grass, the half-breed rolled himself in a blanket and ostensibly went to sleep beneath the wagon. Two of the men sought slumber in the vehicle and the other two stood guard with ready rifles. A sense of danger brooded over them all, mutually understood without being openly mentioned.

Two hours elapsed and those on guard had probably dozed into a light sleep, when they were aroused into terrified activity by a mighty thunder sound, the ground trembled, and a great shriek split the air. Springing to their guns the plainsmen saw rushing down upon them an enormous Something with one large, brilliant, fiery eye. On it came, louder, nearer, bigger, that monster eye throwing flashes far ahead. Old Bill's gun jumped to his shoulder and spat out its deadly message—in vain, for though the eye blinked and shivered, it never paused.

It dashed by them fifty yards to the right—an express train going forty miles an hour! They had in the darkness camped beside the track of the first railroad across the plains, and for the first time saw the cars. ZEKE.

The Beneficent Old Lady.

They had the brushed and shining appearance of children on a visit, three of them, standing on the doorstep of the beneficent old lady. It was the first visit of the youngest and she looked at a strange world with guileless eyes. The countenances of the other two were slightly relaxed with the expectations of good things to come.

The beneficent old lady was seated in an arm chair. She kissed them, then they were dismissed to the care of an elderly maiden. They had grapes broken from the vine and cake of great age and richness. To-morrow they would be ill, but to-day—what mattered?—they played in the garden.

It was time to go home and one by one they were presented to the old lady, who fumbled with both hands in a wide skirt and put something hard and round in each right hand, saying, "Don't look till you get home."

By the time they had gone a block the eldest said, "I am going to look." So she opened her hand and in it was a silver quarter. Then the next opened his hand and in it was a silver quarter. Last of all the youngest opened her hand and in it—oh soft, pink palm, oh strange, uncomfortable world—in it was one brown cent!

She had always been secretly afraid that she was less worthy than other people. Now even the old lady knew it.

The boy said, "Let's go back and tell her."

The eldest said, "Let's go and tell mother. I am sure the old lady meant to give her a quarter."

But the youngest said, "You will always have a quarter more than me."

PENNY.

Mary Ann is Coming Home.

For Saturday Night.

Mary Ann is coming home—
Coming home to-night,
Daddy's gone away to fetch her—
Make her old home bright.
For a farmer all the summer
She's been working hard,
And a purse of thirty dollars
Has been her reward.
She will bring it all to mother,
She's as good as wheat;
Was there ever such another—
Make her bed-room neat!

Put a flow'r pot in her window,
Make her pillows soft;
She has hungered for home-coming
Many times and oft;
Roast some apples in the ashes,
Put the kettle on,
We will wait to make her welcome,
If we wait till dawn.
Mother, here's your Sunday apron
Ironed smooth and bright;
Children, wash your faces—someone's
Coming home to-night.

We will hear poor daddy's wagon
When it's on the ridge,
And if not we'll surely hear it
When it strikes the bridge.
Hester—Jennie! lay the table,
Put ma's china down,
Move as quick as you are able,
Make the biscuits brown;
Roast some chestnuts on the fender,
Make that lamp glass bright,
For our sister sweet and tender
Comes to us to-night.

Dad will drive—you know he rarely
Ever misses mark.
Nero's barking in the orchard,
There!—I heard the wheels!
Leave the kitchen door wide open,
Hear the wagon roll!
Listen!—that was Dolly's signal
Calling to her foal.
Hark! a rustling in the lilacs,
Ah, I hope I'm right.
Mary Ann!—is this our darling?
Welcome home to-night!

Rushdale Farm. R. E. KERRIGHAN (THE KHAN).

Autumn Weather.

For Saturday Night.

For days and days the silent sky
Gave back no gleam of sun or star,
And gloom, unbroken near or far,
Grew heavy to the wistful eye.
The trees clung, crouching from the rain,
On meadows co'd and dank and gray;
And we, thro' splash'd and dripping pane,
Look'd out, and sigh'd the hours away.
All day within the shadowy house,
We sat and read and paced and sat;
No sound but purring of the cat,
Or scampering of rafter-mouse,
Disturb'd our languor, save aloof
The steady patter on the roof,
Or, sometimes, down the steep
The rumbling of a distant load.
And still it rain'd! It splash'd and pour'd
On all the landscape all the day!
And all the night the save-trough roar'd
And drumm'd, half-heard and far-away,
Troubling our visions as we lay
Asleep, or woke, expecting day.

Oh! we were weary. Such a rain!
The long hours, hour'd 'neath lr ceiling skies,
To melancholy thoughts gave rise,
And longings full of strange, dull pain.

But, oh! at last a rising gale!
And scattering clouds, with rifts of blue!
And cold, keen sunlight flashing thro',
To bring to earth a hopeful tale!
The night comes on with gleaming skies,
And roof and eaves give forth no sound.
We slumber; and, with dawning, rise
To find a brittle sunlight lies
On sparkling fields of frozen ground!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

When Skies are Dark.

For Saturday Night.

Fade away in the sombre clouds,
Sail to the port in the gray-headed sky,
Pierce the murky air with your cry,
Storm birds robed in your sable shrouds!
But I must watch for the first faint blue,
And the eyes with the love-light shining through.

Red and lurid the lights appear,
Far beyond in the steely dome,
Ravens float to your angry home;
Dead leaves follow, withered and sere;
I wait for the heart that is warm and bright,
And the love that knows no stormy night.

Rock and toss in the flinging spray,
Terror-haunts of the evil stars;
See yon ship o'er the harbor bars
Bend and groan on her homeward way.
I follow a pathway paved with gold,
And hear the story that ne'er grows old.

The clouds will fade from the sky some day;
The blue will shine and the birds sing clear.
Over the mountains the day dawns near,
Soothing to ripples the storm-tossed spray.
But I must watch with the blood-red sun,
For what were life if love were gone?

LAURIER DARE.

If I Were Only Young.

For Saturday Night.

If I were only young
I'd call sweet flowers for thee!
The rose should blush a ruby red,
Its opening buds love's incense shed,
Its petals wide their beauty spread
For thee, and only thee!

If I were only young,
I'd deck my form for thee
In gleaming silks and satins bright,
And diamonds flashing to the light,
To be a glory in my sight,
If I were only young!

If I were only young,
I'd sing sweet songs for thee!
I'd sing in low contralto tone
To thee, my king; to thee alone!
Ah, love, I'd win thee for mine own,
If I were only young!

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (Carle Sima).

Ocean Waves.

For Saturday Night.

I stood upon the broad Atlantic's shore,
And heard old ocean sing his doleful song,
And saw the billows as they rushed along,
Not caring for the sea-gulls that they bore,
Nor for the boatman and his finny store,
But bearing on their watery breasts a throng
Of burdens, which to foreign lands belong;
And as I stood and gazed, I saw them pour
All those strange relics on the sandy beach,
And then rush back, but leave upon the sand
The distant relics, there to lie and bleach.
I mused on these, that told of a foreign land,
The waves that brought them, and they seemed to teach
The power a passing stranger may command.

Galt, Ont. A. W. CRAWFORD.

Between You and Me.

DID you ever have too good a time? If you did, you will understand what I mean; if not, I dare say it won't be hard to explain that you don't discover the extra amount of goodness until the next day. You laugh, and chatter, and dance, and enjoy yourself just a little too long, and everything goes wrong when the reaction sets in. I had such a good time last night at such a lovely ball, and danced with a clear conscience and a light heart, because I knew just what was going to fill this column to-day, and as it interested me, I was confident it would interest my dear paper friends as well. As the bad little boys say, "Did you ever get left," as I did, when another stole my thunder and got my notions in print ahead of me? It is rather funny to be too sure of yourself; and while a sort of *pot pourri* of salad, and oyster soup, and kilties, and waltzes and a wet rain are beclouding my wits, I must laugh at the complete scoop the other one got on Lady Gay.

*

There! a laugh is such a blessing I wonder more people don't indulge in it. What a variety of laughs there are, anyway! Almost as great an assortment as there are of walks. The giggle is scarcely a laugh, more a shuffle along the way of hilarity; the sharp, unwilling, pointed laugh, like the gingerly gait of tight shoes, is artificial, hollow and a mockery; the chuckle is a sort of elderly *pas seul*; the clear, loud guffaw stands for the solid, brisk, all-alive step of the man and woman of weight and muscle; the unctious, naughty laugh for the flat-footed pad of much avoirdupois! But there is a laugh so delightful, so full of fun and *bonhommie*, so like a silver chime of joy bells that it throws a glamor over the laugher and makes young her forty or fifty or eighty years, that strikes a spark from a heart of flint, that makes wrinkles which don't go deep, and sends a ray of merriment into the greatest and gloomiest soul. No earthly footfall answers to this lovely sound; it is sweet, bright, bubbling as champagne, and only the toes of fairies could trip to its music. One woman in a thousand attains to it, and it is in her a charm that never fails to attract. In short, there are more fraudulent, ugly and disagreeable laughs than imitations of the Kohinoor diamond.

*

There are a great many *debutantes* this season in the various circles of Toronto society, and I suppose in nine cases out of ten, the realities will not come up to the anticipations of the coming winter. There will be girls so shielded, so cared, so crowned, and so bolstered with every sort of attention and encouragement from the giddy world, whose vagrant fancy lights on them, that the coming-out season, from the opening ball to the last post paschal tea, will be one long round of pleasant experiences. I have seen these young, flower-crowned queens, and I have seen a good many others! There is no need of talking to the radiant youngster, as she stands knee-deep in bliss, but there is room for a word to the others Girls, dear, should unkind fate decree that you attend a stupid party, with a careless hostess and beaux at a premium, brace up to the fight, smile, be bright and witty and busy for the entertainment of everyone but yourself, and verily, great will be your harvest. Your hostess will ask you again, worse luck; people will grow to like you, for your good-will; men will graciously dance with you, and other men, who don't dance, will see you are fed. Have a funny story for the wallflower and a very sincere compliment for the chaperone, a look of admiration, honestly untinged with envy, for the belle. It is not her fault that she eclipses you—it's your own, you know! If the evening is too utterly trying, make fun of it—but not to a mortal living but yourself. I remember once exchanging confidences with an ancient portrait in a daguerreotype frame as to what I thought of our hostess and her party, when I, a bride, had been left for two mortal hours in a corner, and the shiny-faced gentleman in the stock and curled wig had quite a good time of it. He heard the truth of his granddaughter, and it was enough to make him turn in his frame, but it was a wonderful relief to my wounded conceit. And above all things, dear maiden *debutantes*, remember that all parties are not stupid, all hostesses do not neglect you. Men are sometimes in the majority and the sun will shine again. One thing more, though their right hands may forget their cunning, the mean wretches will never forget a sulky face nor yet forgive it!

*

Cheerfulness is such a useful virtue; one sees it fully developed; idealized, as it were, in the person of the unfortunate individual whose name recalls to us a small leather case of sewing implements, a "Lady's Companion." Generally the old country folk who advertise for her are the very most uncompanionable of mortals (hardly mortals, either, for they live to most eternal ages) old women with shocking tempers, or fancied disorders, or pet complaints, or some one or other trait which unfits them for decent society. The lady's companion is their prey and they get her in scores, for English women are only getting out of swaddling clothes as regards self-support. I sometimes think of the armies of wretched, dependent females who wear prunellas and ride with their backs to the horses, who pick up stitches, and humor invalids and say Amen! to divers ungodly utterances, all for a home and a pittance, and though other editors get ahead of me, and a grimy-handed long demands copy when I want to go to sleep, and the rain comes down unceasingly, I am glad I have a chance to pity someone, and that my fitful cheerfulness doesn't have any greater strain on it.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Duke of Devonshire denies that he has become a Roman Catholic.

Dr. Taeffel, body physician to the King of Wurtemberg, has become insane and been taken to an asylum.

Moody and Sankey are said to have received one million two hundred thousand dollars in royalties from their gospel hymns.

Advices from Zanzibar state that the Wahehes attacked the Germans near Kilossa, and killed Lieutenant Bruening and four soldiers.

The Pope has warned France that unless its aggressive policy against the Vatican is abandoned the next batch of French cardinals created will be the last.

Abbe Liszt's first concert programme, when he was only nine years old, has been discovered. It bears date of 1820. The performance was given in Oldenburg.

Sims Reeves is principal professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. He is now seventy years of age. He went on the operatic stage in his eighteenth year, beginning his career, strangely enough, as a baritone.

The King of the Hellenes has received a magnificent silver-gilt table service, as a silver wedding present, the joint gift of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

The latest news regarding that international scandal—the Deacon affair—indicates that the wronged husband will not press for a severe penal verdict against Mrs. Deacon, and that he will be content with a surrender on her part of the children. The erring woman, whose folly brought death to one man and ruin to another, is said to be quite ready to accede to all demands of her husband.

It is rumored that William A. Slater of Norwich, Conn., the cotton manufacturer, and the son of the late John F. Slater, who gave one million dollars for the education of colored people, is to have a steam yacht, by a designer not named, "which is to eclipse anything now afloat." He now owns an elegant yacht, the Sagamore, in which he made an extended ocean voyage about a year ago.

Sullivan, Gilbert and Carte—up to the time of the dissolution of partnership—made about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece. Besides this, Sir Arthur must derive a considerable sum from his other musical works, for the operas and operettas have been but a small part of his life's work. In his song writing, which is extensive, his popularity has been greater, perhaps, than that of any other English composer.

The Empress Eugenie is attracting a great deal of attention at Bath, where she is naturally a notable figure in the Pump-room. She is still a striking and handsome personality, with her smooth, white hair, erect carriage, and fine features; but there is no longer the smallest pretense of youth, and it is not so difficult as it used to be to believe that she is only eight years younger than the Queen.

The little twelve-year-old Queen of Holland is described as a charming child, with a sweet, regular set of features, a clear, enquiring look, quick movements, without appearing boisterous, lively, gay and laughing; but it is not all play with her. The little Sovereign's studies are watched over carefully by the Queen Regent, and directed by an English governess and experienced masters. In her quality of being Dutch, Wilhelmina is of an extremely independent character, and even a little malicious sometimes.

The fact that the relations now existing between the young Emperor of Germany and his widowed mother are not only pleasant but affectionate, has been emphasized by the presentation to the latter, by the emperor, of a deed to the castle of Kronberg. About a year ago the empress expressed a desire to purchase this ruined castle and the land which goes with it. On the following Christmas the empress found upon her table a communication from the emperor, saying that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to present to the empress the Schloss Kronberg as his Christmas gift.

General Benjamin F. Butler is said to make one hundred thousand dollars a year from his law practice, but age is coming upon him with rapid strides, forcing him to give up some of the hard work necessary to earn such an income. He is now nearly seventy-five and visibly older than he was a few years ago. He is very much bent and his eyesight is poor, but his mind is as keen as when young. For a man of his bluff nature he has always had a curious weakness for striking clothes. He used to like to wear fur overcoats and cowboy hats, the latter an adaptation of his army *chapeau*, but nowadays his tastes are quieter.

Among recent deaths in Paris is that of M. Roulex, the hero of the quadruple duel of some months ago. For the last two months he has been confined in a mad-house. He was anxious to see his name in print, and it must certainly be admitted that he realized his desire, for the fantastic story of his quadruple duel, which was swallowed with such eagerness by even the most sedate and sensible organs of the Parisian press, was telegraphed and cabled to every portion of the civilized globe. It was only several days afterward that the enterprising reporter set to work to investigate the entire affair, and laid bare the fact M. Roulex had palmed off a gigantic joke upon his countrymen.

He Knew.

Booby, like most juveniles, is of an enquiring turn of mind. On one occasion he found a very curious plant in regard to whose name, notwithstanding many questions put to different authorities, he could get no information. At last he said, "I guess I'll have to ask brother Jack, because," adding with reverential awe, "he knows like the mischief." H. T. C.

One on Tom.

After dinner one evening, at Tom Moore's home, the conversation turned on the Irish aptitude to "bulls."

"By the way, Mr. Moore," said a young Englishman, "I've found you out in an Irish bull."

"Indeed," said the guilty poet; "pray, what is it?"

"Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of The Watchman, you say, in the last verse:

'And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night.'

Now, of course, 'Good night' in the morning is a blunder."

"Upon my word," said an old gentleman, "I never observed that bull before."

"Nor I, either," said Moore gravely.

No Use Repining.

Jinks—It turns out that the singer who introduced Tra-la-la-Boom isn't dead, after all.

Winks—Oh, well, it wouldn't have done any good, anyhow. Lots of other singers know it.

Our Boys and Girls.

Something Sweet and Wholesome About the Little Toddlers Who Gladden the Earth.

BY HELEN GRAFTON.

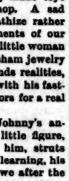
THERE is no error in acknowledging the current philosophy of the day, in so far as to agree that boys and girls are derived from babies by a process of evolution. For instance, observe with what unerring instinct a portion of them will select the dolls, tea sets, ribbons, and dainty fal-dals from out of a miscellaneous collection. These specimens of babyhood we may safely set down as girls, and forthwith consign them to the ignominious petticoat. The other representatives who eagerly lay hands upon drums, swords, spades and hammers, may be put into breeches without further question.

When the transformation is effected from baby long clothes to the distinguishing petticoats and breeches, how rapidly the little people develop in the direction of their diverse yet ever united destinies. The baby boy knows he is a superior being as soon as he is able to think at all. Girls, he thinks contemptuously, are only created to wait on him and see that he is amused. Misguided infant! What he now so despises will one day rule him with a rod of iron. Of all the attributes of childhood the imagination is the most admirable and wonderful. Potent as a fairy's wand, it can change the vilest dirt and dross into gold and jewels and fairest flowers.

No wealthy dame parading her costly Sevres or Worcester appreciates their splendor or receives such unalloyed pleasure from their possession as does the demure little damsel playing "tea" with her broken china teacups, spread carefully out upon the "stoop." No famous horse fancier ever possessed a nobler stud than Johnny can show you, comprised of broomsticks, canes and old kitchen chairs. Children seem to prefer rude and improvised playthings, changed by their own imagining, to the more artistic and skilfully made toys bought at the legitimate toy-shop. A sad cynic is he who does not sympathize rather than sneer at the simple enjoyments of our boys and girls. All too soon the little woman wearies of her broken crockery, sham jewelry and unreal tea parties, and demands realities, while Johnny becomes disgusted with his fastest trotting broomstick and clamors for a real horse.

"I go to school!" Such is Johnny's announcement now, and a sturdy little figure, with school-bag strapped about him, struts consequentially off to the halls of learning, his demure little sister gazing in awe after the miniature lord of creation.

I have a little niece who went to Sunday school for the first time the other Sunday. When she returned home her mamma asked her what she had learned. "Nothing," was the answer. "Didn't learn anything!" says mamma, surprised. "Why, didn't the teacher ask you any questions?" "Oh, yes! mamma, she did. She asked me if I had any coppers." It wasn't a Methodist Sunday school either.

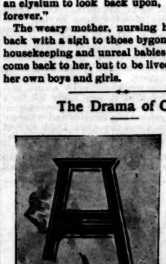


But a little while, and then bats and broomsticks are thrown aside; dolls and dishes give place to beaux and parties. Our little girl becomes a grown-up young lady; our little boy a grown-up man—both to realize, then, how far different the reality is from the simpler imagination of their childish days.

"Oh, to be a boy again!" the world-weary man exclaims, "with all a boy's light-hearted enjoyment of life. No cares, no thought of to-morrow; each day to take care of itself. What an elysium to look back upon, but it is gone forever."

The weary mother, nursing her baby, looks back with a sigh to those bygone days of sham housekeeping and unreal babies, never more to come back to her, but to be lived over again by her own boys and girls.

The Drama of Old.



ALTHOUGH there has been in all races that natural love of imitation which prompts man to embellish with dramatic action the most simple narrative, yet, if we wish to trace the birth and early growth of dramatic, as apart from epic and lyric poetry, we must turn to the classic soil of Greece, the kindly mother of art and song. There are, it is true, instances in ancient Hebrew literature of dramatic dialogue, *e. g.*, in the Book of Job, and of lyric poems in dramatic setting, *e. g.*, Solomon's song. But as we understand the expression now, the Hebrews had no drama. The Hindoos and certain other ancient races had a slight approach to dramatic composition; but to that marvelous people, the Greeks, the most gifted race the world has ever seen, it is that we owe the origin of the drama proper.

It appeared at first only in a few festivals, chiefly those of the god Dionysius, or Bacchus, the earliest form being that of a choral song. Gradually it became purified from the extravagant pantomime and dance, and divided into the two parts, which it still retains—comedy and tragedy—the word tragedy, derived from the word for goat, either because a goat was sacrificed or because the players were dressed in goat-skins, or because a goat was the prize; and comedy, from a word meaning a village, because the players strolled from village to village, or from a word meaning a revel—the revelers' song.

And so, as time went on, these crude dramatic efforts developed into a literature perhaps unequaled in the history of the world, the crowning glories of which were the plays of Aristophanes and Sophocles and Æschylus.

The Romans were not a great dramatic people. In fact, their earliest productions were drawn from the Etruscans; and of their later efforts the most successful were copies from foreign masters, especially the Greeks. With the fall of Pagan Rome all art declined; this being a very unfortunate result of the early diffusion of Christianity, a result brought about by the desire of the converts to avoid every approach towards idolatry (in pictures, statues, etc.) and by the increased solemnity with which life was regarded, a solemnity inconsistent with the lighter arts of life. Indeed, anyone connected with the theater was refused baptism; and in course of time dramatic poetry existed among the Romans in the form only of Saturnalian pageants and similar relics of the past.

To Italy belongs the honor of having awakened the dramatic spirit after its long sleep in the middle ages. This awakening spread throughout Europe, Spain giving her Cervantes and Calderon; France her Corneille, Moliere, and Racine; Germany, her Lessing, her Vigilliow, her Goethe; and England, her "rare Ben Jonson," her Shakespeare, and her Dryden.

The progress of dramatic representation has kept pace with that of the drama itself. In the earliest ages it was of necessity very rude, there being scarcely such a thing as scenery or stage appointments, and the actors wearing masks. [From this, by the way, we have our word "person," literally he who "sounded through the mask," *i. e.*, played a part.] Gradually these accessories improved. But with the Greeks and Romans the chief stress was always laid upon the actual utterance of the words, accompanied by appropriate gestures, *i. e.*, upon individual acting. In this regard it is very doubtful whether the world has improved in the slightest degree upon the fundamental principles of Greek dramatic presentation.

It was not customary with the Greeks and their imitators to have plays in theaters, as we understand that term. They were held, almost always, in open-air structures, or amphitheters. These were of beautiful construction, and their situation was always chosen with reference to its beauty and its fitness for the purpose, the material employed being stone, and generally marble. With the brilliant awnings (as a protection from the sun), with the bright sky above, and the blue sea in the distance, with the motley throngs seated tier above tier, all intent upon the slightest word and motion of the actors—we are told that every theater in Athens, however humble, was a critic of poetry and of acting—these gatherings must have indeed presented a spectacle calculated to awaken all the genius and enthusiasm of that gifted race.

The Romans, whilst adopting the open air, or uncovered theater, so suitable to the south of Europe, yet were more fond of contests of strength and courage, such as combats, gladiatorial contests and mock naval battles. They had, however, regular theatrical performances, the actors being largely foreigners; and every Roman city had its theater, remains of which are seen throughout Europe. How vast these were the ruins tell us. The Colosseum of Rome, of solid stone, which still stands, held sitting 80,000, and sitting and standing, 110,000. Nothing is more interesting in the revelations from recent excavations at Pompeii than the bulletins or programmes of the performances at the various theaters are the ashes of Vesuvius hid that city from the world for 1800 years.

In the middle ages the earliest form of representation was the miracle play, which depicted Bible events, the life of Joseph, the coming out of Egypt, and even the life of Christ. At first the influence of these miracle plays was undoubtedly good. They were under the supervision of the church; and there being no printed books, these were the most effective means of instruction. To us now it would appear rather incongruous to have God and Satan and the angels all represented on the stage and attired in the costume of the day; but to the simple-minded people of that age it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria is a relic of this old-time custom. Indeed, the expression, Punch and Judy, still keeps it alive, for it means: *Pondula cum Judaeis*—Pontius with the Jews.

After a time, however, these miracle plays became so boisterous and irreverent that they were discouraged by the church. They were then superseded by the Morality Plays, in which the actors did not represent actual Bible personages, but moral qualities: mercy, peace, and so on, somewhat after the fashion of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. These after a time declined in popularity—the people wanted something less abstract—and they were succeeded by plays after the modern type; the first of such appearing in England in the middle of the sixteenth century, shortly before Shakespeare's time.

And who can estimate the advance from the old Globe theater where Shakespeare used to play, in the days when scenery was described, "This is a house," etc., and when the moon was carried round and held up in the sky by a boy, to the perfectly appointed theater of to-day, bright with electric light and embellished with every device of the nineteenth century art? In nothing has the progress of the world been more clearly seen than on the stage settings of the drama; and yet the old dramatists remain still the envy and despair of the playwrights of all time.

Hamilton, Ont. J. H. LONG.

Art and Artists.

G. A. Reid, R. C. A., has returned from his vacation in the Catskill Mountains, where he has built a large studio for future use. He is at present busy on a work for the World's Fair. About two hundred of the choicest pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Reid will be on exhibition at the Mart, December 10, 11, 12 and 13.

*

Miss Peel is at work on a bust of Prof. Loudon, president of Toronto University.

*

F. S. Challoner, A. R. C. A., with his usual modesty purposes sending but few pictures to Chicago and they are all small ones.

*

O. P. Staples is at present busy doing illustrating for Christmas publications.

*

W. A. Sherwood, A. R. C. A., has lately finished a capital portrait of Æmilius Irving, Q. C., and in the opinion of many it is his best work.

*

J. A. Radford, O. S. A., has made a promising sketch of the picture he will send to Chicago. If he carries it through properly it will distance anything I have seen from his brush for a long time.

*

J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A., lately presented his well known portrait in oil of Sandford Fleming, C. E., LL. D., C. M. G., to the Canadian Institute, which highly appreciated the handsome gift, the doctor having been the founder and first president of the Institute. The picture will have an historical value. The Institute passed the following resolution of thanks: "Moved by G. Kennedy, Ph.D., seconded by Mr. Pursey, in accepting from Mr. Forster his magnificent gift of a portrait of our distinguished honorary member, Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., the members of the Canadian Institute desire to express their appreciation of the unselfish devotion to art and the interest of the Institute which has prompted Mr. Forster to the generous act; and they hereby tender to him their sincere gratitude for so fine a specimen of his handiwork, which will, they trust, hand down to future generations the counterfeit presentment of one who so deservedly holds a high place in the respect, not only of the members of the Institute, but of the entire Dominion of Canada."

*

G. Bruenech, A.R.C.A., will hold an exhibition of his paintings in water color at Bain's bookstore, King street, next week. Among his best are: St. Paul's, London; Summer Afternoon, North Cape, Norway; Bogo Sound, Norway; A Gray Day, and Rousdal Valley, Norway.

*

T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., will do a large painting of the Rockies on the C. P. R. and one of his charming deer subjects for the Columbian Exhibition. The Toronto artists will undoubtedly make a good showing, both in number and quality of pictures sent.

*

Sam Jones will open the interesting winter lectures of the Ontario Society of Artists with his well known and entertaining talk on Tom Hood.

*

O. S. Wilkinson, O.S.A., accepted an invitation from the Hamilton Art School to be present and distribute the prizes to the students. He also had an exhibition of his water colors in the council chamber of the Mountain City, for the benefit of students and the public. In presenting the prizes Mr Wilkinson refrained from making anything in the shape of an address, and learning afterwards that something had been expected of him he wrote a letter to Mr. Adam Brown, president of the society, which was published in the Hamilton papers. He pointed out the advantages now enjoyed by art students: how they did not require to possess riches and maintain a costly existence in remote cities, for colors at hand were organization, good masters, and in the mountain and lake, scenery in great variety, for Hamilton young people especially.

*

At Matthew Bros., Yonge street, F. M. Bell Smith has on display the best paintings in water colors he ever turned out. These were nearly all executed abroad and are of such merit as to justify the interest they arouse among art lovers. VAN.

A Frightful Situation

First Anarchist—Vot vas der madder mit Schimmelspeck?

Second Anarchist—His vife vill gif him to a boliceman oh! he don'd come home; und oh! he comes home she vill make him work!—*Puck.*

The Touch of a Vanished Hand

Written for Saturday Night by Rev. J. Smiley.

The following curious old manuscript I have just unearthed from a pile of rubbish which I was sorting over preparatory to committing it to the flames. It contains a story so curious, so out of the ordinary run of newspaper stories and of such breathless interest withal that I think it were a pity it should be destroyed. This is my excuse for submitting it to the general reader on its merits.

The manuscript came into my hands in this way. I have always had what some would term a mania for collecting old books. The announcement of a book auction would be sufficient at any time to cancel any but the most pressing engagement for that evening. In my earlier years I bought without method or system, anything, everything so long as it was cheap. It may be easily surmised that I bought a lot of rubbish which, after a cursory glance over, I would consign to the limbo of a chest which I kept stored away in the garret, contents of which I considered neither useful enough to be worth referring to again nor ornamental enough to adorn my book-shelves.

Bundles of these old books and manuscripts that one must perforce buy without previous examination had a special attraction for me. That I bought not wisely, but lavishly, several chests now stored away in the garret could attest, any one of which I would be willing to sell by the hundredweight. But while I got much that was worthless, I would occasionally strike a prize.

It was away back in the sixties that I bought a bundle of old MSS. in this way, which on examination proved to be sermons, dated at a place called Twickenham and written during the years 1845-46 and 47. They were neatly written, but the spelling was old-fashioned and the grammar not always according to Lindley Murray, but they were signed with an utterly illegible flourish such as was affected by the *litterati* of those days. I gave a cursory examination to a few of those sermons, but what was not high Calvinism in them was Immersionism, and as I did not incline to make a hobby of either of these I tumbled the whole pile without further examination into that particular chest which was then in process of being filled up. There they have lain till a few days ago, when in searching for something else I was attracted by the appearance of one of the sermons, as I took them all to be. It was tied around with a faded blue ribbon, on the knot of which was enstamped a seal bearing the impress in wax of the initials R. V. in old English letters. I again examined the signature and with the help of the initials tried to read it, but whether it was Vardon, or Verdon, or Watson, or Wilson, or Vampire, or something else must remain mere guess work I suppose till the end of the chapter. The first sentence, however, caught my attention, which never flagged until the last syllable had been deciphered, and even yet it possesses an almost weird fascination for me. The only liberty I have taken with it is to correct the spelling and eliminate a few expressions which would appear coarse to the refined ear of our more modern readers. Without title or preamble the MS. commenced:

"I am a preacher of the gospel and believe I am becoming insane. I have always had an interest in psychological studies and now propose to make one of myself, my object being to keep a record of those mental processes by which the reason is gradually but surely dethroned. I feel it coming with the stealthy but certain encroachment of fate. I have no means at present of determining whether it is to be violent madness or simple imbecility. It may be neither, and that is what I dread almost more than either of the above, namely, that species of lunacy which is quite obvious at intervals to one's own family but in which the subject has cunning enough left to conceal it from the outside world. I can already see in imagination my wife and children contemplating me with sidelong glances in which there is more than half concealed by a look of horror which they promptly try to conceal by turning their faces away as my eyes seek theirs. I can already consider no calamity short of capital crime equal to the disgrace of having an insane father, and when the thing comes upon me they will make every effort possible to conceal it from the world.

"But I want the world to get the benefit of my present investigation of my own case. With that object I make this record. But how shall I preserve it when I become insane? If I put it under lock and key they will surely find it and destroy it, as they will have no record of an insane father go down through the ages. I thought this question over before I commenced to write and made my resolve. I will write it on my sermon paper and file it away among my old sermons. It will be as safe there from molestation as if it were buried in the family Bible. This of itself is a species of insane cunning which makes me smile. I believe I almost take a degree of satisfaction in this proof that the work of undermining my reason is well under way. Still, I have sense enough to believe a record of my symptoms may be of benefit to my fellowmen by serving as beacon lights to warn them of the indications which lead up to the final catastrophe.

"The first symptom in my case is insomnia. Nor ordinary insomnia, such as I have been troubled with at intervals for many years. That simply means sleeplessness. You lie awake in bed, tossing around the whole night long and trying to go to sleep. Perhaps for two or three nights in succession you will not sleep a wink, and then you go off into a sixteen or twenty hour slumber from which the last trumpet could hardly awaken you. Mine is not like that at all. I have had it now for more than three weeks, and for more than one week the conviction has been strengthening that it is to be permanent. This is what is driving me insane. The conviction of its permanence is more maddening than the insomnia itself. If I could get rid of this conviction I feel that I might be cured. If there was any wavering in the conviction, if it was weaker some days than others I might hope to get rid of it, but when every succeeding day only strengthens it and fixes it more firmly in my mind I know that no human intellect can stand the strain much longer. When the final catastrophe comes, who shall say what has caused it? Was it the insomnia or the conviction of its permanence? Herein may be a valuable question for experts in insanity to consider. I believe if I could be third day convinced that my malady is not permanent I should this night sleep like an infant, and in the morning I should be cured.

"So far as I know all insane patients have a dominant hallucination. That is what sane people call it, but to the insane man it is as real as anything that enters into his experience. I have no hallucination, unless this conviction that I shall never enjoy a natural, healthful sleep again be one. I would be glad if someone could convince me that it is a mere delusion.

"But I have not described my malady. Just as soon as my head touches the pillow a nasty little headache comes and settles down in the middle of my forehead and commences rummaging around within a limited area. I do not feel it at all during the day. It has come so regularly and so often now at night, however, that I look upon it as a person and not a thing. When I feel its touch so promptly every night I just smile to myself and say, 'I told you so.' That simply means that while preparing for bed a passing wonder will sometimes flit into my mind whether it will be here again on time, but I always say, 'Yes, it is sure to come.' Hence when it does come, 'I told you so' is the Job's comfort I take in the event. The reason I have personified this headache is, I sometimes fancy it talks to me. It sees things and keeps telling me what it sees and hears, and it is this incessant chatter all night long that keeps me awake. For the first three or four nights I thought perhaps this headache was owing to some irregularity of diet and that a pill or a bath or a walk before bedtime would drive it away. But I have tried all these and a dozen other things without avail. The headache without doubt is the cause of the insomnia, but what is the cause of the headache? That mystery I cannot fathom. So far as I know I have perfect physical health, my appetite is good, my pulse and temperature normal. I have no cause for special worry, no exacting or fatiguing brain work. My surroundings are healthful. I take plenty of exercise. Then why should I have this headache at night? Why not also during the day? Someone wiser than I must grapple with these questions.

"In fact, it is hardly a headache at all, the ache is so faint. It is merely a fe ling of uneasiness in that particular spot, just sufficient to concentrate the consciousness upon it. But I would rather have a jumping headache that would make me scream and the pain of which would exhaust my physical energies, for I know in that case nature would in mercy send oblivion sooner or later in a healthy, dreamless sleep. But this little ache, with its smirk as it settles down to work and commences an all-night clatter is exasperating in the extreme when I know what it forebodes. And just here seems the right place to describe what it does forebode. First of all, a half hour of intense effort in the exercise of will power to ignore it, refuse to listen to its chatter, and go to sleep. Then a sense of being worsted, a knowledge that it is of no use and an abandonment of myself to the inevitable. My sight and hearing are preternaturally acute; I can hear the ticks of my watch and every purr of the cat downstairs as distinctly as if close to my ear. A distinct image forms itself before my eye of object suggested to the mind. My little headache tells me what people are saying in their bedchambers. I hear the snoring of Daddy Storms a block away and this aggravates my own consciousness of wakefulness. Sooner or later, every night comes a sense of dual personality. I lie on the bed facing the window with my eyes open. I see Mars setting in the west while Arcturus is about an hour high. I see my other self as a wayside inn. My wife and children sit with me before a blazing hearth. We are waiting for the stage coach. It strikes me as utterly absurd that I can be in both places, but both are equally real to me. The bugle sounds and the coach drives past to the stable where the horses are to be changed. My wife gathers the children around her and hurries out to secure good places in the coach, while I remain to gather up their belongings. There are scarfs, and shawls, and mittens, and a lunch basket, and a carpet-bag. I try to gather all up and get off, as I have a desperate dread of being left behind, but as I pick one thing after another on my arms, something else drops off. I will be left sure. I make a scoop with both arms and try to enclose everything and rush out. The bugle has already sounded, the coach has started, and in spite of my shouting and effort I am left sure enough. Perspiration streams from every pore. I instinctively raise my hand to my forehead as I lie in bed, and sure enough I have wiped a handful of perspiration from my own brow, which I saw just a moment ago on the brow of my other self.

"Do you say it was a dream? So would I if it did not seem better. How could I be a dream when all through its duration I was lying there reasoning with myself? 'You must be dreaming,' I would say. 'But I can't be dreaming; there is the window and there the looking-glass on the wall, and all the familiar objects in the bed-room faintly outlined by the starlight. You can pinch yourself; you know right well you are wide awake, and yet there you are, your other self, just left by the coach. But where? My other self had disappeared.

"This is a most curious specimen. There is not a night of my recent life that I have not been conscious of this double consciousness. And the one is just as real to me as the other. Nearly always when I see my other self he is in some sort of predicament in which great danger is imminent, or some disaster has already upon him, and I suffer, the 'I' upon the bed suffers all the other 'I' would suffer if the visions in which he is concerned were actual realities. I feel as if I could communicate with egos, I often find myself wondering whether there is not a third ego, viz.: That which keeps wondering how long this thing can last without unhinging my mind.

"The thought of this double or treble consciousness is never absent for a moment during the day. I am mostly willing to admit to my self that he has no other than a visionary existence, but frequently I find myself scrutinizing narrowly the countenances and conduct of people whom I come in contact with. 'What is my object?' I ask myself, and the answer comes truthfully from some source, 'To discover your other self.' 'How do you expect to recognize him?' 'By certain symptoms of insanity.' And this narrow scrutiny of others has this result, that, while I have not met a trace of my *alter ego*, I have discovered unmistakable signs of aberration of mind in my neighbors and friends. At first I could only find one or two in a day with such symptoms, but the number has increased so rapidly that I am persuaded fully half of our cast, of the people I meet now in a day are promising candidates for an insane asylum. But here I run up against a dead wall, and my impact with it gives me the shivers. It is this thought: Do not all insane people believe themselves sane and everybody else insane? I am afraid it is so. Just as the drunken man fancies others are reeling, even the trees and hedges reel in his mind, whereas he himself is the only unstable element among them. So it must be with me; yet, even as I shiver at the thought, I am conscious of a measure of satisfaction in contemplating every additional evidence of my mental unsoundness. My reputation seems to be at stake in this matter. I would almost be better pleased to have my suspicion confirmed that I am losing my reason than to have somebody prove to me that I am capable of writing all this without having the slightest foundation, in fact, for it.

"Then there is this which concerns me: I can never hold any impression very long at a time except the one I have mentioned that I am never to sleep again. Even as I write about my ability to persuade myself that I am surely losing my mental equipoise, my other self is at my elbow persuading me how absurd such a notion is. Just now he argues this way: 'You have said that insane people consider themselves sane; you consider yourself insane or approaching it, therefore, according to your own argument you cannot be insane.' Then I will say: 'But how can I have these notions which no sane man could cherish?' And then the reply is: 'The very fact that you admit they are insane notions is a proof of your sanity.' 'But,' say I, 'how can you account for the rapid increase in the supposed insanity of the people I meet?' There is no reply to this and I take it as unanswerable. Then I make this calculation: If in nine days the number of insane people I meet has increased from one or two in a day to fifty per cent. of all I meet now, it will only take nine more days to increase this ratio to a hundred per cent., and then I shall be clean daft myself. This is how the matter appears to me, and my record of the development of my symptoms during the next nine days ought to be interesting reading, and I hope and pray it may be helpful to someone into whose hands it may fall. At the present sitting I will only record one other fact, which is a striking and all but conclusive proof that my malady is approaching a climax.

"I have spoken of my *alter ego* being clearly visible and very real to me during the night. So far I have not seen him at all during the day till yesterday. I was sitting in my arm chair by the fire, brooding. I suppose I must have been brooding, although I have no remembrance of what was passing through my mind. But on raising my eyes and looking towards my writing table I saw my other self sitting there absorbed in the task of writing a sermon. I watched him with curious interest for some moments, looking from one to the other to make very sure that there were two of us. I had never seen him so close before. He was my exact counterpart. I was afraid to speak, almost to move, lest I should dispel the illusion. I was able to follow the words as he wrote them. I was able to divine the thoughts which gave them birth. My whole soul was absorbed in the subject which was absorbing him. I did not move a muscle except to breathe, and that very quietly, till the last syllable was recorded and the signature appended. I then stealthily approached the chair from behind. I was anxious to prove by contact whether he was an illusion or a substantial reality. I seized his arm. Just as I expected, my fingers passed through it and closed on themselves. There was no arm tangible, there was no *alter ego* visible, but there was the sermon he had written in my own handwriting and my own exact signature thereto duly appended. The shock was terrific. Perspiration was trickling from every pore in my body. Some living thing was struggling to retain its place in my head which the perspiration was forcing out. Surely, thought I, this is the catastrophe that I have dreaded yet half hoped for. I put my hand to my brow; the perspiration was ice cold to my touch. I sank into the chair and must have lost consciousness for a time.

"When I woke up the fire on the hearth had burned down. Darkness overspread the landscape without. A feeling of drowsiness as impressive as death itself urged me to my couch. I lay down and remember nothing more till the sun was high in the heavens this morning. I felt like a new man on awakening. My first sensation was that of having enjoyed an invigorating, healthful, dreamless sleep. My first action was to get down on my knees and thank God for His mercy. While I prayed and gave thanks a voice seemed to whisper to me, "The spell is broken; you are saved." I went around the house with a clear head and a light and thankful heart, till in process of time my eyes fell upon the sermon, which in the meantime I had forgotten, and all the old sense of conflicting emotions returned with increased intensity. When the seething, swirling tumult had partially spent itself my resolve was taken. I decided to make a record of my experience up to date while I yet have the power. If the spell be indeed broken there will be no need to add more to this than the simple record that I am cured. If I sleep to-night like an infant I will consider my cure effected, but if I see my *alter ego* again or have to listen to the chatter of my headache companion I will not be able to-morrow to write anything coherently."

. . .

Here the MS. ends abruptly. True, there is an appearance of a few lines having been added, but in a different ink or some material that has been so completely faded as only to leave a suspicion that they were ever written. It is curious how the touch of this vanished hand has taken hold of me. What perplexing questions it suggests. How it sore than half reveals how little we know even about ourselves. How thankful it has made me for a sound mind in a healthy body. How inestimable a blessing refreshing sleep is and what ingrate I am to allow the good Lord to load me down daily with so many benefits and yet so no little for Him in return in token of my gratitude. Hoping that similar desires and resolves may be engendered in the breast of all who read, I submit this curious record to the light of day.

A Sure Winner.

Deacon Hopcraft—I call.
Brother Woollibrane—I's got four aces.
Deacon Hopcraft (scooping in the chips)—'Tain't no good.
Brother Woollibrane—Why, what you got?
Deacon Hopcraft—Nero.
Brothun Woollibrane—What's dat.
Deacon Hopcraft—You ain't lowed to tell.—*Puck.*

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

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Every householder interested, as extra accommodation can be made in Library, Parlor, Sitting room, Office or Hall.

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THE H. P. DAVIES CO. LTD. 81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Rather Superficial.

Bloobumper.—After all, beauty is only skin deep.

Spatts.—In many cases it is not so deep as that. It is often laid on the skin's surface.

Mr. Hobb's Aspiration.

"I don't care nothin' about bein' made a lord," said Mr. Hobbs; "but if the gov'ment was a mind to make my wife a lady I wouldn't put nothin' in their way."

How Remarkable.

Biggs—There was one thing I could buy as cheaply at Surfville-by-the-sea as I could at home.

Biggs—What in the world was it?

Biggs—Postage stamps.

A Wifely Rebuke.

"I think I'll have an oil portrait made," said Mr. Derrick, who had become suddenly rich in petroleum.

"There you go talking shop again!" exclaimed his wife, who was taking lessons in culture.

A Paradox.

Mr. New—On the stage they always have such dolt, woodeny actors to represent dukes and kings.

Mr. Know—Yes; that's so as to have them true to life.

Their Way.

Mr. Bragg A. Docto (of Chicago)—Yes, sir; when we people attempt to do anything we roll up our sleeves and pitch in.

Mr. Fulton (of New York)—Yes, I have noticed it; I took dinner in your town once.

Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

You can leave Union Station, Toronto, at 12.50 p.m., arrive in Buffalo at 5.55 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7.30 p.m., arriving in New York at 7.00 next morning, which makes this train two hours faster than ever before. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m., connecting with the Erie first at Buffalo, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York.

Quite a Question.

Brown.—If you go over there where the ice is thin you'll get drowned.

Little Johnie.—If that's so, pa, how was it the man who put up the danger-sign didn't fall in?

Excursion to City of Mexico.

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at the lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, *vice versa*, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail to describe the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Pressed For Time.

"Isn't Slowboy always behind in his work?"

"I haven't found him so. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it's taken him five years, eleven months and a half to sign a check for fifty dollars borrowed money."

It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued neat and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 1 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

Cardinal Gibbons at Chicago.

Among those who took part in the Columbus celebration at Chicago was His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in whose prayer occur these eloquent words: "As nineteen hundred years ago men assembled in Jerusalem from various portions of the Old World to hear from the lips of the apostles 'the wonderful works of God,' so shall we soon behold men assembled here from Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, from the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as from all parts of the American continent, to contemplate the wonderful works of man—of man created to thine image and likeness; of man endowed with divine intelligence; of man, the productions of whose genius manifest thy wisdom and creative power not less clearly than 'the heavens which declare thy glory, and the firmament which showeth forth the works of thy hands.' And as every contemplative being and student of nature 'finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks and sermons in stones,' and rises from nature to nature's God, so will he devoutly rise from the contemplation of these works of human skill to the admiration of Thee, the uncreated architect. For every artist and man of genius who will exhibit his works within these inclosures must say, with the Royal Prophet, 'Thy hands, O God, have made and fashioned me,' and with Bezaleel, who framed the ancient tabernacle, he must confess that thy spirit enlightened his understanding and guided his hands."

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"I cannot refrain," writes Mr. Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N. London, Eng., "from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in case of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

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McCorkle—Do you know what is the best thing out?

McCrackle—No; what is it?

McCorkle—I haven't decided whether it's an aching tooth or a conflagration.

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BEST FAMILY TRADE

Epicure Corn, Sifted Select Peas, Fine French Beans and Epicure Catsup are Special Brands.

When purchasing, ask your grocer for those Brands. See that the Name and Royal Leaf is on every can and bottle, which are guaranteed.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste FOR CLEANING THE TEETH 30 YEARS IN USE

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SYRUPS Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

Mr. Grumble's Cure.

"The old story—the coffee cold, the fire nearly out, and the room full of stifling smoke!"

Mr. Grumble drew his chair up to the breakfast table as he spoke, with the face of a martyr.

"The coffee is only just made, dear," said Mrs. Grumble, a pretty, timid-looking woman, with soft blue eyes and brown braids; "and I don't really think the room is very cold. As for the smoke, I am sorry, but the man promised me to have the chimney seen to yesterday."

"Of course he did—nobody ever keeps promises to us," groaned Mr. Grumble. "If it had been Smith, now, the chimney would have been seen to long ago. Do give me a piece of steak that is at least warmed through; we're not cannibals, that I know of, to eat our meat raw. But that's always the way—we never had a cook that understood how to broil a steak."

"But, my dear —" said Mrs. Grumble.

"Don't tell me," interrupted Mr. Grumble. "I know just how things ought to be done. The paper hasn't come yet, I suppose? No, of course not. I really wish somebody would enlighten me as to why my paper is always half an hour later than anybody else's. If that baby doesn't leave off crying, I shall certainly go crazy."

"Its teeth trouble it," sighed Mrs. Grumble, leaving the breakfast-table to walk up and down the room with her fretful little charge.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Grumble sharply, charging at a slice of toast with his fork: "you coddle it too much, that's all."

Mrs. Grumble thought of the general commotion into which the house had been thrown about a month previously, when Mr. Grumble had had the toothache. But she only nestled the baby's velvet head against her shoulder, and said nothing—woman's way of disposing of a great many little martyrdoms.

"Now, then, where's my hat?" demanded Mr. Grumble, rising and looking round. "Very singular that that hat is never in its place!"

"It is just where you hung it yourself, papa, in the hall," said little Harry, from behind his spelling-book.

"Children shouldn't talk so much," said Mr. Grumble tartly. "My dear, that rent in the lining of my overcoat isn't mended yet—why did you not see to it?"

"I intended to do so," said his wife apologetically, "but you know we had company last night, and the baby slept so badly I could not rose rather later than usual this morning; but——"

"Always some excuse," interrupted her liege lord. "I really don't understand the reason that nothing is ever done in this house."

He gave the front door rather an emphatic slam as he went out, and little Mrs. Grumble, instead of rebelling against her husband's iron rule, just sat down and cried.

Mr. Grumble wasn't by any means a bad husband. He really loved his wife, and believed himself to be a pattern of conjugal amiability; only he had, somehow or other, fallen into the unconscious habit of fault-finding, and like many another individual, whenever he couldn't think of anything else to do, he grumbled.

"Crying again, Bessie!" exclaimed her brother, coming in an hour or two later. "Now, that's too bad! I suppose Henry has been treating you to another domestic growl! I've a great mind to tell him how uncomfortable you are made by his little eccentricities. Shall I, Bess?"

"No, no—I wouldn't have you breathe a syllable to him for the world!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Grumble, hurriedly drying her tears. "Henry doesn't mean to annoy me. He has the kindest heart in the world, and I know he loves me!"

"I dare say he does," said young Mr. Carlton, "but why is he fretting and fault-finding hour after hour, and day after day? Upon my word, Bessie, I think it's an oversight in our laws that there is not one to punish married men who scold!"

"Don't talk so, Tom," said Mrs. Grumble earnestly. "Henry isn't at all to blame, only baby is very troublesome, and I had an indifferent night's rest, and——"

"Oh, ah!—I understand," said Tom significantly, smiling. "My dear little, forgiving Bess, you ought to be made a martyr of." He sat a moment or two in deep thought, then suddenly starting up, exclaimed: "I must be gone, or I shall be too late at the station to meet Uncle Tompkins. Did I mention to you, by the way, that Uncle Tompkins was coming to visit you?"

"Uncle Tompkins! I didn't know we had an Uncle Tompkins, Tom."

"Didn't you, dear? Well, please to prepare your best bed-room for company—the old gentleman is rather particular—grumbles a good deal, in fact; but then you are used to that sort of thing."

"But, Tom, I don't quite understand——"

"Don't detain me now, Bessie. I will come myself, with the old gentleman, and introduce him. Good-bye!"

The moment the door had closed behind Tom, Bessie put her baby into the cradle and clasped her hands to her aching head. What was Tom thinking of? How should she exist with another grumber domiciled for nobody knew how long at the heartstone? But perhaps they might neutralize one another, like two powerful poisons. There was a spice of comfort in that reflection, at least; and Mrs. Grumble wiped her eyes, and almost smiled.

What was Mr. Grumble's surprise on coming home that evening, fully primed for a domestic tirade on the subject of a button which had drifted down from his shirt-front during the day, to find his especial easy-chair and corner of the fire occupied by an asthmatic old man, whose head and face were enveloped in a silk handkerchief! He stopped short in amazement and horror.

"This is Uncle Tompkins, Henry," said Mrs. Grumble, who was busy warming a basin of gruel over the fire; and the old gentleman extended one finger without turning his head, saying, in a cracked voice:

"I wish, nephew, you would shut that door. Nobody ever thinks of shutting a door in this house! I'm suffering from a terrible cold. What's that noise upstairs? I beg, niece, that your baby won't cry the whole time that I am here. Is tea ready? If so, I will take a cup here by the fire!"

"What does this mean, my dear?" ejaculated Mr. Grumble in a hurried whisper, and his wife, whose arm he had caught on the way to the kitchen after hot water for Uncle Tompkins, replied in the same tone:

"Oh! you mustn't mind my uncle, dear; he doesn't mean anything, only he is old and whimsical."

"But a man has no business to make everybody else uncomfortable in this sort of way," muttered Mr. Grumble.

He silently devoured his meal, secretly wondering how long Uncle Tompkins meant to stay. No sooner was the table cleared than the irascible old gentleman began again.

"Grumble," said he, "I wish you'd stop that creaking of your chair, my nerves are so weak; and if you could keep your children upstairs their racket wouldn't disturb me quite so much. I really don't know how I'm going to stand that baby's noise."

"I do not think it is a very noisy baby," said Mr. Grumble meekly. "Its teeth are very painful just at present."

Mrs. Grumble, who was poking the fire in accordance with her uncle's petulant request, said nothing but smiled quietly to hear her husband trying to extenuate the baby's sins.

"Well," remarked Uncle Tompkins, "all babies are noisy. And, by the way, Grumble, I wish you would oil the hinges of that squeaking door, and I don't like the smell of that geranium in the window. Hallos! you haven't any top button on your shirt front! I hope my niece isn't a careless wife!"

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Grumble nervously; "but the care of her child and housekeeping duties absorb a great deal of her time. The instant she finds leisure she will look to my clothes."

"I don't see how a woman can spend her whole time keeping house and looking after a pack of children," observed Uncle Tompkins incredulously.

About ten o'clock the old gentleman was ushered to the spare room, accompanied by a procession of medicine phials, a tub of hot water, woollen dressing robes, and heated blankets for his feet, and his absence occasioned very general relief.

"What an insufferable old duffer that is!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble, throwing himself, with a sigh of satisfaction, into his favorite seat once more. "My dear Bessie, how could you endure his eternal fault-finding?"

"I am accustomed to that, Henry; it is the lesson most married women are obliged to learn," replied Mrs. Grumble, with a slight sigh.

Her husband pricked up his ears a little uneasily. "Accustomed to it?" What did she mean? It was not possible—it could not be possible—that he was like that odious old Uncle Tompkins. And yet he wished Bessie had not spoken in that way, somehow it made him feel excessively uncomfortable. Three days passed away, Uncle Tompkins growing more and more intolerable the whole time, while Mr. Grumble improved the occasion by making a sort of mental looking-glass of that worthy old gentleman.

"Upon my—word," said he to himself, "I must have been a perfect nuisance all these years. Why didn't somebody tell me of it?"

At length Uncle Tompkins went away, flannel robes, medicine bottles, and all, and on the evening of the same day Tom Carlton arrived, from a temporary absence, nobody knew where.

"So uncle has been visiting you?" he said gaily, to Mr. Grumble.

"Yes," said the latter, with a slight grimace.

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

Mr. Grumble was silent for a moment.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bursting into a perplexed laugh, "I couldn't describe a single feature of his face. He was always enveloped like an Egyptian mummy, in a silk handkerchief, something like that one you have in your hand. However, I'm heartily glad he's gone; with my permission he shall never set foot in this house again!"

"No!" said Tom archly.

"The most intolerable fault-finder I ever met with," said Mr. Grumble; "absolutely the most disagreeable man who ever survived this earth! I don't see how it is possible to growl at everything as he did."

"That's not an uncommon failing, I believe," observed Tom, demurely smiling.

"Very likely," said his brother-in-law emphatically; "but his visit has been productive of at least one good effect—it has completely cured me of any tendency I might have had that way. I, for one, mean to leave off grumbling."

"I'm happy to hear it, Nephew Grumble," exclaimed a cracked voice.

The victimized man started up in dismay, scarcely believing the testimony of his senses, as Tom twisted the silk handkerchief skilfully round his head and bent himself nearly double with an asthmatic sound between a groan and a grunt.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are Uncle Tompkins!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble.

"Pardon me, Henry," said Tom smiling, "but I saw that you had unconsciously become an habitual grumbler, and I judged that the best antidote was a faithful representation of your own failings. Was I right?"

His brother-in-law was half inclined to be angry, but thought better of it.

"Shake hands, Tom," said he. "You're an irreverent young scamp, but I forgive you. At all events, the cure is complete."

And so Bessie found it.—*Miss S. Hanney in Tit-Bits.*

Put Yourself in His Place.

A friend once called on Charles Reade, and found him sitting at his desk placidly smiling, while, with great precision and deliberation, he moved his thoughts on a sheet of foolscap in a large school-boy text. He might have been writing a love letter, he seemed so happy. He was in reality scarifying a criticaster in language that made his friend's hair stand on end. Charles Mathews was fond of telling a story of Charles Reade when the curtain fell at the old Queen's Theatre on a pronounced failure, called A White Lie. There was no shadow of a call. The curtain divided the audience from the author, who stood on the stage shaking his fist at the invisible foe, still smiling blandly, and in mellifluous accents, saying: "Infernal idiots! when shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade!"

Didn't Need a Pair.

She was richly and rather strikingly dressed and wore diamonds without number. She looked over the assortment of shoes that the salesman took down for her, and finally picked out a dainty little patent leather affair and said:

"This is very pretty."

"A beautiful shoe!" exclaimed the salesman, "but it's—ah—it's—a trifle small."

"Oh, I'm not going to wear it," she explained. "But I rather like it. Would you sell me one?"

"One shoe?"

"Yes. I need only one and it seems like a waste to buy a pair."

"Well, we don't usually do business that way, but—is it for a one-legged girl?"

"Sir! How dare you!"

"I beg your pardon. No intention to offend, I assure you, but one shoe——"

"Well, what of it? Papa says we must throw an old shoe after 'em when they get married, and I say an old shoe was all right when he was—when he was poor. But now it's different. We don't have to throw old shoes, and it wouldn't look right. I told him if he was going to throw shoes I'd see that it was done right and proper, so's the papers would say the next day that the Magillicuddys with their usual lavishness threw a beautiful patent leather shoe of the latest fashion after the happy couple. That's the kind of people we are. Everything's got to be right up in style."

She had rattled it off rapidly and had to pause for breath. Then she added:

"If you want to be small about it I'll buy the pair. I'll buy a whole box of them if I get my dander up. I'll buy a pair anyway, only maybe the other'll be out of style before we get a chance to use it."—*Elliott Flower in Judge.*

An Iconoclast.

Here is Thackeray's version of his first meeting with Charlotte Bronte. The tiny, intense creature had idealized Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealization. "Behold a lion cometh out of the north!" she quoted under her breath, as Thackeray entered the drawing-room. Someone repeated it to him.

"O Lord!" said Thackeray. "and I am nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" At dinner Miss Bronte was placed opposite Thackeray by her own request. "And I had," said he, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it; until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly:

"'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

Troublesome Interruptions.

The late Lord Strathnairn owed his peerage to the great services which, as Sir Hugh Rose, he rendered to the crown at a critical time in the history of India. During a crisis in the Sepoy mutiny he was one day entertaining a company at dinner, and was in the midst of one of his best stories when his orderly entered and after saluting him, reported: "We have captured two hundred rebels, sir." The general calmly turned, and with his wonted elegant courtesy serenely replied: "Thank you, sergeant." After a silence the soldier again spoke: "But what are we to do with them, sir?" "Hang them, of course," calmly replied his superior, resuming his story. A short time afterward, Sir Hugh was again interrupted by the sergeant, and said: "Please, sir, we have hung the lot, sir." The general turned, bowed silently and in the sweetest manner lisped: "Thanks, sergeant, very many thanks," and then went on with his anecdote.

Mr. Weatherwet: "By jove! but these Melissa Coats *are* the proper thing. You would scarcely believe I had been out all day in this blooming storm; and here I am, quite dry and jolly comfortable, don't you know."

Miss Drencher: "Oh, yes; I have worn my Melissa for more than a year, in all kinds of weather; and the beauty of it is, there is none of that clammy, air-tight feeling about it, nor that horrid smell one gets from other waterproofs."

Mr. W.: "There seem to be several poor imitations of this Melissa Cloth on the market, so one has to be careful, you know, and always look for the Melissa Trade Mark on every garment or piece of cloth."

(J. W. Mackedie & Co., Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.)

Quarantine Odor.

Mrs. Snooper—Isn't that a very peculiar perfume that Mrs. Hamburger has commenced to use lately?

Mrs. Skidmor—It's carbolic acid. She wants to make people believe she's been to Europe.

Fortune's Favorite.

Jim Hickey—So you consider Will Lotos a lucky man!

Jack Lever—Luck is no name for it! Why, that fellow could actually go down town to the library and find that the book he wanted was in!

They Hadn't Discovered It Yet.

It was in New Orleans at the time of the recent "big fights."

The night the colored pugilist vanquished the white man a party of well known sporting men from the Metropolis and the Hub were sounding the black champion's praises in the office of the Hotel, when the proprietor, himself perhaps the best known sporting character in the South, exclaimed: "Great heavens, gentlemen, don't talk so loud! If the niggers hear you talking like that they'll think they've got a right to vote!"

Doc Had Him There.

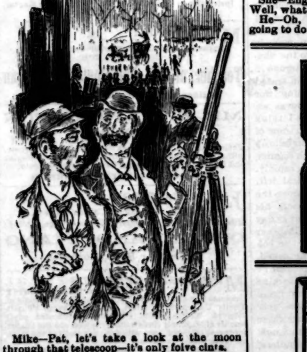
In her Anecdotes, Mrs. Thrale tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the doctor's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scotch gentleman, in London, "what he thought of his country?"

"That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr Johnson.

"Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it."

"Certainly he did," answered Johnson again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons, sir, are odious—but God made hell."

Useless.



Mike—Pat, let's take a look at the moon through that telescope—it's only foive cents.

Pat—To the divil wid the telescoop! Shure, I can see the moon widout lookin'.—*Judge.*

A Refuge.

Mr. Hindlegs (circus manager)—What in thunder are you doing in the lions' cage out of hours!

Senor Mahoni (lion tamer)—It's all right, boss. I'm expecting my wife, any minute.

Another Convert.

"Jimmy, wot's an Anarchist?"

"A Anarchist is a feller wot takes 'wot's your'n an' keeps wot isn't his'n; accordin' to them if I was ter take ev'ry apple an'peach from that stand yonder it'd be all right, 'cause that Eyetalian can't eat 'em, an' I'd have a perfect right to 'em!"

"Jimmy, let's be Anarchists!"

For Dyspepsia

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Lorenzo Waite, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

Two Ways of Looking at It.

"Christmas comes but once a year," said the optimist, smiling.

"That's so," replied the pessimist. "If it came oftener it would bankrupt the country."

An Exaggeration.

Gay—The Widow Weed wears very heavy mourning.

Day—Yes; but she doesn't feel as black as she is dressed.

A Mild Assignment These Days.

Reporter—A dozen prisoners escaped from the jail last night.

City Editor—Get an interview with them and find out the cause of their discontent.

Disorded liver set right with BECHAM'S PILLS.

A True Son

"Your boy's English is rather bad, Mrs. Moriarity," said the merchant to the office boy's mother.

"Thrue fer you, Misther Smithers. He's Oirish all troo," replied the proud mother.

Parents Must Have Rest.

A president of one of our colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion, and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

A Matter of Patience.

She—Engaged to two girls at the same time! Well, what are you going to do about it?

He—Oh, I am all right, but what are they going to do about it?

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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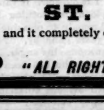

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

bride, of Toronto, while the groom was supported by Mr. W. R. Broley of Elora. The many handsome presents testified to the high esteem in which the bride was held by her large circle of friends. The happy couple left in the evening for Boston, and purposed visiting a number of the large American cities before their return to Barrie.

•

Among the engrossed addresses received by His Grace Archbishop Walsh in celebration of his silver jubilee, those presented by the clergy and laity respectively were conspicuous, not so much by their undoubted refinement of conception and execution as by the happy manner in which the decoration was made to suggest and illustrate as well as adorn the text matter, thus rendering both volumes perfect and unique mementoes of the occasion. They were designed and executed by Mr. A. H. Howard, R. C. A.

•

Colonel and Mrs. Bogue and Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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Boston Journal	Puritania is bright, tuneful, fetching in plot . . . . the libretto is replete with witty lines full of snap and spirit.
New York Advertiser	. . . . Pauline Hall is a picture of beauty. She acts with dash and vivacity, and her singing is full of melody.
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Tickets 25 cents. Reserved seats 50 and 75 cents. Plan of reserved seats will be opened at Nordheimer's on Monday, Nov. 21, at 10 a.m. Doors open at 7. Concert at 8.

MISS BELL SMITH has been secured for the Band Concert on November 22, in Masonic Hall, Parkdale. She will produce Medas from the French Lavoura, the French Bohémia, and other new selections. Her many warm admirers will welcome her since her recent study with E. D. Banks, famous author and reciter of New York.

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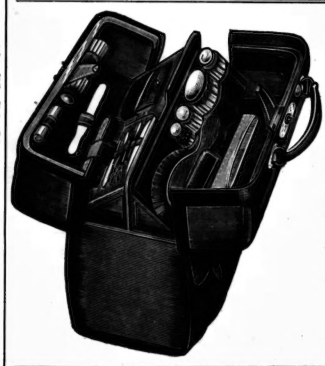

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Bogue of Campbellford spent Thanksgiving with Dr. Morton of Church street.

•

Rev. J. P. Lewis was tendered a reception by his congregation last evening in Grace church parlors, on his return from the Continent.

•

Captain and Mrs. J. E. Hughes of Kidderminster are visiting at the Queen's.

•

Mrs. M. M. Kertland will be At Home at 15 Linden street next Wednesday from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

•

Mrs. Kerr of Charles street gave a delightful tea yesterday afternoon.

•

The Athenæum Bicycle Club gave a very successful smoking concert last Thursday evening in the club parlors. An orchestra furnished music, and a very good programme was carried out by the Harmony Quartette club, Messrs. Fred Baker, H. J. Cochran, Geo. Taylor, Harry Rich; Horace Pease and Bert Kennedy. Messrs. Bruce Brouch, Carry, Cartwright, and Professor Halfpenny gave an exhibition of fencing, and Messrs. Douglas and Bell of boxing. Mr. J. P. Langley, vice-president of the club, occupied the chair.

•

The first chrysanthemum wedding that has been seen in Toronto society, and undoubtedly the prettiest, was that which was celebrated at St. George's church Wednesday afternoon last, when Miss Mab Bell and Mr. Frederic B. Pemberton, C.E., of Victoria, B. C., were married. The bride is the daughter of Mr. P. W. Bell of the Hudson Bay Company and niece of Miss Dupont, Dufferin house, Toronto, while the groom is the son of Mr. J. Deapard Pemberton of Victoria, B. C. The ceremony's chief charm consisted in the beautiful effect produced by the chrysanthemums which everywhere shed their beauty of tints and loveliness. The bouquets of the bridal party were fair clusters of magnificent specimens of Japan's floral ideal, blended in the two shades of pale yellow and light brown. The church was most appropriately decorated with chrysanthemums and foliage, and from the chancel's steps to the altar's rails an aisle was formed of potted chrysanthemums, interspersed with palms and ferns. The church was crowded with a fashionable throng, a large number of them being guests. The bridesmaids were: Miss Jessie Bell, sister of the bride; Miss Minnie Temple and Miss Marion Wilkie, school friends, and her three little cousins, Miss Jessie Blanchford, Miss Nellie Dupont and Miss Gertrude Dupont. The bride was bewitchingly sweet in an Empire gown of white brocaded satin with tulle veil. She wore a star of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom, and carried a beautiful bouquet, a charming confection of lilies of the valley surrounded with white rosebuds and fringed with chrysanthemums. The bridesmaids formed a captivating group in Louis Seize gowns of cream, with hats and feathers of the same, to which their magnificent bouquets of brown and yellow chrysanthemums made a delightful contrast. Miss Dupont looked stately in a most becoming costume of gray silk and black *point de Venice* lace. Miss Amy Dupont wore a dainty lemon-colored dress of crepe with yellow velvet sleeves. Mrs. Bell, mother of the bride, appeared in black bengaline. The pupils of Dufferin House, attired all in white, acted as maids of honor and formed an aisle through which the bridal party proceeded. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Cayley, rector of St. George's church, assisted by Rev. A. J. Broughall, rector of St. Stephen's. The bride was given away by her father. Messrs. George Vankoughnet and Louis McMurray were the ushers. The service, which was fully choral, was rendered by the surpliced choir of St. George's, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Phillips. After the ceremony a reception took place at Dufferin House, the residence of Miss Dupont. The drawing-room was rendered a perfect bower of beauty and fragrance by a profusion of chrysanthemums, roses, ferns and palms. The bride's traveling dress was of brown camel's hair, trimmed with otter, with a vest of yellow satin. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton left by the afternoon train for Niagara Falls, where they will spend a few days *en route* to California watering places, where an extended honeymoon will be spent previous to their taking up their residence at Victoria.

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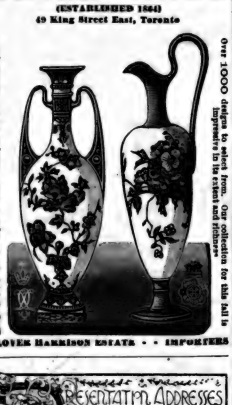

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GREENE—Nov. 15, Mrs. R. W. E. Green—a son.
WALLACE—Nov. 14, Rev. W. Wallace—a son.
FARNCOMB—Nov. 14, Mrs. A. Farncomb—a daughter.
GARVIN—Nov. 12, Mrs Fred Garvin—a son.
WALKER—Nov. 13, Mrs. Harton Walker—a daughter.
WILSON—Nov 5, Mrs. E. J. Wilson—a son.
KEMP—Nov. 12, Mrs. W. A. Kempe—a daughter.
LINDSAY—Nov. 15, Mrs. L. G. Lindsay—a son.
CONGO—Nov. 13, Mrs. W. A. Congo—a daughter.
BIRD—Nov. 10, Mrs. J. Godfrey Bird—a daughter.
WATSON—Nov. 13, Mrs. J. T. Watson—a son.
TAYLOR—Nov. 16, Mrs. Robb Taylor—a daughter.
HAYNES—Nov. 15, Mrs. W. G. Haynes—a daughter.
DEAN—Nov. 1, Mrs. George Dean—a son.
MILLAR—Nov. 7, Mrs. John Millar—a daughter.

Marriages.

PHILIP—GIBBS—Nov. 8, Wm. S. Philip to Minnie Gibbs.
ALLEN—SAVAGE—Nov. 10, S. E. Allen to Gertrude Savage.
GOAD—DOLLAR—Nov. 1, Nelson A. Goad to Jessie Dollar.
YORK—TUDHOPE—Nov. 10, William York to E. L. Tudhope.
LANGFORD—BINNETT—Nov. 9, Charles Langford to Jeanette Binnett.
DORAN—PHILLIPS—Nov. 1, James G. Doran to A. L. Phillips.
UNWIN—NELLES—Nov. 9, Francis M. Milford to Kate Nelles.
PARRISH—HENRY—Nov. 9, W. L. Parrish to Nellie Henry.
WISE—GLASGOW—Nov. 2, Rev. H. Wise to Clara Jane Glasgow.
SNEATH—REEVES—Nov. 16, Fred Sneath to Florence Reeves.
ALLAN—SMALL—Nov. 9, James Allan to Mabel Small.
PEMBERTON—BELL—Nov. 16, Fred Pemberton to M. A. Dupont Bell.

Deaths.

BODDY—Nov. 15, Harry Melville Boddy, aged 26.
COFFEE—Nov. 16, Lawrence Coffee, aged 72.
McNICHOLL—Nov. 16 B. McNicholl.
OLIVER—Nov. 14, Charlotte Oliver, aged 54.
STINSON—Nov. 14, John Stinson, aged 17.
WILSON—Nov. 17, Margaret Wilson, aged 70.
HINDER—Nov. 15, Margaret G. Hinder, aged 1.
McQUILLAN—Nov. 15, Emma Jackson McQuillan.
McDUNNOUGH—Nov. 15, Sarah McDunnough, aged 76.
PATRIARCHE—Nov. 14, W. F. Patriarche, aged 82.
SHEARER—Nov. 15, Alex. Shearer, aged 38.
WOOD—Nov. 15, Elizabeth Wood.

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EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, RECEIVER, COMMITTEE, GUARDIAN TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE
and in other fiduciary capacities, under direct and substitutionary appointment.

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AGENTS FOR EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES
and for the transaction of all financial business.

ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSCRIBED IN THE COMPANY'S BOOKS IN THE NAMES OF THE ESTATES OR TRUSTS TO WHICH THEY BELONG, AND ARE KEPT SEPARATE AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

A large amount of **TRUST FUNDS** always on hand for investment at lowest rates in first mortgages on real estate and debentures.

All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

J. W. Langmuir, Manager

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1893.

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TORONTO:

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY (LTD.)

1893.

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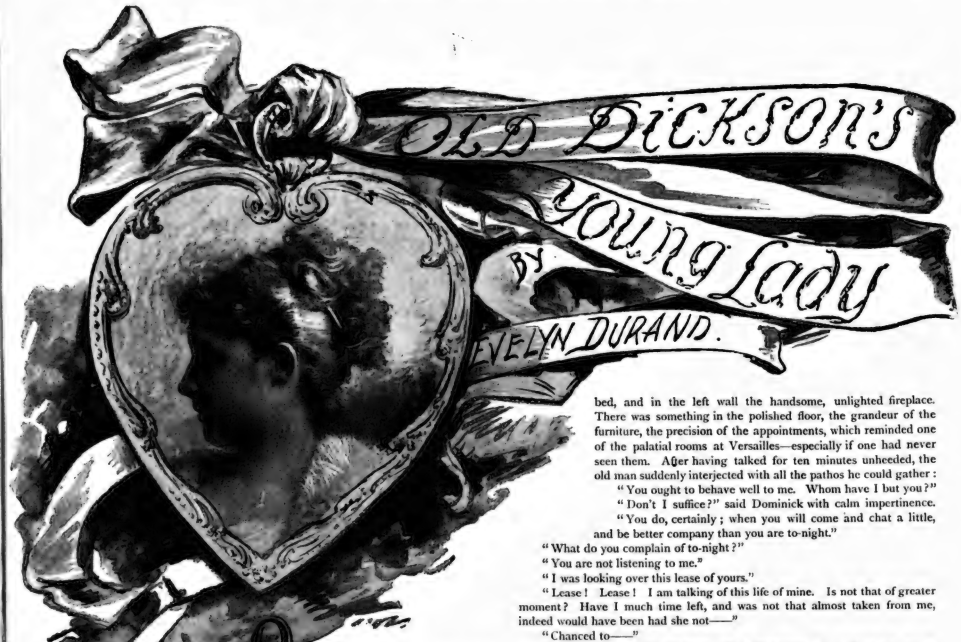

OLD DICKSON, or in better introductory phrase, Mr. Joseph Dickson, sometime merchant and present millionaire, to the extent he might, enjoyed his hotel life. The rooms he occupied and the service he had suited him, and his generous purse suited everything. He had no home, for he had no kin, and while home can be anywhere with kin it can be nowhere without them. His friends he had outlived. Among the many persons who called themselves such, there was but one whom he so named. He was at once the most approachable and the least acquirable of men. He would give audience with the same politeness to all people, from senator to stoker, but it was only to Dominick Byrne now that he gave anything more. In the society of this man, his junior by perhaps two score years, he felt, in respect of current topics and old-time memories, that he had a comrade. Upon the questions of the day they disagreed, since Dominick was fiercely conservative and he incongruously radical. Upon matters of the past they quarreled, because Dominick laughed at things which he revered, and as a set-off to his accounts of the dividends and the ambitions of the old fur-trading company to which he had belonged, related its carousals. Upon business ventures they differed, since Dominick was cautious, systematic and usually unfortunate, and he was quick, unbusinesslike and invariably successful. In social policy they were unlike, for Dominick was unpretentious, direct, repellent, and he was theatric, equivocal and suave. He had always pirouetted through life; Dominick advanced taking one step squarely after the other. Notwithstanding all this, he considered Dominick to be the counterpart of himself, and the man who handled a pipe and enjoyed a joke like no one else in the world.

They were seated one night in Old Dickson's large, airy bed-room, one on either side of the little inlaid table, where, amid papers, interesting with tapes and seals, stood a decanter and two glasses. He was comfortable in slippers and dressing-gown, elaborate with silken cords and tassels. As he uttered his remarks he emphasized them with nods of his bald but elegant head, and wrinkled his cheeks with smiles. One side of his face was drawn slightly out of shape and his lips trembled like his hands. His senescence threw into strong relief the uncommon vigor, the perfect manhood of his companion.

Directly above them shone the splendid chandelier, pendent from the center of the ceiling, over which floated in idle glee, plump, pink cherubs, scattering flowers which never fell. In a distant corner was the broad, pompous bed, and in the left wall the handsome, unlighted fireplace. There was something in the polished floor, the grandeur of the furniture, the precision of the appointments, which reminded one of the palatial rooms at Versailles—especially if one had never seen them. After having talked for ten minutes unheeded, the old man suddenly interjected with all the pathos he could gather:

"You ought to behave well to me. Whom have I but you?"

"Don't I suffice?" said Dominick with calm impertinence.

"You do, certainly; when you will come and chat a little, and be better company than you are to-night."

"What do you complain of to-night?"

"You are not listening to me."

"I was looking over this lease of yours."

"Lease! Lease! I am talking of this life of mine. Is not that of greater moment? Have I much time left, and was not that almost taken from me, indeed would have been had she not——"

"Chanced to——"

"Chanced! Ah, son, you never really understood it. Now, allow me to explain."

"Hold on, sir. Don't repeat it to-night."

"Dominick, you see that foot!" he said impressively. "Well, there it was, caught in the frog. She knelt down, I assure you of it, with the train in full speed——"

"Bearing down——"

"Approaching, and——"

"Lugged you off."

"Severed the lace and——"

"Then lugged you off."

"Wrenched the boot from my foot and dragged me from the track. Dominick——"

"I know; I know."

"It was heroic. She saved my life."

Byrne displayed no enthusiasm. It was an old story to him.

"And she bore such a wonderful resemblance to my poor Caroline," he continued, "and she had the sweetest face I have ever seen on woman, with a fine blue eye like yours, Dominick."

"There's scant blue in my eye," returned Byrne indifferently.

"You do not realize her heroism, my dear fellow. She refused to speak of herself, but I shall yet discover her. She shall not elude my vigilance. And I wish—I wish you to know her."

"Old man," said Byrne, "you better get to bed."

"Nay, I am

not jesting. She was the image of my Caroline. Strange, boy, how these women hold us in life and haunt us in death. My wife and my Caroline—even yet they inhabit my heart, though reft so long ago from my arms. Here I am, solitary and old, understood by none, loved by none but you, Dominick——"

"And with one foot in the grave, ready for a joke—and even a lame one at that."

"Not at all. There is no joke about it, nothing of the kind. I intend to find her, and you must see her. I am indebted to her beyond——"

"And in showing her to me, do you expect to relieve your indebtedness?"

"Leave that to me! Will you be tractable?"

"No."

There was probably never a rounder word than Dominick's *no*.

"And why not?" spoken with dignity.

"Because you have concocted some fool plan about her."

"Tell me, is there any young woman you—a—a——"

"Yes."

"And you never spoke to me of it!"

"Nor to anyone else," answered Byrne kindly.

"My young lady is so much like Caroline. If you could have taken a fancy to her——" the old man paused to consider.

. . .

On the following day every window in the office of Byrne & Anderson was open, and the pleasant breeze of the cool June afternoon was strong enough to stir the loose papers lying on the table, and audacious enough to lift now and then one of Dominick Byrne's curly locks. But Dominick Byrne was nevertheless very hot, and his face was violently red. He was holding in his hand a note for four thousand dollars, payable in six months, signed with his own name. He turned and stared at the gentleman who was seated near him.

"What brings you with this to me?"

The gentleman, scrutinizing him keenly, replied:

"To see if it is all right."

"Have you got eyes?"

"Yes, but perhaps——"

"Well, use them and get out," said the Irishman, frowning with his own.

"Good Lord! You needn't be so bearish. Eakins told me to step in and see you about it. He says he heard you had withdrawn the whole of your deposit from the Dominion Bank, and that, together with this loan from him, looks as if you were up to a lark. Now, I have something on hand if you are willing to——"

"I'm not."

"Oh!" exclaimed the gentleman with ill-concealed annoyance, "schemes of your own, eh?"

"Yes," retorted Byrne savagely, as the other departed, taking the note with him.

When the door closed, Dominick leaned back in his chair with his gaze fixed on the meaningless wall opposite him, and his hands clenched. This was for him a singular attitude, for his gaze was habitually fixed on significant things and his hands when clenched were usually clenching something.

A sudden sound in the passage without made him start and brought a flash of hope to his face. The next instant it was dissipated by the appearance of a stout, swaggering figure, topped by a silk hat, worn almost at right angles with its owner's head.

"Is Anderson in?" demanded the new-comer, undaunted by the young man's face.

"No," he continued, after hearing the brief response, "I guess he ain't. He wasn't in this morning either. I guess he ain't ever in when he's wanted. But he's got to be in for me. He's been dodging me long enough. He run from me yesterday in the pool-rooms yonder. Now, look here, I just met Eakins' partner (Gunn) on the stairs, and I reckon from what he says Byrne & Anderson are flush. Now, I have a little private matter to settle with Anderson and——"

"I have nothing to do with your little private matters," broke in Byrne, finding it impossible to listen any longer, "and there is only one kind of thing I will do with you, and that would not be pleasant for you. I'm not Anderson."

"No," cried the man, who had retreated to the threshold during this last speech, "but you're as big a shark."

. . . . . .

That evening Dominick Byrne opened Dr. Anderson's gate and entered reluctantly. He passed slowly up the path. Across the high, full hedge, and between the intervening trees, he saw the old couple sitting on the veranda in the sweet evening light, spectacled, newspapered and content. When he reached the steps a girl with a bend like that of some tall, beautiful flower, appeared at the door and at the same moment Mrs. Anderson perceiving him cried out with flattering fuss:

"Oh, here is our Mr. Byrne! Mary! Mary! Daughter Mary!"

"I saw him long ago, mother," said the girl, smiling intently at Dominick.

"Did you indeed?" said the lady staidly. "Well, Mr. Byrne, what in the world does Jim mean?"

Dominick turned away to look for a seat. He occupied several minutes in discovering one. Then he drawled:

"Mean by what?"

"Why," said Mrs. Anderson with an aggrieved manner, "this morning we received a note from my son asking us to send some of his clothes down town at once, and saying that he had to go away hurriedly and that you would explain."

"Yes," replied Byrne apologetically, "he was obliged to go this morning. He had to reach New York to-morrow. He may be away for some time—may have to go to England."

"Bless my soul! What's he rushing about like that for?" exclaimed Dr. Anderson, throwing back his white head to gaze at Byrne.

"Didn't you do some rushing in your young days, sir?"

"I was never like you fellows. Your lawyers are so restless; they wear their lives out."

"And thereby your doctors live," retorted the young man. Then without waiting for a reply he said: "Mary, I'm not going to stay to-night. You may walk as far as the track with me?"

The Andersons resided, equally from a desire for quiet and economy, somewhat out of the city in the third concession, about a mile north of the track. The sun was disappearing as Dominick walked with Mary on his arm under the balmy branches of the elms, and cedars, and oaks, which overhung the road. He caught its last rays resting on her soft hair, lurking in her warm eyes. She had not questioned the shortness of his visit. She had never learned to think his time at her disposal. However, he volunteered information.

"I have to see Old Dickson to-night."

"Old Dickson?" echoed Mary vaguely.

"One of my clients. You have often heard me speak of him."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," she said. Then in a doubtful voice: "Don't you think Jim might have managed to say good-bye to mother?"

"It was business."

"Does business mean money?"

"I wish they were precisely identical, Mary," Byrne said absently.

"Dominick," cried the girl with a sudden abandon, which her customary bearing left unsuspected, "I care for everything about you—everything, even what others may dislike——"

"Such as?" he interrupted good-naturedly.

"I don't know. I care for all of you, but—but I think of late, dear Dominick, you are laying almost, if possible, for my sake chiefly perhaps, of course from no wrong motive, and I understand and indeed admire you for it; so would anyone, and respect you, and——"

"You think of late I am laying—what?"

Dominick waited.

"Too much stress on——"

"IT WAS HEROIC. SHE SAVED MY LIFE."

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"BY THE LORD OF EARTH AND HEAVEN I WILL NOT."

"Well, what?"

"Money."

It was well that she could not see his face now. After a long silence he said:

"If we are to marry in January, as you decreed, money won't be out of the way."

"Ah, but you said you had plenty—enough."

"Investments," returned Dominick steadily, "sometimes turn out badly."

"Still, dear lover, don't worry and worry and work so hard!" Again there was that curious hint of passion in the girl. "Money! Nothing can make me trouble myself about that."

"Not while I can prevent it," he remarked, with more meaning than she ever understood.

. . .

The days grew quickly into weeks and months, and Dominick Byrne fought his way on, not against sword and musket, but unrecompensed labor, fatigue, disappointment, malice, evil report—the world. He had always been battling—in childhood, in the old Irish home, where he had breathed in contention with the air; in manhood, in Canada, whither he had come whetted by misfortune in the past and ambition for the future. Friction had not worn him smooth, but had produced a rougher surface. The only softness in his life had come with Mary. And now she also was bringing him to combat—with himself for an opponent. Bankruptcy was staring him in the face, and it was hard to keep his lips closed when they might have disclaimed it.

He continued to go to Anderson's, but the pleasure of it had almost ceased. The old people had received no word from their son. All information concerning him came through Dominick, and that was slight. At first they had asked to see his letters, but Dominick never had them with him. He reported every week or two that Jim was well, but too busy to write and uncertain of the date of his return.

This reserve and lack of consideration in Byrne deeply offended them, and they could not hide their resentment. Mary made no remonstrance, but he felt her involuntary constraint. After the lapse of two months they began to avoid meeting, and Dominick, pleading business, spent his evenings at the office.

Old Dickson was more unbearable at this time than other people, and as much to be avoided as Mary. Byrne believed him to be demented, for the old gentleman could think and speak only of his young lady. He had renewed her acquaintance and become infatuated with her. Dominick had grown gradually in his affection; she had sprung there in a day. But this was not surprising; it was in his character. Neither knowledge, nor speculation nor invention could foresee Old Dickson's quirks. He roguishly refused to divulge any particulars to Dominick (who, by the way, never asked him to) unless he would consent to make her acquaintance.

"I often speak to her of you, Dominick, and she is growing rather interested in you," he said, his delight increasing with the young man's disgust.

On one occasion he leaned back in his arm-chair, beating time with his withered, irritating fingers on the table, and surveying Dominick declared:

"I'll have you married to my young lady yet."

He did not seem to care what infidelity that might mean.

"Marry her yourself, sir! You are insane enough to do so," exclaimed Byrne, his Celtic blood stirred to fury.

At length he withdrew altogether from his friends and worked desperately, fearing what was to come, unable to prevent it. Mary said he had of late been laying too much stress on money, and this was while he had been striving to circumscribe Anderson and counteract his movements. He had been laying too much stress on money! It was money that was laying stress on him. They are ignorant of the modern meaning of existence, who do not realize what money means. For Dominick it meant now honor involved in crime, his friend in forgery, himself in failure. It meant his own unhappiness, his lover's misery, his friend's disgrace.

It was the twenty-first day of December. The snow covered the city like a garment and formed the perfect background of all the Christmas show and splendor that filled the wide shop windows. The streets resounded with sleigh-bells and laughing voices, and that genial glow of happiness which Christmas, with snow and evergreens and good-will, arouses, lit up men's hearts and faces.

But in Dominick Byrne's face there was no cheer. He sat in the dusk at his writing-table, unwilling to put his work away. He had ten days more, but twenty times ten would scarcely be enough. To borrow was repugnant to him; he had never borrowed in his life. And yet there was no other resource. This thought was in his mind when he heard a step at the door. He looked up in surprise, for it was after office hours and he expected no one. Through the dim light of the room he saw a man approaching. His gait was cowed and his head sunken. But Byrne recognized him and tried to speak. For a moment his voice was gone.

The man stood before him and stammered out: "I couldn't hold out any longer. I'd rather face everything, prison and all, than scour the world like a rat for a hole."

"Sit down, Jim!" This was all Dominick could manage. Then he made a movement to light the gas, and as suddenly changed his mind. "They'll be glad to see you," he began.

"They'll curse me," broke in Anderson.

"That's a mistake."

There was no hesitation in Byrne's manner, and it arrested Anderson.

"They'll be pleased to hear also," continued Dominick, breathing rather heavily, "that you have been successful with that complicated affair in England."

"In the name of God what are you talking about?" asked Anderson as he staggered to a chair.

"I've heard from you, off and on, and reported it at home. It was business for the firm. It's all right. You'll have to do some apologizing for not writing to them."

He ceased speaking and the two gazed at one another in the twilight. At last he said with an effort: "I suppose money is scarce, Jim, with you?"

"I have none," was the helpless response.

"I asked because I have a note to meet at the end of the month; something I borrowed last summer from Eakins & Gunn. There are other accounts too. The only way you can help me is by being prosperous at home."

"Oh!" groaned Anderson, "this is more than friendship demands, more than—more than—I can't stand this, Dominick!"

"Oh, yes," said Byrne, taking him by the arm, "come to my rooms. I'll rig you out, and then you can get a shave and some grub. Doubtless you need both."

They were proceeding together to the door when a violent knocking began outside. The next moment a telegraph boy thrust in his hand.

"They sent me up to your rooms first, sir; I've been runnin' like the divil."

"You're a new species then," said Byrne, tearing open the telegram.

"Jim," he exclaimed a second after, "you've got to go alone. Old Dickson is dying!" And seizing his hat, without another word he plunged downstairs.

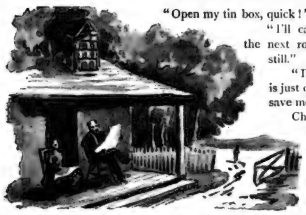
. . . . . .

On the broad, pompous bed the old man was stretched, an ugly gray in the fire-light.

"Ah! Dominick," he gasped, with a spasmodic smile, his eyes riveted on the young man's face, "here is the key. Open my tin box, quick!"

"No," Byrne replied gently, "lie still and be comfortable! Think of no one now but yourself!"

"I COULDN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER."



SPECTACLED, NEWSPAPERED AND CONTENT.

"Open my tin box, quick!" he reiterated feebly.

"I'll call the doctors from the next room unless you keep still."

"Dominick, dear boy, it is just old age. Nothing can save me. Get the box!"

Choking with grief and indignation, Byrne obeyed.

"Now," whispered the old man, watching him as he took two papers from the box, "the will you have in your hand, let me see it! That was drawn for me some time ago. By that everything large goes to you."

Byrne uttered no word.

"But," he said, struggling to speak, "the other will; give it to me! This was made recently; this is my last will and testament. By this you and my young lady share everything equally—provided you marry her—if not—you—get nothing. What will you do?"

Dominick was astounded. There seemed to him in this persistence on the very death-bed something almost diabolical.

He returned bluntly: "Get nothing."

"Very well, my boy, put this back in the box, burn that to ashes!"

He took the papers as they were handed to him and following the instructions exactly, returned one and took the other to the fire.

The old man had fallen back exhausted, with his mouth open and his eyes closed. The room was dark, for the light was burning low and the flames wavered faintly up the chimney. There was silence in the chamber, while the clock swung to and fro the minutes, and there was awe. Life and death were wrestling for one soul, powers more fatal were contending for the other. Dominick stood hesitating. He could save himself now; he could save his friend. He was the master. Injustice had been done him. Conscious of his need, conscious of the old man's clear direction, he threw the will upon the coals. He held himself erect an instant, then with overwhelming condemnation became conscious of himself.

"By the Lord of earth and heaven I will not!"

He sprang back, snatched the paper from the fire and with a kind of mad triumph waved it unburned in the air.

"You gave me the wrong will," he cried, bending over the old man, who was muttering "wife" and "Caroline," as if it were a consolation. Now, for the last time, he glanced up at Dominick with the yearning of a father, the peace of one who blesses, murmuring:

"There is no wrong one; look and see!"

Dominick did not look. He called aloud for help and strove until the end to soften the inevitable pangs of death.

So afterwards his joy was all the greater when he learned that he and Mary Anderson were co-heirs, and she was Old Dickson's Young Lady.

HARD ON MOSQUITOES.

Bighead—We never read that they had mosquitoes in olden times.
Veripert—No. The men of those times wore shirts of mail.

A LAST RESORT.

Mrs. Whitie—My dear, you are surely not going to appear in the pulpit wearing such a loud suit!

Mr. Whitie—Well, I must do something to keep the congregation awake.

ALL THE TOOLS.

Old Man Gastric—Ah, I can't eat as I used to when I was in the country.
Cynicus—Haven't you still got your knife and fingers?

HOW NICE.

She—I can see myself in your eyes. You are my mirror.

He—I am glad you think so, for I know that you consider it unlucky to break a mirror. I feel assured now that you will draw it mild on drives, concerts, ices and such things.

THE VOICE OF DECEMBER.

Out of the North, with locks of white,
Like some avenger come again
Upon his stolen leagues to reign,
December swept by storm at night.
The childless branches sighed in vain;
For with the dawning's tardy light
We saw hoar Winter's legions bright
Encamped upon the plain.

Then laughed December in his glee.
"O many mouths with fear are dumb,
And many faces when I come
Are whiter than my snows!" cried he.
"For chained within my Northern home,
At last I issue, bounding free,
And shriek with might and main to see
My victims' hearts grow numb!

"And yet, within my setting hoar
Of drifted snows and frozen tears,
A pure and priceless gem appears,
That glows and glistens evermore!
It smiles away the dying year's
False hopes to trusting hearts of yore;
And for the coming, holds in store
A creed of faith, not fears.

"'Tis Christmas' rosy face doth glow
Beyond my intervening sea
Of winds that blow so bitterly,
And rugged wastes of gleaming snow!
'Tis Christmas-time! and let it be
Drunk deep, that every soul may show
That naught but generous feelings flow
To all humanity!

"But best, and fairest to recall,
"Come, drink to all that pleases most,
While Bacchus reigns and laughter rings:
Drink to the turkey, on whose wings
We, rising, bless that ample roast.
And drink to all the boundless things,—
The pudding, and the matchless host
Of kindly feelings twelve months lost,—
This godlike season brings!

Is his full joy who holds it worth
His while to bless his little earth
With kindly deeds! whose open hall
Knows naught of stint of cheer, nor dearth!
For deep into his heart shall fall
The music, sweeter far than all,
Of grateful thanks and mirth!"

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

By Helen Gregory-Flesher.

THIS is the story of The Forty-Seven Loyal Ronins of Japan. It is a semi-historical romance, believed in implicitly by every Japanese, from the Mikado down to the meanest coolie in the realm. It would, therefore, ill become you or me to doubt its most trivial detail. Throughout, native literature allusions and quotations are found, which would be incomprehensible to a reader not thoroughly conversant with this romance. With the usual Oriental love of detail, the Japanese original relates the adventures, both in love and war, of each of the Forty-Seven heroes, but one grand plot is enough for most Western readers, without the Forty-Seven minor ones added to it.

Danjuro, the great Japanese actor, usually produces it in dramatic form at the New Year, when all the resources of the theater are drawn upon for this grand revival. The play requires from three to five days for its completion, and when we remember that Japanese theaters open at eight a.m. and the play proceeds with short intermissions until six p.m., it will be readily understood that The Ronins is not given oftener than once a year, and that most people find once about often enough to see it. The events of the romance took place, or are supposed to have taken place, in the year 1698, and during the long period of dual government when the Mikados, —the true Emperors—lived at Kyoto in sacred seclusion and high ceremonial retreat, surrounded by all the outward trappings of a supreme sovereign, whose countenance was so holy and divine that common men looking upon it would die, while the Shoguns, or head nobles, nominally holding commission from the Emperors, ruled the country, made treaties or broke them as suited themselves. The Shoguns, however, always treated the Mikados with the most elaborate courtesy and respect.

To begin the story. The Shogun Iyetsune was officially informed that three commissioners were on their way from the Mikado's court at Kyoto to the court of the Shogun at Tokyo, then Yeddo. Of course these commissioners would have to be received by men of highest rank and in strict accord with the most elaborate etiquette. So the Shogun appointed Asano Takumi, Lord of Ako, and Kamei Sama, a noble of equal rank, to receive the envoys, but as these gentlemen knew more of the field of battle than of court etiquette Kira Kotsuke, Master of Ceremonies and Councillor to the Shogun himself, was selected to teach the two nobles the proper conduct of such state receptions.

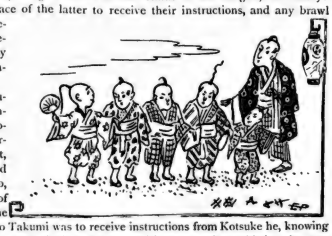
Takumi and Kamei were both daimyo or lords, but Kira Kotsuke was only an upstart, and though he held such a high and honorable position under the Shogun, did so only because he was a court favorite. He was avaricious, corrupt and greedy, and he considered the presents insufficient which the daimyo gave him in return for his instruction.

The giving of presents instead of direct payment for services rendered was, two hundred years ago, and is yet, a characteristic phase of Japanese life. Some services, such as teaching or instruction in any art or science, are considered of such inestimable value that mere payment cannot efface the debt; coolies and jinricksha men are paid for their work and there is no obligation to them, but a teacher cannot be insulted by such offers, so none are made, but he receives presents instead. Kira, therefore, had the customary presents offered him instead of payment. Deeming their presents not valuable enough, the Master of Ceremonies treated the daimyo with contempt, and instead of teaching them properly made fun of them and humiliated them. For a time they endured these insults with patience, but Kamei at last became so highly enraged that he determined, regardless of all costs, to kill Kotsuke. That evening when the daimyo returned from the castle after receiving their usual lesson, Kamei called a secret conference of his councillors and announced to them his intention.

The family council is another characteristic phase of Japanese life. None save the poorest and commonest people take any important step without the consent and guidance of the family council. These councillors direct the expenditure of the money of the estate, which is not regarded as belonging to the present head of the clan, but as the property of the family.

So Kamei announced his intention to the council, but would heed no remonstrances. One of them, being a man of discretion, secretly sent Kotsuke a large present of money, representing it as sent by Kamei himself. When the latter went to the castle in the morning, full of his determination to slay Kotsuke and unaware of the councillor's action, he was amazed to find the Master of Ceremonies so humble and flattering that all desire to kill him vanished. Great praise is always awarded this councillor for his superior foresight and care to prevent his master becoming entangled in a serious embroilment.

Kira Kotsuke, being attached to the retinue of the Shogun, the daimyo went to the palace of the latter to receive their instructions, and any brawl within these precincts would result very seriously to all parties concerned.



Now, Takumi's chief councillor, Kuranosuke, was unfortunately absent, three hundred miles from Tokyo, at the Castle of Ako, but when he heard that Asano Takumi was to receive instructions from Kotsuke he, knowing the latter's character and his lord's fiery spirit, was much troubled, so he sent immediately a letter and a present of money to the two councillors who were with their master in Tokyo, and bade them give the money to Kotsuke from their lord as a present. But these two councillors were stupid, mean, stingy men, and concluding it would be a waste of good money they did not obey Kuranosuke's directions and the present was never sent.

The day the envoys were to arrive, Kamei and Takumi went to the Shogun's castle to receive their last instructions from Kotsuke. Kamei was treated with the greatest courtesy and servility, but Takumi with equal contumely. Finally forgetting himself altogether, the Master of Ceremonies, turning insolently to Takumi, who chanced to be in the room alone with him, said:

"Here, you, my Lord of Takumi, my sock has become untied. Oblige me by tying it for me."

This was almost more than the daimyo could endure, but remembering that this insolent upstart was nevertheless the Shogun's representative, he considered it a positive duty to perform his bidding. Seeing in this act of submission further encouragement to bully, Kotsuke burst out with these words:

From Painting by HOKUSAI.

THE RONINS SETTING OUT FOR KOTSUKE'S PALACE.

"How clumsy you are! A regular country boor, unaccustomed to the manners of Tokyo."

This was more than Takumi could endure, so, regardless of all consequences, he cried:

"Defend yourself, Sir Kira Kotsuke! I will no longer bear your insults!" and with these words he drew his sword.

But Kotsuke, trembling with cowardice, stood hesitating and finally tried to flee. Takumi struck at him with his sword, and had it not been for his hempen noble's cap Kotsuke would have been mortally instead of only slightly wounded. Crying for help he turned to escape, when one of his officers rushed in and throwing his arms round the enraged daimyo gave Kotsuke time to get away.

In a few hours Takumi was ordered by the Shogun to withdraw to his residence and consider himself under arrest. In order to indicate to the outside world that the lord of the castle was a prisoner, the servants built a sort of fence of green bamboo before the main entrance.

For disturbing the peace of the palace the daimyo was sentenced to commit hara-kiri, or "happy despatch," upon himself; his estate was confiscated, the clan dispersed and the family name extinguished forever.

The bearers of this message were received with the greatest ceremony, and Takumi then and there, after a few hours' delay, committed suicide.

The stupid councillors were regarded as criminally careless in having failed to prevent the encounter, and its terrible results were looked upon as due to their behavior.

The retainers of the dead daimyo awaited impatiently the news that Kotsuke too had been sentenced to hara-kiri, as the law declares that both contestants must share the same fate. But what was their indignation when they found the Shogun's favorite, though nominally deposed from office, still secretly having honors and emoluments of one sort or another heaped upon him!

Now a strange point arose. By all the laws of chivalry and social etiquette the dead daimyo's death and disgrace must be avenged upon Kotsuke by the retainers and clansmen of Oka. Confucius said, "A man may not sleep under the same heaven with the slayer of his father or lord." If the samurai, the retainers of Takumi, failed to avenge his death they would be forever disgraced and suffer social ostracism. Yet, strange to say, the law strictly forbade and punished with death the exercise of the vendetta, so that the choice lay between death and disgrace, and no Japanese has ever hesitated to choose the former.

Therefore, Kuranosuke and forty-six others of the clan vowed to avenge their lord. Now that there was no longer a head to the clan, all the former "samurai" became "ronins" or "wave men," that is, men who owed no man allegiance and who went about hither and thither as unsettled as the waves of the sea

Kotsuke expected naturally that the house of Oka would try to obtain revenge and he kept himself secluded and extraordinarily well guarded. The forty-seven Ronins decided to deceive their enemy as much as possible, so they openly disbanded, and Kuranosuke began a life of dissipation. He even divorced his faithful wife, to whom he had been married twenty years. As he was going out one day she humbly presented him with his hat, saying:

"Honorable husband, you have enemies. Pray wear this."

"You talk too much. I shall divorce you and those encumbering young children," was the brutal reply.

The other Ronins followed a similar course of deception. Some entered trade, others engaged as gatekeepers in Kotsuke's castle. One of them finally obtained a plan of the whole building by marrying the daughter of the architect. Finally Kuranosuke, finding that Kotsuke was lulled into false security, determined that the time to strike had come.

Dividing his party into two companies, Kuranosuke and forty-four of his companions set out upon a terribly cold and snowy night, and were met by the two other Ronins who had entered the service of Kotsuke. These men rowed them across the river and showed them how to enter, then donning their armor, joined the midnight avengers.

A terrible fight ensued, in which the Ronins were victorious, but alas! though all his retainers were dead or dying they could find no trace of Kotsuke himself. Kuranosuke entered the former's sleeping apartment, and putting his hand on the bed-rugs called to his companions.

"The bed-rugs are warm yet, so our enemy cannot be far."

At last he was found hiding in a charcoal cupboard, his white satin night-robe all blackened and stained. Dragging him into the middle of the room, Kuranosuke whistled for his companions in arms, who came rushing in. Then all humbly saluted Kotsuke. Kuranosuke offered him the dirk with which Takumi committed hara-kiri and respectfully invited him to do the same. It is a truly Japanese idea to invite a man with elaborate courtesy to kindly commit suicide. Kotsuke, however, declined to die like a brave man, and finding their entreaties vain the Ronins despatched him, and taking his head set out to lay it upon the tomb of their late lord in the Sengakuji Temple.

Everyone was now as loud in praise of the loyal Ronins as they had previously been in their condemnation when all the world thought these retainers had no intention of exercising the vendetta.

Despite all this praise and admiration the Ronins were condemned to commit hara-kiri, which they did cheerfully and bravely, having been fully cognizant all the time that this was the law and that it would be carried out.

. . . . . .

The graves of the Forty-Seven Heroes are near the monument of Takumi, in the Sengakuji Temple in Tokyo, and the priests reap a harvest once every sixty years, when they hold a grand commemorative festival in honor of the Ronins. Upon these occasions they show scraps of armor, writing-cases, medicine-boxes, etc., all once the possessions of one or other of the Forty-Seven.

There are to-day forty-eight graves, for shortly after the burial of the heroes, among those who came to pray at their graves was a man belonging to the Satsuma clan, who, saluting Kuranosuke's grave, said: "When I saw you lying drunk in the street one day I thought you had forgotten your lord and I spat in your face as an unworthy retainer. In atonement for that insult I now follow you and beg that I may be buried near you"

Before the spectators could interfere the Satsuma man committed "happy despatch," and the priests in compassion buried him near the Ronins.

. . . . .

The story of the Forty-Seven Loyal Ronins is staged every New Year's at the Royal Theater at Tokyo. It will strike Westerners as peculiar that not a female character is represented in it, there being no actresses in Japan. It is expected, however, that before the present inroad of Western ideas this prejudice will soon give way and actresses will appear in the theaters. The *geisha* or professional beauties now occupy, in a measure,

KIRA KOTSUKE, WITH THE HEMPEN CAP OF THE NOBLE.

KURANOSUKE, IN THE DISTINCTIVE BROAD HAT OF THE RONIN.

their place in the social arena. These are ladies trained from their infancy in all the graces of person and mind, their beauty cultivated and their wit made bright. People of social standing engage one or more of these by the week or month to adorn their homes and edify their guests with classic posings and quotations from the poets. Although there are scoffers who accuse the *geisha* of being immoral, just as there are those in America who regard all women on the stage as immoral, yet it is true of the *geisha* as of actresses, that many of them are the most virtuous of women.

Japanese men have always admired women gifted with wit, poetic facility and sparkling repartee, and in these the *geisha* and the court lady excel. But in such matters it is almost impossible for a foreigner to judge, unless resident in the country many years, owing to the difficulty of communication, for Japanese is one of the most intricate languages in the world. But that there have been Japanese women of great intellect, history plainly proves. When we remember what they have accomplished in literature and in art, that four empresses besides the warrior-empress Jingu ruled Japan with remarkable ability and firmness, not to say brilliancy, we can hardly in fairness assert that Japanese women are lacking in mental endowment. Native history would show a woeful hiatus if all the names of women were stricken from its pages. Many Japanese women were expert in the use of arms and thoroughly understood the art of fencing, besides the use of the more warlike weapons.

They are devoted wives and mothers, and whether legally married or bound only by some irregular tie, they are faithful and true, adultery being almost unknown among women. There is much the same difference between them and our own women as there was between our great-grandmothers and the men of their day. They have had neither the education nor the advantages of our girls, but every day they more nearly approach the Western standard. Already there is beginning to be as wide a breach between the old-school Japanese woman and the modern native girl as there is between the nineteenth-century American woman and the English girl of the eighteenth century.

To revert to the Ronins. The Samurai woman was as loyal and as brave as her husband or father. In this case when Kuranosuke's wife, whom he had divorced with such apparent heartlessness, learned his true reasons, she thanked the gods for having given her so brave and heroic a husband.

From Painting by HOKUSAI. THE DEATH OF KOISUKE.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

In distant climes, long years ago,
When life was young and heart was stout,
At midnight's hour, across the snow
I heard the Christmas bells ring out;
And brighter grew the sleepy eyes—
With pain kept open!—of the boy;
For then the burden of the cries
Of those sweet bells was Christmas joy.

As years passed on, and nature grew,
I wanted more; I lacked content,
Unless the hearts which strongest drew
My own heart to them, with me went
To share the feast. I needed friends,
Whose fond endearment made joy dear;
And then of all that Christmas sends
I counted best the Christmas cheer.

Hobart, Tasmania.

So passed the years; until one came
Before whose end I met my fate;
And Christmas found my heart aflame
With wistful longing for its mate;
One thing alone in earth below
Seemed good, one thing in heaven above;
And then I heard, with soul aglow,
The Christmas bells chime but of love.

But life was stern, and fate was hard;
My dreams fell from me, one by one;
I found myself from hope debarred
Ere yet hope's summer had begun;
And strained beyond endurance, tried
Nigh to the utmost, when at length
Once more came round the Christmastide,
I craved but one thing—Christ's own strength.

The years went on; I bore the strain;
I filled my place, and did my task;
Until the ache, the long-drawn pain
Familiar grew; nor did I ask
My burden should be made more light,
My soul of sorrow find surcease;
My only cry upon the night
Of Christmas Eve was this—for peace.

Peace! Peace!—it sums up all!—No bliss
Of fiery youth or early prime,
No rapture of soul-melting kiss,
No grandeur of maturer time,
s half so sweet. O silver bells!
Beneath your tidings of glad mirth,
A deeper, tenderer message swells—
God's benediction—"Peace on earth!"

ERNEST HAWTHORNE.

GATHERING GRAPES ON THE RHINE.

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"THE wust is leaving of the little tricks!" said the man. The woman, who was washing dishes, with a little worn shawl bundled about her hair, turned her tired face, but only to look round the room and sigh. She was an elderly woman, but she would have been comely if time had not washed all the bright tints from her hollow cheeks and her patient eyes. She was narrow-chested and her shoulders stooped. Her hands were small but misshapen with drudgery in all sorts of weather. One could not imagine her laughing, or even smiling; yet she wore a flowered calico and a blue apron both so tidy that she must have felt some pleasure in her own adorning. The man's shirt came from the same piece of cloth as her apron but his trowsers were of the dingy clay-brown cotton mixture that is to be seen at every cross-roads store in the South. They were tucked into his bootlegs. He wore a belt in which was a handsome hunting-knife. He was a tall man, and his big thews and sinews showed the better that there was so little flesh to conceal the lines. Like his wife he was clean, which in some parts of the Southwest is enough to give a man an air of distinction. The room, also, with its rough board walls, its rickety table and mean bed, was swept and orderly. There was no dust on the open sewing-machine. A bright fire roared up the crooked fireplace. On the black pine mantelpiece were ranged a tin-type of two children, a mug bearing the inscription, "For a Good Girl," and a boy's top boots. When the woman turned she faced the wall opposite the one window. It was decorated in a grotesque fashion, someone having neatly cut out the wild beasts from a menagerie poster (such as heralds the coming of all the shows on the blank walls in the Southern rural districts), and pasted them on to a cotton sheet tacked to the wall. They were ingeniously disposed in the semblance of a picture, and if circumstances beyond the artist's wit to overcome had dismembered a few of them, they did not seem to mind it in the least; the three-legged tiger leaped just as ferociously, and the one-legged little boy was just as cheerfully offering candy to the elephant's stump of a trunk.

The woman's eyes went drearily from the wall to the window and through the window, down the path of a rusted and disheveled garden to two little mounds. They were set side by side, each surrounded by a wall of medicine bottles from which the labels had been carefully washed, and at the head of each mound was a pine cross, painted white but unmarked. The mounds showed the graves of Zed Trainor's children, and the reason the crosses bore no names was that he could paint them himself, but his humble art failing when it came to lettering he had waited two years for someone who could "do letters" to be willing to come and inscribe them.

The Trainors' cabin and cotton fields stood in the great gum woods, two miles from the nearest neighbors, but they never felt solitary; indeed, they rather considered themselves to lead a social and bustling existence, since they were on the high road to the county seat and often saw as many as five teams a day, not counting horsemen, in "pretty weather." To-day the sun was bright, although there was a November bite to the air. The roads were good and half a dozen huntsmen had ridden past on their way to the bottom and a hog hunt. Zed Trainor could see a belated hunter galloping past now, his rifle at his saddle bow. His wife saw him, too. A faint ripple of animation stirred in her face.

"Yon's Cunnel Hamilton, Zed," said she.

A deeper gloom had settled on the man's saturnine features; he plucked at his stubble of gray beard and nodded with a grunt, "Umph, umph."

"Zed, he could holp us—mabbe—if you was to beg him——"

"Ayfter the way we done him 'bout the place? Do ye reckon I would ax it of him?"

"It didn't ben you' fault nigh so much as mine. I *wisht* you'd try for to git him lend us the money. 'Tain't only but two hundred eighty-three, intrust and all. And—we could give security; he could take the morgige——"

A dull red crept up to the man's eyes. "He'd reckon he *needed* security—from we all," he said gloomily.

"He mought forgive, seein' you and him ben such side partners oncet. Onyhow, it wouldn't do no harm to try!"

Zed's eyes were glued to his bootlegs as he half growled, half groaned, "I did try. I seen him yistiddy."

"What did he say?"

"Nuthin', sayd he didn't want nare convarsin' with me, he'd sayd all he 'lowed to say, nigh two years ago."

"Oh Lordy! He is right cruel!" cried the woman, but not indignantly, only in a kind of passive despair.

"No, he ain't," retorted Zed firmly, "he is payin' us out fur our meanness. And, you talk 'bout bein' friends, I reckon he done most of the befriendin'. He reely got the pension fur me. You sayd as how it looked like ever' mortal critter ever seen a gun in the war ben gittin' of a pension and got me into the notion, but it was him did all the writin's and found out ever'thing, and all that long spell we was waitin' on them big men to Washington—why, goin' on three years it was!—didn't he sell me goods on credit and let me pay ready money to

Means fur the farm, though he told me plain the place warn't worth Means' price? We prommused him faithful if the pension come we'd pay up; and he says, 'If it don't come I ain't going to press ye!' Him a Confederate cunnel, tew! But I never did have sich a friend like him! And all jest 'cause we went huntin' together."

"I don't guess he was ary more friends than you was," interrupted Hitty. "When he run fur Congress didn't you work fur him day and night, and didn't you lick Tobe Hammer——"

"Nev' mind 'bout that, that warn't nuthin' to brag on; didn't he holp me fifty times to my one? I nev' did go into the store he didn't be chuckin' a apple or a orange or bunch of raisins or some candy into my truck I ben buyin', fur to take home to the children, and the handsome presents he done giveen me. Here's this here knife"—he twisted the knife in his belt, and the sigh through his teeth was harsh like a groan—"*you* got more'n one cup and sasser and a gownd; and, Hitty, there is some things I don't guess you kin forgit, 'bout when—when—" his voice sank, his eyes stared not at his wife but at the gaudy wall—"you know how it was when the little tricks taken sick, what he done fur us then, and it wasn't so much the heap he done like it was the way he done it! Hitty, you mind the time he holped me paste them on the wall? He sot right thar in the red rockin' cheer and Pearl she lay in the bed, and Billy alongsider her, and she hadn't laffed fur a right smart, but how she *did* laff when he got the elephant on wrong side up!—I cayn't forgit them things."

Hitty sat down in the red chair herself; she threw her apron over her eyes.

The soft, droning voice, with its Arkansas intonations (born in Missouri, Trainor had lived in Arkansas ever since the war and talked like a native) went on relentlessly, "Them coffins we burried our children in, he sold 'em to us, we ain't paid him yit. We prommused to pay when the pension money come, and he 'lowed I was a honest man—" Zed's gray head dropped on his breast with a groan—"Oh, Lord, *I* 'lowed it, tew!"

"Well, so ye be an honest man, Zed," cried Hitty, lifting her face and wiping the tears from her cheeks. Although he did not seem to see those tears, they moved him. Hitty continued: "We never did keep one cent of the money for ourselves, nor we ain't kept a cent outside sence—"

"No," Zed interrupted grimly, "it are all gone down Means' gullet! We given him all our back pension money to pay fur the land, and we given him all the pension money sence to pay for what we bought at his store and the intrust on what's left on the morgige. Cunnel told me I'd a heap better give the farm back to Means and keep the money. He offered to throw off a power of money on my account, and ayfter I'd paid him I'd of had more'n nine hundred dollars; and he'd of sold me a farm on long time or rented some of the farms on his plantation to us. He is a mighty good landlord. He would have ben paid and I'd have had a farm; but we paid the mean man and cheated the kind man, and now the mean man has got us by the throat—jest like Cunnel sayd of him!"

"Well, ye know *why* we paid him. It was 'cause he'd of taken the place away from us and there was the childern burried out there in the gyardin'. I would of given up the place and welcome to pay Cunnel Hamilton but I wouldn't give up my childern's graves! You talk 'bout them animiles on the wall, don't ye remember how when little Billy died and we burried him and we hilt Pearl up by the winder to see the burryin'——"

"I remember, it was Cunnel Hamilton hilt her."

"I don't forgit that no more'n you. But she sayd in her little weak voice, 'Maw, when I git to die, you put me right 'longside Billy and the curtain offen the winder so's we uns kin look at the beastis, and you leave 'em on the wall, won't ye?' says she. Do ye remember?"

Zed nodded.

"And do ye remember how she knowed all 'long she ben goin' to die and made us prommus we never would go 'way and leave her and Billy? You talk of prommusin'. I aimed to keep the prommus I made to my babies! You wanted to give that money to the cunnel and let Means take away our home, and you was studyin' and studyin' and walkin' the floor ha'f the night; but I hadn't only the one notion, to stay by my babies. So when Means come I run and got the stockin' 'fore you rightly knowed what I ben fixin' to do, and I given the money to Means and made an end of the troublin'."

"An end of my peace of mind, tew," groaned Zed. "We could of moved the graves, then!"

"We could *not!*" declared Hitty, her thin melancholy pipe rising and breaking. "Don't you be thinkin' it, Zed Trainor. And you ain't got nare reason for repentin' and punishin' of you'seff the endurin' time, 'count of the cunnel; he ain't ben to no great inconvenience for need of that money, great rich man like him! But he went off r'arin' on you, like you'd killed his kin, and ain't nev' parted lips with ye sence——"

"Nor I don't blame him," says Zed stoutly; "'twarn't losin' the money."

"What else?"

"Dad burn it, cayn't ye onderstand? He lost his confidence in his old friend that he'd holped and comforted and hunted with—he fund out his old friend ben a liar and a mean, pusillanimous, swindlin' fool! And he'll never git over it. And yit here's you axing of me to go and hunt his wild hogs and beg him to lend more money—I won't do it!"

He was marching up and down the room, before the speech ended, misery and shame working the muscles of his face.

Hitty rose silently and proceeded industriously to clear away the dishes on the table.

"How'd I look makin' up to him?" fumed Zed. "I ain't got the everlastin' cheek!"

"HOW'D I LOOK MAKING UP TO HIM?" FUMED ZED.

A click, as the dishes were placed on each other, came from Hitty but not a word.

"He'd tell me I'd fooled him oncet but I never could agin—it makes me *sick* the way he looks at me!"

No answer from his wife.

Zed cleared his throat violently. "Well, I jest won't do it, that's all! I are going to the hog hunt and kill as many hogs as I kin fur him—if they don't drive me off, like's not they will! But I ain't goin' to open my head at him, lessn *he* begins. So there!"

Zed was used to ending by doing his wife's will, but he never surrendered; the enemy might march into the fort but he never hauled down the flag, and Hitty, his wife, never demanded a Roman triumph; she only meekly acquiesced in her lord's decision to let her have her own way.

But she was standing at the window when Zed rode off on the old gray that had carried him to a hundred hunts, and the tears were in her eyes. Zed did not see her because he did not once look back. His heart was shamed and sore within him. Perhaps there was an obscure streak of romance about him, or perhaps his worshiping admiration of Col. Hamilton was that last refuge of vanity into which every human creature, however meagre or squalid his existence, can somehow creep and forget. Ever since his first hunt, more than twenty years ago, with the colonel, he had admired him, fought for him, bragged of him. Zed might be a childless, unsuccessful old man, but he had

the best man and the best hunter in Arkansas for his friend. He, himself, was a mighty hunter, the best hunter except Colonel Edgar Phillips Hamilton (Zed would have told you) anywhere the black buzzards of Arkansas flew. He had a passion for hunting, yet since that bad day when he lost his friend he had never ridden to a hunt. He did not know why. He said he reckoned he "sorter got sickened of killin' critters. 'Sides, he'd got sorter wonted to huntin' with a *man*, and these here triflin' boys madded him with their fool ways and missin's!"

To-day as he rode along a crowd of memories of other hunts with Hamilton buzzed about him like a swarm of wasps. He rode over a trail indecipherable had he been less a veteran in wood craft, but well enough he recognized it to be the trail Hamilton and he took the day they showed the New Yorker the big hog rally. That *was* a rally! Twenty hogs killed by the two of them in an hour! The New Yorker had killed no hogs but he had been nearly killed himself, which, Hamilton said—Cunnel was full of his fun as a wild hog offight—waseven more exciting.

It was the New Yorker who gave Zed his rifle, "a right, nice, pleasant gentleman, though he didn't know nary 'bout huntin'."

Another time—"Dad burn it, how come I got to remembering them good times when I dassn't look him in the face!" swore Zed in anguish. "Git up you fool hoss! That's him, ahead."

He was now in the vast cane brake of the river bottoms where hide the runaway hogs that have become wild, a shelter and a food-bearing country at once. To his left lay a cypress slash darkling under the shade of the low cypress branches. The shadow of a horseman wavered among the fern-like etchings on the black water. Zed eyed him hungrily, the stout, erect figure in the shabby brown hunting-coat, the bold profile with the black mustache and the iron-gray curls under the soft hat brim, the rifle he carried, the horse he rode, the ugly hound trotting at the horse's heels.

"Oh, Lord, Lordy," moaned Zed, "don't he look plumb natural!"

The horseman rode on, whistling, and Zed rode behind him, feeling strangled. He made half a dozen false starts before he got his horse alongside the colonel's bay mare.

"Howdy, Cunnel, m—mighty pretty weather," stammered Zed over the lump in his throat.

The colonel gave him a deadly stare, but if we shoot our enemies in the Southwest we don't cut them; he nodded after the stare.

"Say, Cunnel, reckon you got it straight 'bout the way 'Squire Means would do me," says Zed, forcing a sickly grin. "Notice of sale in the papers."

The colonel uttered an enigmatical grunt; he would not glance at Zed's sorry figure; perhaps he didn't care to risk its appeal to his compassion, for the colonel had a warm and testy heart. But he stared, in spite of himself, at the gaunt brown hands on the reins and the thumbs rubbing restlessly at the leather. He knew Zed could never keep his hands still when he was excited or embarrassed.

"You—you—ain't seeking a right good fust morgige fur two hundred and eighty-three dollars? Ten per cent."

"No, sir, I ain't," said the colonel.

"Well, I—I didn't reckon you was, but I 'lowed I'd jest ax ye. Good mornin'."

Zed turned his horse to ride back, but instead of riding back he pulled Gray Pete on his haunches and cried in a loud tone, "By gum, Cunnel, they're comin' a-flyin'!"

Clear and near, a sound that had been growing all the while pealed through the dry air, a sound to make a hunter turn in his grave, the baying of hounds and the mellow call of the horns.

The colonel turned like a flash, he swung his rifle across his arm and slid the left hand along the barrel.

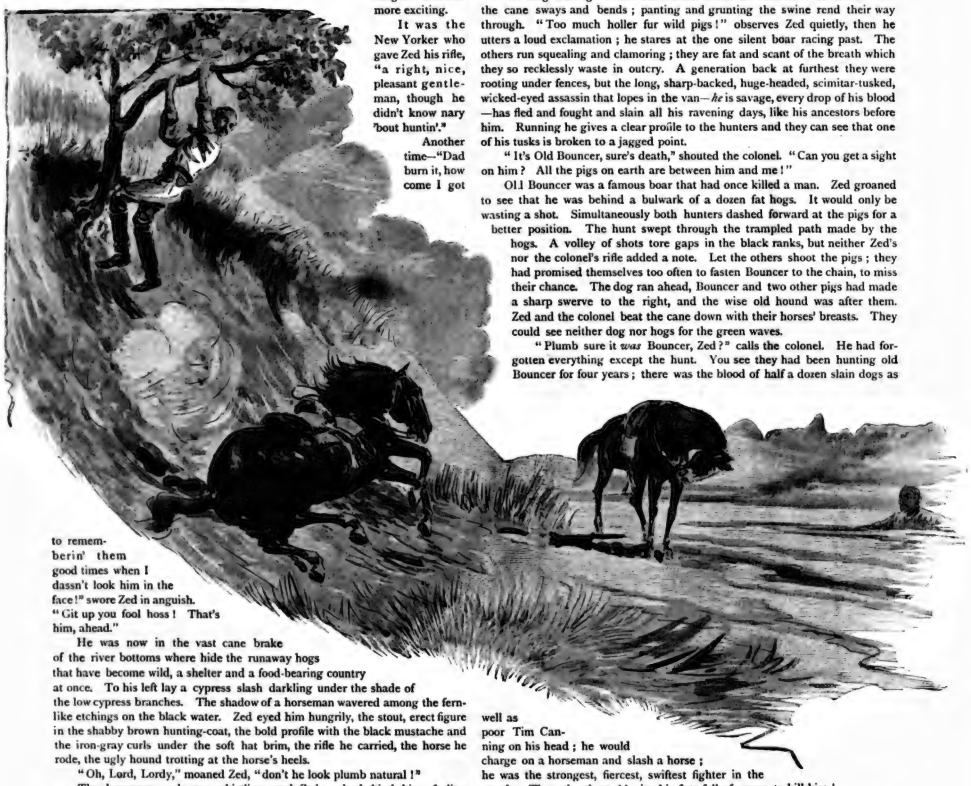
"Best wait right here," said Zed.

No long waiting—louder and louder swells the alarum of the hunt. Now the cane sways and bends; panting and grunting the swine rend their way through. "Too much holler fur wild pigs!" observes Zed quietly, then he utters a loud exclamation; he stares at the one silent boar racing past. The others run squealing and clamoring; they are fat and scant of the breath which they so recklessly waste in outcry. A generation back at furthest they were rooting under fences, but the long, sharp-backed, huge-headed, scimitar-tusked, wicked-eyed assassin that lopes in the van—*he* is savage, every drop of his blood—has fled and fought and slain all his ravening days, like his ancestors before him. Running he gives a clear profile to the hunters and they can see that one of his tusks is broken to a jagged point.

"It's Old Bouncer, sure's death," shouted the colonel. "Can you get a sight on him? All the pigs on earth are between him and me!"

Old Bouncer was a famous boar that had once killed a man. Zed groaned to see that he was behind a bulwark of a dozen fat hogs. It would only be wasting a shot. Simultaneously both hunters dashed forward at the pigs for a better position. The hunt swept through the trampled path made by the hogs. A volley of shots tore gaps in the black ranks, but neither Zed's nor the colonel's rifle added a note. Let the others shoot the pigs; they had promised themselves too often to fasten Bouncer to the chain, to miss their chance. The dog ran ahead, Bouncer and two other pigs had made a sharp swerve to the right, and the wise old hound was after them. Zed and the colonel beat the cane down with their horses' breasts. They could see neither dog nor hogs for the green waves.

"Plumb sure it *was* Bouncer, Zed?" calls the colonel. He had forgotten everything except the hunt. You see they had been hunting old Bouncer for four years; there was the blood of half a dozen slain dogs as well as poor Tim Canning on his head; he would charge on a horseman and slash a horse; he was the strongest, fiercest, swiftest fighter in the woods. The colonel would give his fists full of money to kill him!



"Plumb sure, Zed?" he cried. And Zed answered, "*Plumb*. I seen the broke tusk of him and the white tuft on his head."

Now, it happened that the boar was not only the wickedest but the schemiest brute in Arkansas. Presently, when the horses had toiled through the cane brake to the dogs and the pigs, lo! only two half-grown pigs and a restless, howling, agitated hound! The big boar seemed to be taken from the face of the earth.

"Pat, you old idiot," roars the colonel at the dog, "you've run past him!"

It is a trick of the wild hog to hide in the cane. They will lie so still that the very dogs are deceived and after sniffing about the place of hiding will run on and leave it.

"But I wouldn't have thought it of *you*, Patrick," sighs the colonel, while Pat waggles a dejected and slinking tail. Zed, who is standing up in his stirrups, studying the landscape, gives a whistle of hope and points; at the same second

the dog makes a break for a little glade, free from cane. Instantly, with one accord the men follow.

They galloped into the glade. True enough, there ran old Bouncer. He turned his big head and gave the hunters a lightning glance, then swung his lank bulk behind a fallen tree. Off behind the tree was a company of pigs. At the hunters' approach the pigs made a dash for the tall cane and the river. No less than three great boars were visible, pounding over the dried grass.

"Yonder he goes!" shouted the colonel, pushing his bay mare to the left, after one flying black shape.

"That's him!" yelled Zed, making for the right, after another.

Pat, the dog, had a third opinion and dove straight down the middle distance.

Both men halted at the first good sight of the boars; both men fired. Both boars dropped.

"Got him?" called the colonel.

"Got him?" shouted Zed back.

They had each shot a magnificent black boar, but neither boar was Old Bouncer. Meanwhile Pat, having left all the hogs, was crackling among the cane.

Zed flung himself on to his horse—they had dismounted—with a disgusted, "Cotch me bein' wiser'n a dog another time! I are ayfter old Pat!"

Not far away they could hear the crash of firing and the wild baying of the hounds. The hogs had rallied and the hunters were shooting them down. Wild hogs, really the "gamest" brutes, with the possible exception of the grizzly bear, that we have to hunt, will run until overtaken; then, as if to show that they ran out of no terror of their foes but purely to avoid the bother of a fight, they will turn at bay, and with never a sound save the clash of their teeth they will fight until the last hog is killed.

Yelps of dogs, wounded in the *melee*, pierced the din of shots and cries and barks, and another sound resembling the clatter of weird castinets rose above the yelps; *that* was the grinding of the hogs' teeth!

Col. Hamilton half swerved in his seat—not, however, drawing rein. "They have met up with another crowd, wild enough, over there," said he. "Say, Zed, it would be a pity to lose that pretty fight and have Old Bouncer fool us ayfter all, hay?"

"Old Bouncer may fool us but he cayn't fool old Pat *agin!*" said Zed doggedly.

"All right," said the colonel, bending over his horse, which seemed to feel the contagion of his thought, for she curved her beautiful neck and the muscles in her shoulders and flanks swelled in a new burst of speed. Presently they could see Pat; ahead of him a black boar was racing like a deer. He ran directly to the river. He reached the narrow stream—it was not the Black river but a tributary stream hardly of size enough to merit the name—and plunged in, the dog and hunters swimming after him. Both horses were in good wind and swam easily. They lost ground, but the dog gained.

"I hope Pat won't be a fool and tackle him before we get up," said the colonel anxiously. "I've got a fair sight on him, out of range of Pat, and I've a mind to let her talk!"

"I'd hate mightily for to have him sink and not git him," said Zed.

"So'd I; it's all that's saving his life, confound him! Say, Zed, sure as you're born it *is* Old Bouncer! Look at him going spang up the steepest part of the bank, 'cause he knows it will phase our horses, though he has to swim a right smart further! Ain't another hog living with such a long head!"

Up the steep bank scrambled the crafty Bouncer, giving the two hunters only the angle of his spine for a mark, because he found a safe passage through a kind of gully. Nevertheless Zed did fire, but to no effect apparently. Pat leaped up the bank by the same road.

The hunters took an easier ascent; the bank was steep enough at best, thereabouts.

Midway, a furious barking announced that the intrepid Pat had tackled the boar. And with the barking came the click of that ominous castinet!

Now, indeed, they hurried; now the horses, responding to their riders' cries, toiled fiercely at the slippery, clogging clay bank.

A yelp of pain from Pat! Another! The colonel groaned, "He'll finish the dog and light out before we can climb this cussed bank! Hi, girl! Up with you!" The mare made a desperate effort and the next instant the bank caved with a slump and a thud.

Zed had a kaleidoscopic glimpse of hoofs in the air shaking yellow mud, of a man's arm clutching and rifle barrels flashing; he felt a horrid nausea of upheaval and he gripped the branch of a thorn tree overhead, swinging free, while poor Gray Peter slipped crashing down the slide. In another moment he had swung himself to the firm ground. Below on the river edge Gray Peter, having righted himself, stood unhurt but sorely astonished. Col. Hamilton was sputtering out of the river and staring about for his rifle, and the mare had gotten to her feet and, trembling and wet, was casting an anxious eye upward.

"First knock down for Old Bouncer," bawls the colonel. "Zed, can *you* do anything? My rifle has gone plumb out of sight!"

"Try," answers Zed concisely. His own rifle has gone too, but he draws the knife from his belt and strides straight up to the writhing heap out of which first Pat's head and then the boar's swing into sight. It was the hog that attacked and the hound that eluded, this time. Pat snapped at the boar's ears and nimbly dodged his onset, but he was bleeding from half a dozen gashes and his blood-shot eyes glowed with a despairing appeal. "Good pup! good Pat!" called Zed, and flung himself on the boar, knife in hand. The dog collected all his failing strength in a last charge, and catching Old Bouncer's ear pulled the head over for the space of a knife thrust, which the old hunter drove for his life. If the blow failed, little chance that Hitty would ever manage him again!

Yet he had not been so happy in three years as when he risked his life on that one good blow, full and strong and swift home to the hilt on the left side of the matted black breast. The boar flung his tusks in air, the blood spurted from a mortal wound, but with amazing strength he made a death rally. He flung his hideous scimitars at his assailant. Zed leaped aside and the brute rolled over dead. Pat instantly bore witness that he was still alive in circles of exultation and the shrillest of barkings, and so covered Zed with gore, leaping on him with frantic caresses, that when the colonel got to the scene he thought the hunter was wounded.

"Ain't you hurt, Zed?" he kept saying. "Are you *sure* you ain't hurt?"

The boar was undoubtedly Old Bouncer, and in less than an hour he was traveling over the same road at the end of a chain, having been carried over the river in a boat. Pat, nearly bursting himself with peals of triumph, trotted in the rear.

"Well, this is something like, old friend, isn't it?" said the colonel. "You and me and the old dog all on the hunt together again—thunder, I plumb forgot!"

"What? you' rifle? I got it here with mine," said Zed.

"No, sir; I forgot what a rascal you were, Zed, and what a meanness you did me!"

"I plumb forgot it myself, Cunnel," said Zed dismally, "and yit, I never did forgit it tell this here day. You' right, I did do you terrible mean and I are gittin' my pay fur it now."

"I forgot another thing too, Trainor. I do want to buy a mortgage—a mortgage of about two hundred and eighty-odd dollars—oh, shut up; two old fellows like you and me cayn't afford to bear malice. Zed, when I saw you jump in to save old Pat, by —— it fairly wiped the whole d—— foolishness out of my head! I tell you it's no use, a fellow that can hunt like you, I have *got* to forgive him! Shake, old man, put it there!"

Zed grasped the outstretched hand with a sob. The whole story bubbled out of his remorseful and grateful soul as water bubbles up when a well is struck. "Hitty knowed best when she kep' at me to git me to go to this here hunt, the Lord have mercy on it," he gurgled between the coughs and blowing of his nose that his emotion required, "and I won't—no, sir, I won't gredge *tellin'* her so!"

He could not read the future nor behold how he was to come out a free man, the old debts all paid, in two good cotton years; but I doubt, knowing that simple and loyal nature, whether he would have been much happier than he was, riding homeward, with the famous Old Bouncer dragging at their heels and his recovered hero, joking him and telling hunting stories, at his side.

"AIN'T YOU HURT, ZED?" HE KEPT SAYING.

WILLIAM Trent, M.P., was ambitious for his only son Arthur, who attended the University when he could spare time from more agreeable engagements. There were so many things to occupy one's attention while at the University that Arthur could do little more towards his father's ambitions than tolerate them. His time was taken up in making things pleasant for a number of young ladies and maintaining a social reputation among his fellow-students. Altogether it was not surprising that Arthur found himself totally unprepared for the pressing necessities of the examinations when the time of trial drew near. He suggested to his father the advisability of dropping a year. William Trent, M.P., had old-fashioned ideas on education. He had not himself attended the University but he had always understood that a course of four years there was sufficient. Being a gentleman of considerable business capacity he immediately engaged a tutor of high reputation and instructed him to take Arthur to some quiet country village where the entire time should be spent in acquiring knowledge. In conclusion Mr. Trent remarked, "You will not find the boy stupid, Mr. Hobbes; all he wants is concentration, but avoid young women. I have found young women fatal to any concentration on Arthur's part." Oliver Hobbes, master of arts, knew very little about young ladies but he had met with cases in which Arthur's peculiar difficulty existed.

The Rev. John Cobham, a former classmate of his, resided in the hamlet of Centerville, which he described as the most tranquil spot in existence. Thitherward Mr. Hobbes directed his steps. His pupil by this time had reached a state of mind bordering on resignation. Extraordinary as it may appear, Arthur was beginning to feel some desire to pass the approaching examinations. After all it was the usual thing to do, and since he had to study he might as well try to pass. It is one thing not to read your work and be plucked—that shows lofty contempt for low ideals; it is quite another to study hard and fail—that tends to indicate weakness of intellect.

There was yet another reason. The young lady who had been fatal to Arthur's concentration that winter was Miss Julia Marchmount, who was also a student at the University. Unlike Arthur, Miss Julia was ambitious. Besides, she had to assist in the vindication of her sex. Men have been attending universities long enough to establish their status there as a class. On the other hand, it is a comparatively new pursuit for women and when one of them fails the world is inclined to doubt not only the capacity of the individual but that of the sex. A short time before William Trent, M.P., had insisted on Arthur's devoting his remaining time to study, Miss Julia had retired from the world in company with a young lady who had been more plentifully endowed with brains than with money. Arthur rightly felt that it would be incongruous for Miss Marchmount to succeed while he failed.

Centerville boasted one hotel, the best private room of which Mr. Hobbes selected as a study. Here Arthur experienced a course of mental culture which he found new and extremely trying. Arthur at the best of times required a confidant. When therefore he saw the graceful and familiar figure of Julia Marchmount disappearing within a neat, two-story cottage, it was absolutely necessary to tell someone and there was no one to tell but Mr. Hobbes. During the course of the conversation Arthur suggested the following theories: Had Julia come to Centerville knowing that he was there? Mr. Hobbes thought this unlikely, but it was evidently a favorite with Arthur. Had Arthur's father, approving of their fond attachment, chosen Centerville to bring matters to a climax? Mr. Hobbes distinctly refuted this. Well, then, what was it? It couldn't have been accident, such accidents happened only in stories. Mr. Hobbes was inclined to think that it might have been accident, but Arthur preferred his own opinion and flattered himself that Julia had chosen Centerville because he had.

Meanwhile Miss Marchmount confided to her private tutor that Arthur, madly infatuated, had followed her to Centerville. Miss Katharine

SHE WAVED THE SCARF WITH A ROMANTIC AIR WHEN HE PASSED

Williams, for such was the young lady's name, was considerably discomposed by this piece of information and represented to her pupil with great earnestness that they had come to Centerville to study and that the time at their disposal was short enough without being further curtailed by the presence of a disturbing element. Miss Marchmount quite agreed with Miss Williams, and assured her that she did not intend taking the slightest notice of Arthur Trent. If people insisted on falling in love with one while one was preparing for an examination, they would have to take the consequences. Thus it happened that these two ardent young persons were in the same village more than a week before they had an opportunity of speaking to each other. Mr. Hobbes and Miss Williams were inexorable and kept their pupils at it early and late. True, Arthur had fallen into the habit of going for a walk before breakfast and Julia kept a crimson scarf on the window sill which she waved with a romantic air when he passed.

Mrs. Cobham, the mother of the Rev. John, was an old lady who took no chances about missing the angel unawares by neglecting to entertain strangers. It entered her kind heart that it would be singularly appropriate to ask the young people who were so assiduous in pursuit of an education to tea at the parsonage along with their respective tutors. Miss Julia Marchmount was a singularly attractive young lady and Arthur's open, handsome face won his way into most women's hearts, especially when they reflected, as Mrs. Cobham did, that his own mother never had had a chance of telling him what a fine fellow he was.

The gentlemen accepted Mrs. Cobham's invitation without a moment's hesitation. It was evident that not only Arthur but also Mr. Hobbes was anxious to go. Perhaps the latter was becoming interested in the young lady of whom Arthur discoursed so continually. Not so with the ladies. Julia wanted to go. To tell the truth, Julia had reached the point when she felt that she must have a little relaxation or the consequences would be disastrous. Miss Marchmount was accustomed to a good deal of attention and she felt the lack of it keenly. Miss Williams was doubtful. She had had some experience of young ladies and gentlemen singly and otherwise, and it struck her that tea at the parsonage was a dangerous experiment. Miss Williams, however, was but human and felt the need of a little relaxation herself. In the end they went.

"WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LEAVE MY DAUGHTER'S NAME OUT OF THIS DISCUSSION."

What a sight Julia Marchmount presented as she entered the parsonage drawing-room! Arthur, rising from the most comfortable chair in the room, was pierced through the heart at the sight of her beauty. There had been nothing to fire Julia's ambition lately, but this was an opportunity and she wore her newest gown. It is a high testimony to the greatness of Miss Williams' soul that she watched her pretty pupil's triumph with an amused delight in which there was not a trace of malice. She conversed with Mrs. Cobham while Arthur and the Rev. John vied with each other in their attentions to Miss Marchmount. Oliver Hobbes, M.A., one of the most polite men in the world, paid a suitable amount of attention to his hostess and her other guest, who said little but viewed the proceedings with kindly eyes.

"I've had a lovely time, Miss Williams," Julia said after the gentlemen had left them at their gate. Arthur and the Rev. John had walked home one on each side of her while Mr. Hobbes escorted Miss Williams. "I am sure we will be able to do twice as much work to-morrow after our pleasant little evening."

On the contrary, they had never experienced such difficulty in getting to work as they did next morning. Miss Marchmount had to explain that although she liked Arthur very much he was too young to be taken seriously. Then naturally she wanted to know just what Miss Williams thought of Arthur now that she had seen him. This Miss Williams gently discouraged, and about eleven o'clock they were getting fairly started when the lady that owned the two-story cottage informed Miss Williams that Mrs. Cobham wished to see her. Such an announcement was rather startling and Miss Williams' cheek flushed as she came downstairs. Mrs. Cobham's manner indicated that the nature of her errand was serious.

"My dear, I am old enough to be your mother, so you mustn't mind if I give you a little advice."

When old ladies take young ones by the hand and looking at them kindly but gravely say that they are going to give them a little advice, the subject under discussion may be a pleasant one but unfortunately for the young ladies it seldom is.

Mrs. Cobham went on to say to Miss Williams that she had been put in charge of a very lovely, very charming girl, but had she quite realized what a responsibility she had undertaken? In a couple of hours last night Mrs. Cobham had discovered what no one else had apparently suspected, that Arthur and Julia were deep in love with each other, poor, dear children. How would Miss Williams like to wake up some morning and find them married? What would she say to Julia's mother then? Miss Williams did not know the feelings of a mother but she, Mrs. Cobham, did and so could not stand quietly by and see this happen. Mrs. Cobham advised them to return to the city at once. She then kissed Miss Williams warmly and departed, reminding her that if she had not taken a deep interest in them all she would never have said a word.

Had Miss Williams been a young lady of less strength of character she would have wept after Mrs. Cobham's departure; as it was, she kept Miss Julia at her books all day in a most unsympathetic manner. She did not even take Mrs. Cobham's advice but preferred, for reasons of her own, writing to Mr. Hobbes and informing him of Mrs. Cobham's discovery. She suggested that the best plan would be for Mr. Hobbes and Arthur to return to the city, as she feared they had been unwise in selecting Centerville. This letter Mr. Hobbes answered at some length, regretting that Miss Williams should have been distressed and strongly deprecating any change in their original plans. He concluded by saying that he was pretty well acquainted with Arthur's mind and he believed that any such idea as a runaway marriage had never entered it. He considered that a retreat would only put foolish ideas into the young people's heads, but of course if Miss Williams insisted his only course was to obey.

Miss Williams was greatly puzzled but she decided to wait for a few days and informed Mrs. Cobham of her decision, which Mrs. Cobham did not consider at all wise. During the interval Miss Williams kept Miss Julia suitably employed.

Needless to say, Mr. Hobbes performed a like kind office for Arthur.

Meanwhile the editor of the local paper, hoping to increase its meagre circulation, had sent copies containing a flattering account of the promising young students to their respective parents. It wanted but a week of the examinations when William Trent, M.P., opened the inoffensive-looking marked copy and received a shock, as he himself afterwards said. Mrs. Marchmount also received a shock and both the outraged parents acted on their first impulse, which, extraordinary to relate, was the same. The east-going train that afternoon bore them in the direction of Centerville. The stage discharged them both at the door of the hotel, where Mr. Trent's stern enquiry for Mr. Hobbes revealed to Mrs. Marchmount the identity of her fellow-traveler. They were shown to adjoining rooms. Mrs. Marchmount being a lady of an excitable temperament did not choose to listen to any men discussing her daughter. She left her room and knocking sharply on the door of the other walked in just as Mr. Trent was demanding if Mr. Hobbes considered it part of his duty to bring about a marriage between his son and Miss Julia Marchmount.

"Would you be good enough, sir, to leave my daughter's name out of this discussion."

"I know nothing of your daughter, madam," returned William Trent, M.P., somewhat testily.

"My daughter is Miss Julia Marchmount and I can answer for her that she would never dream of marrying your son. She is at present engaged in preparing for an examination under the care of a most estimable young lady, Miss Katharine Williams, B.A."

Mr. Hobbes bowed respectfully to Mrs. Marchmount. "My dear madam, you are quite right; nothing could exceed the industry of these ladies. Your daughter and this gentleman's son have met but once, and that in the house of the English Church clergyman. I beg that you will discharge any such idea from your mind, sir."

At this juncture the door opened and Arthur walked in.

"I knocked but couldn't make anyone hear. How are you, father?" Glancing round the room he saw Mrs. Marchmount and gathered from the expression of her face that their love affairs

SHE GLANCED UP AT HIM QUICKLY.

were at last attracting the attention they deserved.

Meantime Mrs. Cobham had heard from a neighbor of the arrivals at the hotel, and despatching her son to act as peace-maker she herself hastened to prepare the ladies for the advent of Mrs. Marchmount. But Julia no sooner heard that her mother was at the hotel than she insisted on joining her. Miss Williams went with her, as in duty bound, and Mrs. Cobham's anxiety would not allow her to remain behind. So it happened that before Arthur had recovered from his confusion the Rev. John Cobham knocked at the door, and while Mr. Hobbes was explaining who he was Miss Julia, Miss Williams and Mrs. Cobham also entered.

"Well, mamma, what is the matter? Hadn't you better come over to the cottage with us?"

Miss Julia spoke with composure but meeting Arthur's eye she blushed, and the two young people recognizing that all the trouble was about them felt very much in love indeed.

"I came down to see you, Julia. I was wearying for a sight of you, my love." Mrs. Marchmount glanced defiantly at Mr. Trent, who wasn't to be abashed and looked as if he wanted something explained.

All this time the Rev. John Cobham was urging Mr. Hobbes in a low voice to "Speak up, my dear fellow; it's the only thing to do. I'll stand by you." Mr. Hobbes seemed reluctant, but after engaging Miss Williams in a short private conversation appeared to consent.

"If I might be allowed to interfere," said the Rev. John, blushing in a youthful manner, "the whole difficulty, if there is any, lies in one point, why was such an unimportant place as Centerville chosen by both parties?"

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Trent, "the very thing. Why did everybody come to Centerville?"

"Mr. Hobbes," said the Rev. John, "has an explanation to offer which, I am confident, will satisfy everyone."

Julia, blushing gloriously, looked shyly at Arthur. She knew why he had come. Arthur was more convinced than ever that his theory was the right one. Mrs. Cobham gazed at them both with fond sympathy. Miss Williams looked at no one till Mr. Hobbes took her hand, when she glanced up at him quickly.

"This lady," he said, looking at her with evident pride, "has promised to be my wife. At my urgent request she brought Miss Marchmount to Centerville, where I afterwards came with your son, sir. It had not occurred to me that the young people would know anything about each other, and, if I may make the remark, their acquaintance has had no opportunity to become more intimate here. I chose Centerville because it is the home of a dear old friend of mine who has promised to marry us. We said nothing about it to anyone for the reason, I suppose, that we thought it concerned no one but ourselves."

He said all this with an air of frankness and modesty and the Rev. John nodded his head in vigorous approval.

It was something to see the amazed wonder dawn in Julia's eyes and spread over Arthur's face. The possibility of any love affairs but their own causing the exodus to Centerville had never entered their heads. The idea of anyone being in love with Miss Williams! Julia was speechless.

It took a moment for the married ladies to comprehend the situation, but when they did it came with a rush. Rapid as Mrs. Cobham was, Mrs. Marchmount reached Miss Williams before her.

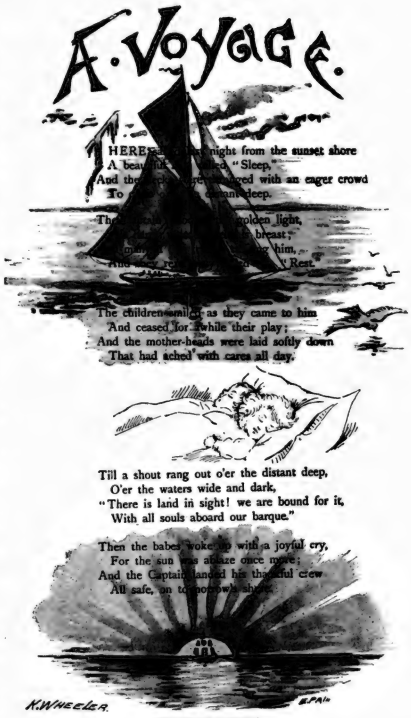
"My dear Miss Williams, is it possible? I am so very glad," she exclaimed, embracing her with considerable force of impact.

"You naughty child! The idea of your knowing all the time and letting me say such things to you!" cried Mrs. Cobham, pressing Miss Williams' dark head to her motherly bosom.

By this time Julia had recovered herself sufficiently to add her congratulations to those of the others, realizing at the same time that Miss Williams in love was a very handsome person.

"My dear fellow," cried Mr. Trent, wringing Oliver's hand, "when is it to be? Saturday? Why not to-morrow? We would all like to be present."

And to-morrow it was, in St. Angel's by the Way, Centerville, where Mr. Trent gave away the bride and fell so in love with weddings that it is believed his consent will be obtained before either Arthur or Julia gets a degree, if they ever do, which Julia's mamma now thinks very unlikely.



JIM.

Azrael stood at the gates of light,
Preening his wings for an earthward flight.

'Tis his to stand on the fateful strand
Of the river of life which rolls
Its burdened tide of human pride
And its flotsam of weary souls.
For he is the breath which men call death,
The disposer of men and things,
And the shadow vast o'er life's waters cast,
Is thrown from his raven wings.

In a lonely hut on the prairie wild
A mother knelt o'er her dying child.

And she watched the shadow steal o'er his face,
And the light in his hazel eyes grow dim,
And she prayed the prayer to the throne of grace:
"O Father of Mercies! spare my Jim."
But Azrael swept thro' the vaulted night
And bore her Jim to the gates of light.

To the maidens nine in the light divine
Of Juno's halls he bore him,
And laid him there, all white and fair,
While the nine bent fondly o'er him;
And the light from an angel's glittering wings
Passed over the face of the child,
And he opened his eyes to glorious things,
But he neither cooed nor smiled,
But cried as only a child can cry
For his mother to come to him;
And they said she was coming by and by
To cuddle her little Jim.
Then each in turn, in his wild unrest,
Would press him close to her vestal breast.

But nor angel song, nor angel kiss,
Nor aught that one of the nine could do,
Could comfort Jim in that land of bliss,
For the loss of his mother, the fond and true;
So Azrael sped thro' the twilight dim
To fetch his mother to little Jim.

GEORGE MOFFAT.

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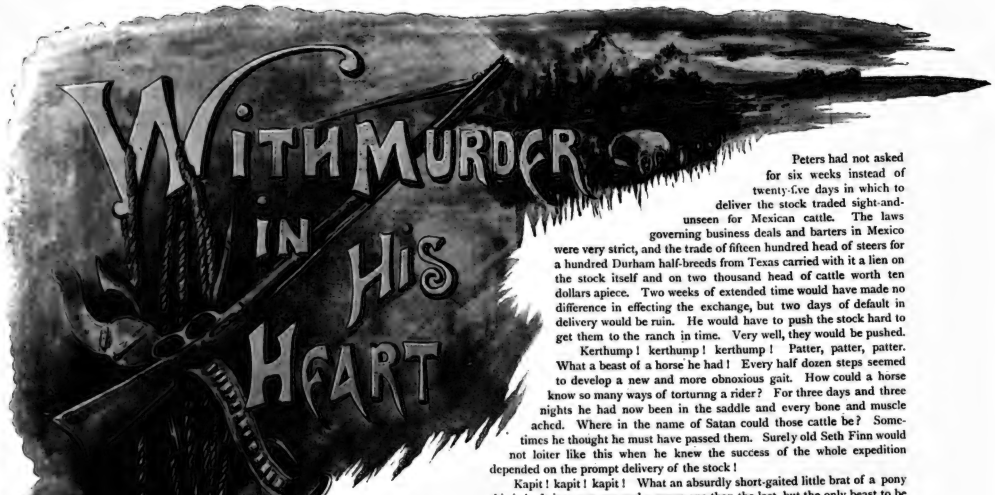


By Edmund Sheppard:

THUD! thud! thud. The horse's feet seemed to pound the earth with even and unceasing monotony. The rider thought of nothing, except when the gallop changed to a trot and the hard pounding of the ugly beast which he bestrode awoke the man and his resentment. It was two o'clock in the morning when he left Ojo Chevato, and by daylight he hoped to reach his camp, which three weeks ago he had seen safely across the Rio Grande and left with instructions to push forward with a herd of fancy-bred cattle as rapidly as possible. He had told Seth Finn, the camp boss, to have his stock ready for delivery three hundred miles south of the river in twenty-five or thirty days. Now they should be within fifty or at most a hundred miles of him.

The foreman for Molson & Peters, of Fort Worth, was a "tenderfoot," chosen for the position because he was young and steady and a British subject. Things were very unsettled in Mexico and the American citizen had no rights which the Mexican considered himself bound to recognize. England, however, protected her subjects, and this particular subject was a Canadian, and he knew cattle, sheep, horses and mules as even the native Mexican did not. He was young, not more than twenty-three, tall, slender and nervous, but in the few months of his somewhat difficult task he had learned to master himself and was silent and grave. One thing of which he was not yet sure was whether or not he was a coward. Though he had never shrunk from a task nor retreated in the face of an enemy, he had been sufficiently tactful to avoid encounters and his life had been uneventful except that every day and night had been crowded full of toil. Sometimes in the long and lonely rides between the seven camps he supervised, rides which the presence of Indians and "rustlers" made it necessary for him to take at night, he questioned himself as to what he would do if put face to face with danger and death. Drowsiness had always answered the question, for at night he had learned to doze as his horse cantered along, and in the daytime the strange largeness of the world and his absolute separation from everybody and everything except his horse narrowed his life down to that of a machine. He had nothing to think about, for Messrs. Molson & Peters did the thinking for him at both ends of his long rides. He simply lived and grew strong and self-contained.

Morning and noon and night came, and at the little cattle ranch on the Conchita he changed his horse and marveled much that he had not met his herd. Next day men were breakfasting at El Moso who had come in from the Hacienda de la Muchacha, ninety miles away, and they had seen nothing of a herd of cattle nor a band of horses. He had now been two days and two nights in the saddle, but he still had twenty-five days in which to deliver his stock. He questioned himself as he rode away why any horse should be such an ill-tempered and uneven-gaited beast as the one under him, and why Mr. Peters had not asked for six weeks instead of twenty-five days in which to deliver the stock traded sight-and-unseen for Mexican cattle. The laws governing business deals and barters in Mexico were very strict, and the trade of fifteen hundred head of steers for a hundred Durham half-breeds from Texas carried with it a lien on the stock itself and on two thousand head of cattle worth ten dollars apiece. Two weeks of extended time would have made no difference in effecting the exchange, but two days of default in delivery would be ruin. He would have to push the stock hard to get them to the ranch in time. Very well, they would be pushed.

Kerthump! kerthump! kerthump! Patter, patter, patter. What a beast of a horse he had! Every half dozen steps seemed to develop a new and more obnoxious gait. How could a horse know so many ways of torturng a rider? For three days and three nights he had now been in the saddle and every bone and muscle ached. Where in the name of Satan could those cattle be? Sometimes he thought he must have passed them. Surely old Seth Finn would not loiter like this when he knew the success of the whole expedition depended on the prompt delivery of the stock!

Kapit! kapit! kapit! What an absurdly short-gaited little brat of a pony this is! It is a new one and a worse one than the last, but the only beast to be obtained at the Rio Toro, nor is a change to be had for another seventy miles. How was a man to stand it who had been four days and nights in the saddle, never daring to sleep lest the camp be passed? Certainly there is no danger of sleeping on the back of this animal, for every ten minutes the little villain breaks into a kapity-kapit-kapatity-shackaracky-pump-pump combination that no nervous system could endure. Beat and baste him, of course, Messrs. Molson & Peters' foreman did, but with what gain? Six gaits with all the change of stops in a cabinet organ developed into sixteen. As the wearied rider passed the shaggy mountain base of Capuchin he remembered once, months ago, when old Seth Finn struck a match from his hand as he tried to light a cigarette.

"Fool," the old man had snapped out, "do you want to be shot? Nobody but a tenderfoot would put a lighthouse over his liver with Indians waiting for a crack at what is passing."

Four nights and nearly five days. Merciful heaven, when will the signal on the trail be reached? Had he slept? Surely nobody could sleep on this buzz-saw of a pony. Yet surely Finn must have the stock in his charge further along than this. "Confound this beast of a pony. I shall drop off," he muttered weakly. It is coming the gray of the evening and eighty miles are at the credit of the trembling animal. Where, oh where, are Finn and the cattle? The gait of the pony gets easier, he is too tired to change, but every now and then he stumbles and blood drips slowly from the nose of the little horse, for thrice he has struck the earth with his head while trying to prevent himself from falling. The foreman of Molson & Peters is asleep. He awakens when the motion stops and tumbles to the ground in front of the little mill at the Vegas. Unhurt but angry, he stood face to face with the trembling gray roan little thing that had carried him so many leagues.

"You are not a horse, confound you! You are a clothes-horse, a thing, a bone-rack left over from the Inquisition."

The poor beast's eyes are shut and his tongue hangs down beside the bit of the bridle, and the blood is dripping from his bruised nose. The young fellow stroked the tired face of his pony, muttering, "Well, you have had a hard trip of it, old fellow." But the horse's head slipped from his hand as he lay down, the saddle cinches creaking as the pony dropped to the ground. The owner of the queer little mill and his pretty wife came out and asked him in to supper. No, they had not heard of any herd of horses or cattle coming from the north. Pedro Gomez, from San Jose, had come in an hour ago and had said nothing of them. No, they could not have passed without someone telling him. Great

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

heavens! Now nearly three hundred miles from the Concho and no stock in sight!

John Stevens was the miller and Miranda Stevens was his wife. In Ohio they had belonged to the same church as Mr. Peters and the foreman was used to good treatment when he reached the mill at the Vegas. He had slept there a dozen times, and once, not long ago, Mrs. Stevens had put her arm around him and told him, as she kissed his forehead, that she had found a son. He remembered the bed upstairs with its clean sheets—such an almost forgotten luxury in Mexico—and the sweet smell of flowers and odorous grasses which had been sprinkled over the white garments packed in the c[illegible]. Four nights and five days and an invitation to sleep! But he resisted it, and all the pretty perfumes of the spare room. There was the trade Mr. Peters had made on the Concho and the cattle must be there. Could he have a horse? Of course any friend of Mr. Peters could have a horse, and while the miller was away getting it the miller's wife passed her cool hands over his face and kissed his forehead, and told him that he would kill himself if he tried to ride any further. It made no difference; he must go. The early moon was just growing large as he pulled himself into the saddle and rode away. The even step of the black horse and the knowledge that he could not possibly strike the camp for many hours, brought sleep. He was opposite the Rancheria when he awoke, the little black single-footer going at a steady, even gait. He was thirty miles away from the mill and twenty miles past where pretty Lucia lived at the springs of San Jose. He wondered if he could have passed the herd. Something told him that it was still further on. Five days and five nights had passed and morning showed brightly over the Sierra Madres.

"I FEEL AS IF I WERE DRUNK."

"I feel as if I were drunk," thought the foreman. "A pulse in my head beats with a throb that is as painful as a blow. Curse that fellow Finn," said he. "I asked Mr. Peters not to make him a camp boss. I believe I am afraid of him. I know he hates me."

Seth Finn was alcalde of his village in New Mexico, the husband of a Mexican woman and the hero of more than one shooting match which had been followed by a funeral. Thirty years ago he had been a classleader in Indiana, and even yet in the evening he sang old-fashioned hymns by the camp fire with much feeling and in good voice, often starting tears in the foreman's eyes. He was with the Forty-niners in the rush to California; he had married an Indian woman and degenerated as men do who find such a mate. She had died and a Mexican woman had her place, and he held all local authority in his district. Finn was of the opinion that he should have been the foreman for Messrs. Molson & Peters, and as the young fellow had turned all these facts over in his mind he felt that Finn was holding back his stock so as to embarrass his rival. At nine o'clock in the morning, as the pony passed down into the valley, the camp was in sight. And such a camp! As far as the eye could see the stock was scattered; there was no grass, no water, and the herdsmen were sleeping around the baggage wagon. Seth Finn was not in sight but as the foreman rode in, Jimmie Woods, an Englishman who was acting as cook, stood up and smiled a welcome.

"What the devil are you doing here, Jimmie? You are not fifty miles from where I left you nearly three weeks ago."

Jimmie shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't know, that Finn seemed to be holding back the stock for some reason.

"They will be starved to death if we stay here a couple of days longer. Pack up and move quick," gasped the foreman, and then shouting to the Mexicans he told them to round up the cattle and move them up.

"It is too hot," said Gonzales, the Mexican brother-in-law of Seth Finn.

"It doesn't matter; you have got to go." The foreman's rifles and revolver were piled against the wheel of the wagon and he lay down to sleep, wondering if those dreadful pains would ever leave him. At this moment the tall form of Seth Finn, mounted on a pony, came into sight. "Why are you packing up?" he demanded of Woods.

"The boss told me to, and that we had to move out of here as quick as possible."

Finn sprang from his horse, every fibre of his red whiskers streaked with gray and stains of tobacco juice bristling with rage. Striding up to where the foreman lay he drew his revolver and pointing it at him asked who was boss of this camp. The click of the trigger awoke the half-unconscious man and he glanced up to find his enemy had the drop on him. Life is not worth much to a man who has been five nights and over five days in the saddle, but it is always sweet. Such a villainous apparition under any circumstances will cause a man to be careful how he makes reply, but the knowledge of long nourished hatred made the foreman of Molson & Peters select his language with exceeding great care. Seth Finn called him every dirty name that long acquaintance with mining camps and border groggeries had taught him. As the foreman looked up into the sixshooter he had to hear his mother spoken of in terms such as no man who is fit to live is willing to listen to. Epithets reeking with the filth of a depraved mind were heaped upon him, but there was nothing left for him to do but smile and say, "Well, what do you want me to do?"

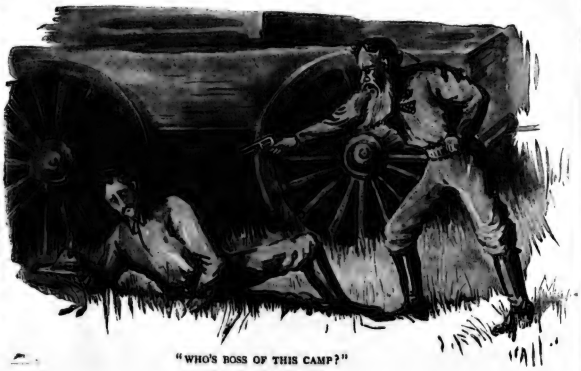
"What do I want you to do! You have got to beg like a dog or I'll fill you full of holes. We are in Mexico now, and if I kill you nobody will ever make me any trouble. I guess I am solider down here than you are."

"Well, consider that I have begged like a dog, that I have made every apology that a man can make. What then?"

"What then?" sneered Finn, the bristles of his red beard sticking out ferociously. "When you want anything done in this camp, you speak to me. Don't give any orders to the cook. I am boss of this outfit and I am not going to let any dirty-nosed whelp like you come in and tell them to move up."

"Very well, Mr. Finn. You were not here when I got into camp and Mr. Peters has made a trade on the Concho and agreed to deliver these cattle on a certain date, and it will take every moment of our time to get there. I have ridden five nights and over five days without any sleep. What I did was done for the good of the firm and without any thought of injuring you or hurting your feelings. The stock is looking very thin. I cannot see any reason why you are not two hundred miles farther south than this, but we are both working for the same firm and you know your business. I can only tell you that the agreement is for such a date at such a place. If you won't go forward, if you won't try to fill it, you will have to reckon with them, not with me. If you kill me it won't make things any better for yourself."

The last remark was encouraged by the fact that Jimmie Woods, who had managed to lose all his money and half of the fingers from each of his hands, was standing behind Seth Finn and out of range of the Mexicans, waiting for developments. Jimmie was a character. He had nothing to say, he had no nerves, and once when the foreman found him sleeping with a rattlesnake coiled comfortably in the space between his shoulder and his neck he had called out, "Jimmie, Jimmie," and when Jimmie opened his eyes in his slow Devonshire fashion the foreman had said, "Lie still; there's a rattlesnake coiled beside your neck and if you move he is apt to strike you. Gonzales will pass you a stick. Take it in your hand and bring it up slowly and strike the brute before you stir your head." Jimmie reached out his hand and got the stick, struck the snake, pitched it away from him, turned over and went to sleep again without any material change of position.



"WHO'S BOSS OF THIS CAMP?"

Jimmie was st[illegible]
suggested that if t[illegible]
the foreman shifte[illegible]
lative countenance
position to see wh[illegible]
dropped his weapo[illegible]
would shoot.

It had been bi[illegible]
to whether or not h[illegible]

"I KIN BRING HIM TO TIME."

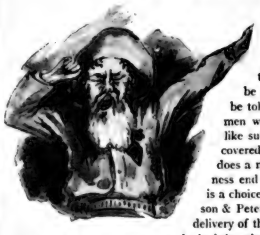
over, this phase of
sense of duty had h[illegible]
why he should wa[illegible]
seemed to have be[illegible]
prairie swam befor[illegible]
his head, and the m[illegible]
himself, "I am a co[illegible]
man who spoke of
used, should have h[illegible]
and mountain faded
before he awoke and
fully in the baggage
herd was up to the
and his wife and ret[illegible]
well. For two days
and smelt the bloss[illegible]
things as Mrs. Steve[illegible]
been made to "beg."
food was bitter in h[illegible]
coward. But solitud[illegible]
he looked at the wo[illegible]
such a poor miserab[illegible]
the rewarding of ho[illegible]
hated himself most [illegible]

In a cynical way
out how the wounds
"Say, come her[illegible]
pony's lariat to his w[illegible]
took hold of the you[illegible]
"I hear that tha[illegible]
thing to the wife abo[illegible]
here you can't have
You weakened; I'd [illegible]
have got to fix it befo[illegible]
else give up your job.
it on you."

The young fellow
with sickness and rea[illegible]
"Mr. Stevens," s[illegible]
ing about it and think
coward to weaken, bu[illegible]
"Say, young fell[illegible]
couple of men myself
it. I don't like the le[illegible]
kill him; now mind t[illegible]
The boy turned
"Say now, mind
guilty if you do."
With a hasty go[illegible]
idea of killing Seth [illegible]
for five days and now
the water at the ford
blood and make it sp[illegible]
The cactus stood
man saw nothing but
again and again, and
prettily he had perfo[illegible]

Jimmie was standing at the rear of the other onlookers, in a position which suggested that if trouble occurred he would probably have some share in it, and the foreman shifted his eyes from Finn's furious face to the quietly contemplative countenance of the cook. Mr. Finn felt nervous. He was not in a position to see whether a gun was fixed on him from the rear or not, so he dropped his weapon with a final warning that the next time he "pulled" he would shoot.

It had been bitter medicine to the young "tenderfoot." The question as to whether or not he was a coward seemed to have been settled—against him. In the parlance of the plains he had been made to "beg." Half a dozen Mexicans had witnessed the operation and any further discipline in that camp was out of the question. As soon as the men met the cowboys in the other camps he would be despised by them also. The story would be told in every *meson* and wine-shop where his men would gather. A man may feel very much like suicide when as a bank president he is discovered to be a defaulter, but nowhere in the world does a man feel so degraded as when at the business end of a sixshooter he has had to "beg." It is a choice between death and degradation, yet Molson & Peters' foreman may have thought more of the delivery of the cattle and his duty to his employers than he had thought of his life when he "weakened." As he lay in the shadow of the wagon, however, thinking it all over, this phase of it gave him no comfort. He refused to believe that a sense of duty had had anything to do with his "begging." He asked himself why he should want to live another minute when every muscle and bone seemed to have been aggregated into one dreadful, aching boil. The whole prairie swam before his eyes and the wagon seemed to reel and rock at his head, and the mountains were floating about like clouds. "No," he said to himself, "I am a coward. I should have jumped up and told him to shoot. A man who spoke of my mother as Finn did and called me the names he used, should have had the privilege of killing me." Then prairie and wagon and mountain faded away; he was unconscious. Nearly three days passed before he awoke and found that Jimmie Woods had been carrying him carefully in the baggage wagon and that wonderful progress had been made. Their herd was up to the Vegas, and that morning he had breakfast with the miller and his wife and returned them the black single-footer that had carried him so well. For two days he lay in the spare chamber while the herd was moving on, and smelt the blossoms and the odor of the grasses and thought of strange things as Mrs. Stevens sat by his bed. He wondered if she knew that he had been made to "beg." He thought Mr. Stevens spoke strangely to him. The food was bitter in his mouth when he remembered that he was considered a coward. But solitude had taught him silence and he asked no questions. As he looked at the woman who sometimes came and petted him he thought that such a poor miserable villain as he had proved to be might be quite equal to the rewarding of hospitality with a betrayal of the trust reposed in him. He hated himself most when to his mind came evil thoughts of a good woman.



"I KIN BRING HIM TO TIME."

In a cynical way he felt the nose of the poor little gray roan pony, to find out how the wounds had healed.

"Say, come here," said Stevens as he was about to mount, passing the pony's lariat to his wife. Inside the little fifteen-by-twenty mill the Ohio man took hold of the young fellow's shoulder and looking in his eyes said:

"I hear that that fellow Finn kind of called you down. I hain't said anything to the wife about it and hain't going to, but if you are going to live down here you can't have any such performances as that going on in your camps. You weakened; I'd 'a' done just the same under the circumstances. But you have got to fix it before the men in this camp get to the men in the next one, or else give up your job. Don't be ashamed to take the "pull" on him; he took it on you."

The young fellow looked into the miller's eyes, his face gray and shrunken with sickness and reaction.

"Mr. Stevens," said he slowly "I will attend to Finn. I have been dreaming about it and thinking about it ever since the trouble took place. I was a coward to weaken, but I will prove that I am not as soft as he thinks."

"Say, young fellow, now say, don't kill him, you know. I have killed a couple of men myself, and you know it hain't nice afterwards; you think about it. I don't like the looks of your face. I didn't bring you in here to tell you to kill him; now mind that. You can do him some other way."

The boy turned and opened the door and was hurrying towards his horse.

"Say now, mind you, I didn't advise you to kill him. I will kind of feel guilty if you do."

With a hasty good-night Molsons & Peters' foreman galloped away, the idea of killing Seth Finn firmly fastened in his mind. He had hated himself for five days and now he started to hate the other man. As he splashed through the water at the ford he thought how he would like to splash through Finn's blood and make it splatter all over everything, and the thought made him laugh.

The cactus stood out strong in the white light, and Molson & Peters' foreman saw nothing but Seth Finn's heart in the large leaves. His pistol rang out again and again, and he laughed proudly when he rode up and saw how prettily he had perforated the heart-shaped target. Yes, he would show Jimmie Woods that he too was a Britisher, even if he came from a Canadian farm and had been made to "beg." In imagination he cut Seth Finn's head off and put it on a bush, the long red whiskers dripping with blood and the small, cruel eyes closed in death. He began to feel happy. When he went back to the mill Mrs. Stevens would know of him as the fellow who had "killed a man." Sometimes he thought of his mother, but more than ever his heart hardened, for had not Seth Finn called him a son of a ——? "I've got to attend to him," said he to himself, "or I must leave the country." The gray roan pony bothered him no more; every time his gait changed a new way of killing Seth Finn came into the foreman's mind. Everything pleased him, and as he rode into camp he had Seth Finn's head cut from his body, and with the red whiskers in his hand he would beat the Mexicans on the face with it and force them to recognize that he was no coward.

The camp had made great progress and was at Casa Blanca. It was almost night when he arrived. Jimmie Woods made some supper for him and picketed his horse. No Mexican paid him the slightest attention, but he could hear them laugh as Seth Finn re-told the story of how he had made the tenderfoot "beg off." His blood boiled, and Jimmie Woods' careful attendance made him still more furious. Here was the cook consoling him, and he dared not go over to the fire where the herders were playing cards and tell one of them to take his horse and give him water! Seth Finn, too, had his sixshooter near his hand, and never turned his back nor let the foreman get behind him, and unless he shot him in the night he could not call him down. Why not shoot him off-hand? Even Finn was not prepared to defend himself against a midnight attack; yet it would but have prepared the peons for an organized attempt at the assassination of the foreman and the beginning of a series of crimes such as all cattlemen have to dread. No, he would wait in the camp till Finn had begun to feel that confidence had been restored and ceased to be so watchful.

It was now nearly eight days since the episode and Finn had not abated his alertness nor failed to hourly insult the foreman by his sneers and quiet contempt for the young man's suggestions. Hate had grown into subdued fury, and this was quickly developing into a frenzy which could not be much longer concealed. The herd was daily making speedy progress, the grass and water proved excellent, and there was no doubt the stock would be at the Concho on time. After the *jornada*, beginning on the morrow and lasting for two days, there would not be the slightest excuse for the foreman's presence in camp and he determined that the deed must be done before the journey was over. Jimmie Woods took charge of the baggage and Finn handled the stock with such skill that even the resentful foreman could find no fault. The Mexican herders, however, were getting tired and ugly. They had been making up for lost time and felt that there should be a day of rest. Finn was inexorable and the *jornada* was undertaken as the heat of the sun waned and as the cattle rose from the shade of sage brush and mesquit in search of grass and drink. Finn paid no attention to his superior, but in the rear of everybody quietly directed the beginning of a drive which was without water for sixty miles. When the herd got in motion he rode on the flank of it and the foreman saw no more of him till camp was struck at the end of the second day, when all hands had supper together, while Finn boasted that he had

not lost a head nor disabled a hoof of the stock. Next day, of course, was one of rest. The camp was at Ojo Calienta, by the miniature river, which, bubbling out of the great hot spring, spreads verdure for miles along its banks. Here the cattle grazed and the men rested, and here the foreman said in his murder-cankered soul that Seth Finn must die. He knew he should have ridden ahead, but without explanation he hung back and stopped with the camp. This annoyed Finn, for he proposed to take the credit of the successful drive.

Jimmie Woods, taking advantage of the holiday, was baking bread enough to ease his task on the long drive ahead. The foreman left his Winchester leaning against the whiffletree of the wagon and brought some harness to mend as he resumed his seat within reach of the gun. Not ten feet away Seth Finn and the Mexicans were seated on a blanket playing cards, though this was strictly forbidden in all of Molson & Peters' ranches and camps.

How was he to get at Finn, whose shooter was never a second away from the grasp of his hand? The foreman was busy with his work and his brain seething with the project of revenge. Why loiter any longer? Jump up and begin to shoot!

"Say, captain," Jimmie Woods began, and everybody looked up from his cards, "I can't cook and gather fuel as well! Tell Gonzales to get some wood. He won't do it for me!"

The foreman knew there would be trouble, but without looking up from his work he told Gonzales in broken Spanish to bring some wood.

In English the herder told him to go to hell.

With one bound the foreman reached the half-breed, who was attempting to rise, and kicked him in the mouth, and the fellow fell sprawling on his back, and when he rose spat out half a dozen teeth. His knife, half withdrawn from his sheath, was returned again as he quietly went for the wood, for there was a six-shooter looking him in the eyes. As the peon hurried away the foreman unbuckled his belt and tossed it and his sixshooter into the wagon, as if believing the trouble were over. Seth Finn had pretended to take no interest in the affair, but when he saw the foreman's unusual exhibition of confidence, and as the game had been interrupted, he yawned and, extending his arms in stretching himself, remarked:

"He kin kick greasers, but I'm the feller that kin bring him to time."

"Finn, don't put your hands down," broke in a cold and deadly voice. "I've got the drop on you. Jimmie, take that shooter off the blanket!"

The foreman's Winchester was no longer leaning against the whiffletree of the wagon; it was pointed with awful nearness and directness to the heart of the alcalde of Violetta. Jimmie Woods removed the revolver from Finn's blanket and stood quietly in the rear as if protecting his superior from an attack in that direction. The Mexicans sat dumb and terrified, never even daring to drop their cards lest the chambers of the Winchester would belch forth messengers of death.

"I've stayed in this camp ten days," hissed the foreman, "to get you where I've got you. Now I am going to kill you. You told me that here in Mexico killing a man didn't matter, and I'm going to take my chances and kill you. Even if I have to die for it, and roast in hell for it, I'm going to do it. Stand up!"

Finn struggled to his feet, his arms still extended, his face so white that the freckles and blotches of tan and dirt seemed to be bealing off. The small, red-gray eyes were enlarged until the iris was surrounded by a great blood-shot circle of white. He did not doubt his fate, and the awful hate in the face confronting him left him no hope. Nothing came to him in thought or word whereby he might avoid it.

"By the laws of God and man you deserve the death you are about to suffer. You called me names that have been boiling in my brain for ten days. You had no excuse except jealousy, and I have no redress except killing you. Either you must die or I must leave Mexico and be called a coward. I shall prove to these men and you that I am not a coward. Say your prayers!"

He prayed as only one who had been a class-leader could. He confessed there on the great, wide, cactus-covered plain to sins which God only had known. Tears streamed from his closed eyes down into the great matted, red, gray-streaked beard as he begged to be forgiven and received into heaven.

The fierce furrows of hate which days and nights of sleepless fury had graven into the foreman's face began to change.

"Sing," he demanded; "I don't want you to go to hell. Sing Nearer, My God, to Thee."

With arms still outstretched, but trembling, Finn began to sing.

While listening to the quavering notes and watching the livid lips of the singer, the foreman began to think of Finn's other days and of his own; the little white meeting-house where he had gone to worship with his mother; the hymns that were sung and the wagons that used to come up to the steps at the door.

"Sing Jesus, Lover of My Soul, and we will be through," demanded the foreman huskily.

He sang it, and peace for a moment seemed to settle on his strained and livid face. The foreman, looking along the barrel of the Winchester, forgot his purpose and saw only the waters of the creek in the Hollow back of the school-house where a few years ago he had been baptized and had felt that he had buried his sins and risen to walk in newness of life.

"Finn," said he, "I do not intend to murder you without giving you a chance. Jimmie, bring this scoundrel's horse; the lariat is his, too. Now, get on there and I'll not shoot at you till you get up to that big cactus with the pole stuck through it. If I miss you, then the next time we meet it will be who gets his gun first. Gonzales, jog out ahead and don't come back."

Finn had no hope till he got on the horse and began to move. Then a wild frenzy seized him and he kicked and beat the horse, and even bent down and bit him that he might be going so fast as to escape the bullets.

The Mexican was running ahead and, fearful of his own life, was determined the horseman should not pass him. As the big cactus was reached, the foreman began blazing away, his gun pointed upwards, but the runner dived into the thorny thicket and the rider crouched and again bit the neck of his horse, like the cruel coward that he was.

The foreman had peace and discipline in his camps thereafter, but to this day he has not decided whether he was a coward to sit still while a gun was being pointed at him and he was being reviled. Of one thing only is he certain, that never in his life did he feel so much of a coward as when he was pointing his Winchester at Seth Finn.

THE END.

The Mill Stream
Notre Dame du Portage

Tall elm trees to each other lean
Jostle their neighbours on the green
In weird delirious dances
Down-dropping thro' the leafy screen
A shaft of sunlight glances

Here vivid tints of color show.
With softer lights adrift below
And deeper shadows glooming
The hush of sun-spent noons aglow.
And far-off ocean booming

A crowd of ferns together press
Crushed by their utter loveliness.
No fairer rival fearing,
They lean toward their own caress.
Within the stream appearing

From sunny heights, (the mountain's crown)
The wayward water tumbles down
White foam its bosom bearing
And leaves the rocks so steep and brown
In sulky silence staring

No more I'll reck for earthly ill.
These restful haunts my fancies fill
With thoughts of things Elysian
So here the wine of life I'll spill
To greet this glorious vision

Gus M Beers

THE LITTLE RED ROCKER.

Hush, he's asleep, with his head on his arm,
My boy whose three summers have filled life with charm.
His tangle of curls like an aureole gleams ;
So pure is his form that an angel he seems.
See the smile that like sunshine flits over his face
While he dreams childish dreams of ethereal grace ,
Their theme may I mention, with reverent joy—
'Tis the red rocking-chair that is owned by my boy.

There it stands, idle, vacant, none may fill it but him ;
When his body is in it pleasure's cup to the brim
Is full to o'erflowing, and gaily he seems
Not a child with a toy but a poet who dreams ;
And dreaming he rocks it and swings to and fro
And filleth the pauses with chatter and show.
No such golden bliss sits on a throne, nor such joy
As thrills the red rocker that's owned by my boy.

When wearied with play oft its seat he hath chose
And its swift-swaying motion's a balm for all woes ;
The little red spindles gleam forward and back,
And it must be admitted his heels have no lack
Of a share in the music which round him he flings
Oft in babble or song, for this cherub he sings ;
What happiness flows, lacking stain or alloy,
In the little red rocker that's owned by my boy.

Dear child, as he rocks by the hour in his chair,
No dream stirs his breast save the pleasant or fair ;
His fancy untutored in life's rugged school
Twines not round dull sorrow, for joy is his rule ;
And in years that come later ambition may claim
His toil and his struggle for honor and fame ;
But no seat of proud honor can e'er give him such joy
As he feels in his rocker. Ah, rock on, my sweet boy !

REUBEN BUTCHART.

ON CHRISTMAS MORN.

Christos ! with humble heart I cry,
Hail Thy nativity !
Souls of the blessed welcomed Thee
With blessings three ;
Peace upon earth
And to each brother, love
And glory shining from the realms above.

Christos ! Thy day of birth was sweet,
When at Thy baby feet
Kings of the Orient worshipped Thee
With tributes three ;
Gold of the mine
And sacred frankincense,
And myrrh of many-trialed innocence.

Christos ! Thy birth and death are past,
And Thou art proved at last.
Lo, the world's heart gives praise to Thee
For blessings three ;
Peace in the soul
And love made passion-pure,
And hope alight for heaven's fruition sure.

G. E. D.

HIS LONG HEAD.

Amicus—Much of your work is done anonymously. Why don't you collect your poems so that you will be known to posterity ?

Shrewd Poet—It is so that I'll be known to posterity that I do not collect them.

Amicus—Explain.

Shrewd Poet—I have done enough good signed work to attract the attention of posterity, and when I die someone will collect my work and credit all the good anonymous work of this period to me.

P. McA.

WOLVERINE.

YES, sir, it's quite a story, tho' you
won't believe it's true,
That such things happened often
when I lived beyond the Soo,"
And the trapper tilted back his chair
and filled his pipe anew.

'I ain't thought of it neither fer this
many 'n' many a day,
Altho' it used to haunt me in the years
that's slid away;
The years I spent a-trappin' for the
good old Hudson Bay.

"Wild? You bet, 'twas wild then, an'
few an' far between
The squatters' shacks, for whites was
scarce as furs when things is green,
An' only Reds an' 'Blue Post' men was all
the folks I seen.

"No. Them old Redskins ain't so
bad, not if you treat 'em square.
Why, I lived in amongst 'em all the
winters I was there,
An' I never lost a copper, an' I never
lost a hair.

"But I'd have lost my life the time that
you've heard tell about;
I don't think I'd be settin' here, but dead
beyond a doubt,
If that there Indyan 'Wolverine' jest
hadn't helped me out.

"'Twas freshet time, 'way
back, as long as sixty-six
or eight,
An' I was comin'
to the Post that
year a kind of
late,
For beaver had
been plentiful, and
trappin' had been great.

"One day I had been settin' traps
along a bit of wood,
An' night was catchin' up to me jest faster
'an it should,
When all at once I heard a sound
that curdled up my blood.

"It was the howl of famished wolves
—I didn't stop to think
But jest lit out across for home as
quick as you could wink,
But when I reached the river's edge I
brought up at the brink.

"That mornin' I had crossed the
stream straight on a sheet of ice,
An' now, God help me! There it was, churned up an' cracked to dice,
The flood went boiling past—I stood like one shut in a vice.

"No way ahead, no path behind, trapped like a rat ashore,
With naught but death to follow, and with naught but death
before;
The howl of hungry wolves aback—ahead, the torrent's roar.

"An' then—a voice, an Indyan voice, that called out
clear and clean,
'Take Indyan's horse, I run like deer, wolf can't catch
Wolverine.'
I gasped, 'Thank Heaven.' There stood the chief I'd
nicknamed Wolverine.

"I leapt on that there horse, an' then
jest like a coward fled,
An' left that Indyan standin' there
alone, as good as dead,
With the wolves a-howlin' at his back,
the swollen stream ahead.

'I don't know how them Indyans
dodge from death the way they do,
You won't believe it, sir, but what I'm
tellin' you is true,
But that there chap was 'round next
day as sound as me or you.

"He came to get his horse, but not a
cent he'd take from me.
Yes, sir, you're right, the Indyans now
ain't like they used to be;

We've got 'em sharpened up a bit an' *now*
they'll take a fee.

"No, sir, you're wrong, they ain't no 'dogs.'
I'm not thro' tellin' yet;
You'll take that name right back again, or
else jest out you get!
You'll take that name right back when you
hear all this yarn, I bet.

"It happened that same autumn, when
some Whites was comin' in,
I heard the old Red River carts a-kickin'
up a din,
So I went over to their camp to see an
English skin.

"They said, 'They'd had
an awful scare from Injuns,' an' they swore,
That savages had
come around the
very night before
A-brandishing their
tomahawks an'
painted up for war.

"'But when their
plucky Englishman
had put a bit of lead
Right through the heart of one
of them, an' rolled him over,
dead,
The other cowards said that they
had come on peace instead,

"'That they (the Whites) had
lost some stores, from off their
little pack,
An' that the Red they peppered
dead had followed up their
track,
Because he'd found the packages
an' came *to give them back*.'

"'Oh!' they said, 'they were quite sorry, but it wasn't
like as if
They had killed a decent Whiteman by mistake, or in a
tiff,
It was only some old Injun dog that lay there stark an'
stiff.'

"I said, 'You are the blackest hounds that ever yet I
seen,'
Then I rolled the body over as it lay out on the green;
I peered into the face—My God! 'twas poor old
Wolverine."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

"But that's all shove be'ind me
Long ago an' far away.
An' there ain't no' busses runnin'
From the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London
What the ten year soldger tells,
'If you've 'eard the east a-callin'
Why you won't 'eed nothin' else.'"
—KIPLING.

WHETHER it was the thought of flaunting banners, flashing swords, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" whether it was the desire to see the Egypt of the Bible, the grand Cairo of the Arabian Nights, the land of magic and of mystery, that induced me to serve my Queen and country, doesn't matter to you. Enemies have insinuated that it was the $40 a month and found, and a suit of clothes, that made me so patriotic, especially the clothes.

However, in September in the year of grace 1884 there sailed from Montreal about four hundred as reckless and devil-may-care Canadians as the Ottawa and Red River Valleys produce, to act as voyageurs in the Gordon Relief Expedition, then being organized on the River Nile

Very few at the outset had a clear idea who or where Gordon was, or what on earth they were going to rescue him for, but with occasional slight assistance from the British army every man was firmly determined to rescue him at the rate of $40 a month as long as the British Government wished the ill-fated general rescued.

Col. F. C. Denison and I went along.

I always called him "Fred." Certainly, whenever we were together he always did the talking, so he didn't know that I unbent sufficiently to speak of him simply as "Fred." There was no undue familiarity between us. He always respectfully referred to me as No. 113. Whenever he accosted me I always placed myself in an erect attitude, shoulders square to the front, heels at an angle of forty-five degrees, chin slightly drawn in, arms hanging straight by the sides, thumbs along the seams of the trowsers, and listened in dignified silence. We are proud, we Lewises.

I always treated the other officers, from Lord Wolseley down, in the same haughty manner. I found things ran smoother when I thus preserved my dignity. Wolseley and I were never very intimate, and as he seemed to be awfully busy most of the time I was over there and got along with his soldiers all right, I didn't interfere with him.

You may think I was too exclusive. I intended two or three times giving him a few pointers on running the campaign, but wisely thought supposing my suggestions should not be promptly carried out, the disasters that might ensue I would be immediately blamed for and my reputation would be irretrievably ruined.

One cannot be too careful.

The Canadians began active work on the river at the second cataract above Wadi Halfa. We worked about ten days, when the operations of the campaign along the whole line from Dongola to Alexandria were suspended until, as we heard, Mr. Gladstone had completed an essay on a new edition of Homer and had entirely satisfied the theological conscience of a dissenting minister in Wales on the efficacy of prayer for rain.

We were not idle. Oh no! The naval brigade and an English regiment lay with us and with that thirst for knowledge which has made the British people what they are, they sought to be instructed in the mysteries of the great national game of America—draw poker.

We taught them. Yes, we taught them. It came high but they would have it.

It is a small thing like this that goes far to show that Imperial Federation is something more than a dream.

There we were, soldiers, sailors and voyageurs, all subjects of the same Queen and united in the same glorious enterprise; thrown together in a strange land in a state of enforced idleness. That we Canadians should attempt to remedy the defects of a narrow and insular education we looked upon as a sacred duty—immediately after pay day The instruction took time and trouble but was not expensive—for us

Occasional rumors would be heard that the Welsh parson still held out and Mr. Gladstone would have to devote an indefinite time to his enlightenment. The sailors and soldiers had placed their last piastre on the altar of knowledge, the commercial value of their clothes could never be accurately decided upon, and as we were rapidly changing a Cockney regiment and a brigade of sailors into a hybrid species of Highland corps, contrary to the rules of the service and the articles of war, in such case made and provided, we grew weary waiting.

In a city far away to the south, separated from us by sterile deserts and roaring cataracts, surrounded

GENERAL GORDON

by treacherous friends within and the fanatical followers of a false prophet without, a man fighting almost single-handed to vindicate his country's honor and his country's God grew weary waiting.

Who would attempt to fathom the thoughts of him in his lonely vigils on the walls of Khartoum? Who can say how often would burst from the overburdened heart the prayerful cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Even the thoughtless boatman from the far-off pineries of the Madawaska and the Bonnechere cursed the grand old polemical rounder of periods, the guardian of Britain's honor, who had thus far deserted in his hour of need and now shilly-shallied in rescuing the man who had ventured into the heart of the Soudan at his country's command.

Never to be forgotten is the night we heard the news that the Expedition would advance up the river.

Seated in the open hold of a beached dahabieh, the sides of which hid the light of the flickering candles from the sentry of the boat guard, was a motley group of soldiers, sailors and Canadians intently engaged in playing cards. I had been practically convinced of the fact that two aces and a pair of fours do not beat three queens, and had "gone broke." I had left the circle and was seated on the high poop of the boat enjoying the intense quiet of the Egyptian night. The crescent moon and myriad stars lit up the waters of the river

HE FELL, GALLANTLY LEADING HIS HALF-COMPANY UP THE HEIGHTS OF KIRBEKAN

that a few days before had lapped the walls of Khartoum and now seemed to whisper sad tidings on their journey to the sea. Across the river the great desert shone like a sea of gold in the reflected light. The gray and time-worn pillars of an ancient temple raised by a forgotten people to a forgotten god cast their shadows at my feet. Occasionally would be heard from the French-Canadian camp on the bank above my head the voice of some homesick voyageur humming Le Brigadier, or the old sweet song of his native land, La Claire Fontaine. The spirit of the scene possessed me. Were we in this land of dreams, but to dream? Would we never advance? All at once I heard a cry down the river like the combined war whoop of a Blackfoot and the command of a foreman in a rapid. I knew the voice. It was Jim Burney, as daring a river man as ever rode a stick of square timber through the Ragged Chute, returning from Wadi Halfa, where he had gone in the morning. I had carefully investigated that town a few days before and was enviously wondering where Jim had managed to strike the grog, when another yell close at hand, quickly followed by the challenge of the sentry, "Halt, who comes there?" interrupted my reverie and the game in the dahabieh. A soldier was opening a jack-pot for a pipe, a jack knife, a plug of tobacco, a pocket comb and a pair of suspenders, in fact for all his currency. Play was suspended. After a few words with the sentry, whose usually monotonous "Pass, friend, all's well," had now an exultant ring, Burney was in our midst.

"Orders in Wadi Halfa that the whole outfit go on at once. The —th regiment and MacDougall's gang of Canadians move up the river in the morning."

Who thought of poker now? A wild cheer that awakened the whole cantonment burst forth from the group. That jack-pot was never opened. There was no sleep to amount to anything for us that night. Kits were packed, the state of the river above discussed and stories told. The Three Rivers gang made the scene melodious with the martial,

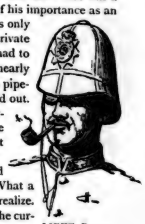
"Allons, enfans de la patrie.
Le jour de gloire est arrivee!"

or were joined by a hundred lusty voices in the lively refrain, "*En roulant ma boule roulant*," that had timed our paddles on many a long day's journey in the upper waters of the Ottawa.

Someone during the night had permanently borrowed various articles from my kit, with a total disregard of the eternal fitness of things, for when I paraded next morning before a general officer and his staff I strove to be sublimely unconscious of the fact that I had a beef-skin moccasin on one foot and an ammunition boot on the other, and hoped that like the Byronic collar they would put it down to the eccentricity of genius. I hadn't quite made up my mind what part I ought to take in the expedition, when the foreman kindly relieved me of all doubt by saying, "Lewis, get into 714 and be —— quick about it." I should have reproved him for the tone he used towards me, but didn't. I went and took my place in the business end of boat No. 714, manned by ten men of "B" company of the —th Regiment of Foot. They eyed me suspiciously as I took my seat, as if a Canadian were some strange animal.

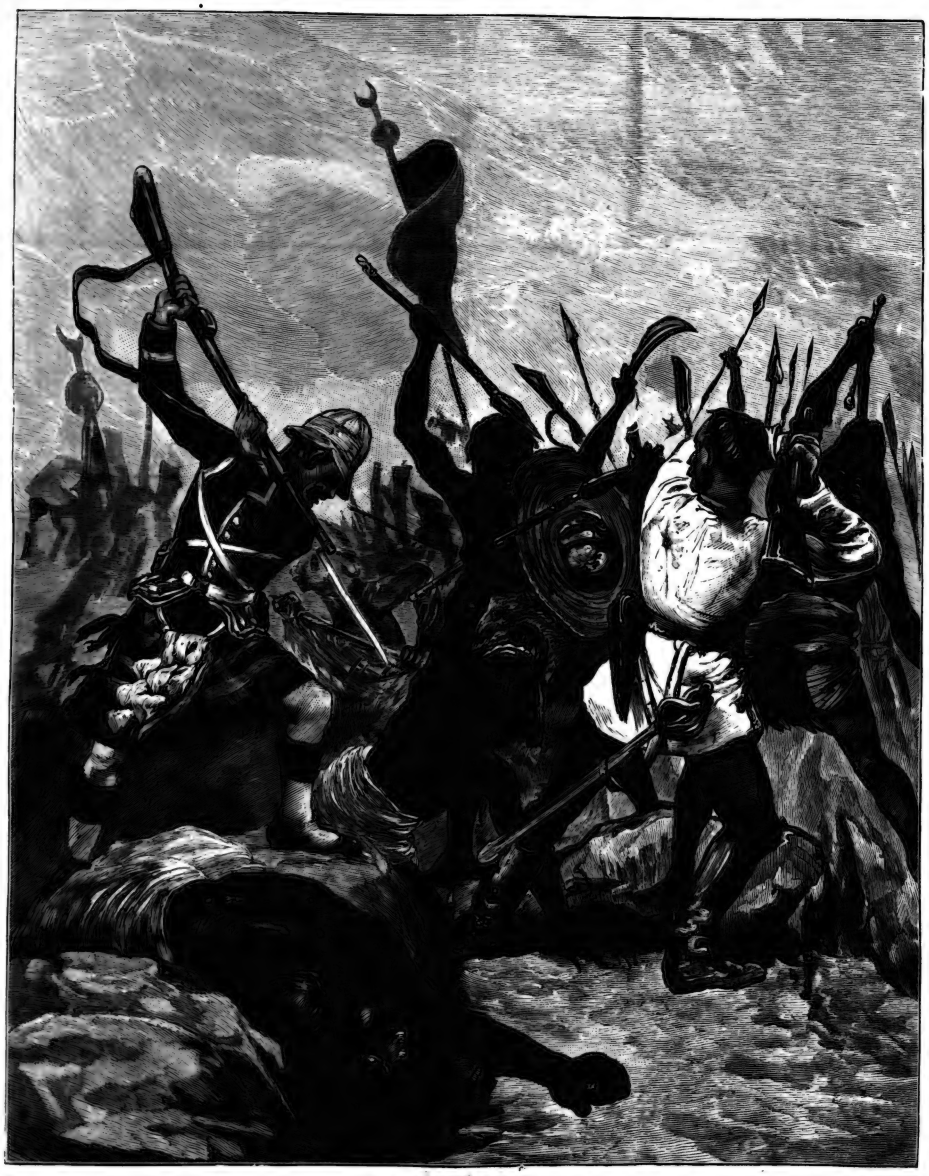
At first, the ignorance displayed by the majority of both officers and men regarding Canada and Canadians was, as Dominie Sampson says, "prodigious." Only a few weeks before a prominent English member of parliament had written to the press, denouncing the proposed enlistment of Canadians, on the ground that England was returning to the policy of George III. with the Indians in the American war, and said that it was a disgrace to the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century to employ the scalping knives of the Canadian voyageurs against the unfortunate Arabs of the Soudan. He needn't have been alarmed; we left our scalping knives at home. It wasn't a good year for scalps anyway.

I had an officer in my boat. He was the junior subaltern and had lately joined. He was young, painfully young; not so much in years, for he was about the same age as myself, but in knowledge of the wickedness of the world. He had apparently been brought up by a careful mamma and adoring sisters in the precincts of a quiet home, and had had private tutors and such. He was a decent fellow I could see, but he had such exalted ideas of his importance as an "officer and a gentleman" that he made me weary. His only vice apparently was smoking, for he soon got rid of his private supply of scented cavendish and students' mixture, and had to come down to the common black strap ration. It nearly broke his heart and I would frequently in pity give him a pipeful of Myrtle Navy, with which we Canadians were served out. He still continued so confoundedly exclusive that I determined that if he wouldn't talk I would shut down on the T. & B. The black strap made him ill several times, but he held out like a little man.



LIEUT. B——.

One day a stiff north wind was blowing and we had unbroken water before us for fifteen or twenty miles. What a streak of luck this was, no one not on that trip can realize. Oars had been shipped and we ran merrily along against the current under full sail. With the exception of my bowman, Tommie Atkins had gone to sleep in the shadow of the sails, and Lieut. B—— and myself sat silently together in the stern. As it was lonesome steering in total silence I thought I would have a smoke, and pulled a new plug, large and yellow, out of my haversack and, with my elbow on the tiller, proceeded awkwardly to cut a pipeful. I saw Mr. B—— gaze longingly at the rich golden flakes as they slowly fell into the hollow of my left hand, but I was merciless. I carelessly let half a handful fall into the bottom of the boat, but the look of horror in the junior subaltern's face restrained me from repeating it. I had assisted the quartermaster



THE DEATH OF COL. BURNABY.

in the last issue of tobacco, so somehow or other had a large supply on hand. The requisite quantity was nearly cut when Mr. B—— grew desperate. He fixed his glass in his eye that a certain amount of dignity might still be maintained, and in a conciliatory tone said :

"By the way, Canadian, I've noticed you speak English very well. How did you manage it in Canada?"

Good heavens! did I hear aright? Had all the birchings and years of education been in vain? Had that tutor been dismissed on account of a provincial accent that I should hear this from the lips of a stripling just untied from his mother's apron strings? I looked at Mr. B—— enquiringly, but he seductively and innocently beamed on me and the plug through his eyeglass. He hungered for knowledge and tobacco. I would give him the former anyway.

"LEWIS, GET INTO 714."

"Oh yes," I said, "I managed to pick it up. I often acted as guide for English hunting parties and things like that."

"Splendid shooting in Canada, I believe?"

"Yes, pretty fair. It's not so good in Toronto and Winnipeg, Indian names, you see. The last few years, the large game, particularly bear, are to be found principally in the mountains around Hamilton. In fact, when a man goes there for a few days he generally goes, as they say, 'loaded for bear!'"

He never smiled.

"You must have a jolly, strange life, you Canadian Indians." I gasped for breath. Shades of my ancestors! The man took me for an Indian because I was a Canadian.

"I wish you would tell me something of the life and customs of your people in Canada."

I knew what he wanted and in order not to disappoint him I gave him a revised version of the Last of the Mohicans, with extracts from Parkman's Jesuits in Canada, highly spiced with incidents from the life of Sixteen Toed Ike the Rough Rider of the Rocky Range. He choked a little when I located the Blackfoot sun dance in Montreal, but finally swallowed it.

"And you say that the Indians have quite a knowledge of the fine arts, painting, music and that? Sing me an Indian song like a good fellow, do."

I hesitated and told him that I never sang without my music. I thought a lyre was about the only thing I could wring any music out of just then. He insisted, and I had gone so far that I couldn't consistently refuse, so with the feeling that I surely would be caught, I sang the song of my *alma mater* in pure Attic Greek.

I thought of the horror of the venerable and learned dons of old Trinity at Greek iambics being taken for a Cree war song, as the Nubian Hills re-echoed the old familiar chorus of my college days.

"Why, how strange! I thought the Indian language was a jargon, while I see there is a sonorous loftiness about it I little expected."

"Yes, learned men whom I have chanced to meet have tried very hard to convince me of that. By the way, Mr. B——, would you care for a few plugs of tobacco? I have plenty."

Poor B——, he fell shot through the breast while gallantly leading his half company in the charge up the heights of Kirbekan, showing as so often has been shown that the "curled darlings" can fight, and do fight, with the old Teutonic pluck.

As I stood by the little mound that marked his lonely grave, under the solitary dom palm in the great Bayuda Desert, a lump rose in my throat as I remembered the photograph of the family group he so often looked at in the long days on the river, and thought of the life-long sorrow of the mother and sweet-faced sisters in the little English parsonage for the young life that had been given up in vain.

Kismet—but often at night when the winds are sighing through the pine woods the leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark, and the thought of the graves of our comrades abandoned to the awful loneliness of the desert tinges with sadness the recollection of the scenes and incidents of the Expedition of the Nile.

II.

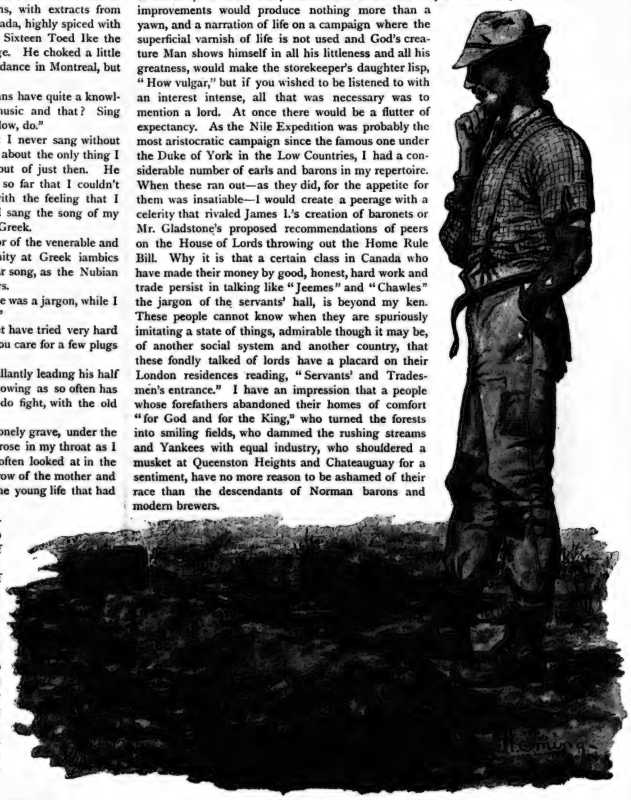
"He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."—DON JUAN.

If you have ever had upon your return from a trip to England an intelligent friend beam sagely upon you and say, "Well, how's England?" and pause expectantly for a reply, you can faintly realize the difficulty of giving intelligent or interesting answers to questions respecting the land of the Mummy and the Moslem, its history and its people. People are perfectly oblivious of the fact that whole libraries have been written about Egypt and its races, that intellectual men have devoted their lives to acquiring merely a rudimentary knowledge of what is a recognized science, Egyptology. They expect you, off hand, to fill up a blank of 1,500 years in its history, and in fifteen minutes to thoroughly explain the pyramids, which took E. Piazzi Smith, astronomer royal for Scotland, two years of personal residence and three volumes to say must have been built by direct divine inspiration. And then a man is so thoroughly misunderstood.

A lady, president of a society for the conversion of the Chinese, once tackled me, in default of a Chinaman, after I had incidentally referred to my being lost on the desert, and in a feeling manner spoke of my lying on the wild waste of sand with the scorching sun burning upon my defenceless head, far from home and Sunday school. She asked, in a rather personal manner I thought, if all my sins didn't rise before me like an awful vision and propounded the cheerless question, did I realize at that time that I was doomed? She finally almost shrieked, "How did you feel, young man, how did you feel?" I naturally told the truth and said, "Hot, madam, awfully hot." Now this lady said afterwards that I was wicked. By all that is truthful, did the woman expect me to say I felt cold?

Another time, during one of those unexplainable silences that will occur during a "quiet evening," a young lady with an appealing look in her frank blue eyes that almost caused me there and then to cast myself and $60 a month at her feet, said: "Do, Mr. Lewis, tell us all about the dresses of the ladies of the Soudan." With an ingenuous blush which I used for occasions of that kind I hesitatingly replied that I was not a lady's man, and anyway I didn't think there was much to be said about their dresses, they were not what the tailors called "dressy." I heard subsequently that this young lady thought I was the most unobservant young man she had ever known, for I had never noticed the Soudanese ladies' dresses. Bless her innocent little heart, neither I had, and I have good eyesight, too.

I soon observed that a description of an Egyptian scene liberally sprinkled with camels and crocodiles, bored people; a battlefield would cause the ladies to murmur, "How horrible;" a sketch of an ancient temple without any modern improvements would produce nothing more than a yawn, and a narration of life on a campaign where the superficial varnish of life is not used and God's creature Man shows himself in all his littleness and all his greatness, would make the storekeeper's daughter lisp, "How vulgar," but if you wished to be listened to with an interest intense, all that was necessary was to mention a lord. At once there would be a flutter of expectancy. As the Nile Expedition was probably the most aristocratic campaign since the famous one under the Duke of York in the Low Countries, I had a considerable number of earls and barons in my repertoire. When these ran out—as they did, for the appetite for them was insatiable—I would create a peerage with a celerity that rivaled James I.'s creation of baronets or Mr. Gladstone's proposed recommendations of peers on the House of Lords throwing out the Home Rule Bill. Why it is that a certain class in Canada who have made their money by good, honest, hard work and trade persist in talking like "Jeemes" and "Chawles" the jargon of the servants' hall, is beyond my ken. These people cannot know when they are spuriously imitating a state of things, admirable though it may be, of another social system and another country, that these fondly talked of lords have a placard on their London residences reading, "Servants' and Tradesmen's entrance." I have an impression that a people whose forefathers abandoned their homes of comfort "for God and for the King," who turned the forests into smiling fields, who dammed the rushing streams and Yankees with equal industry, who shouldered a musket at Queenston Heights and Chateauguay for a sentiment, have no more reason to be ashamed of their race than the descendants of Norman barons and modern brewers.



I STOOD BY HIS LONELY GRAVE.

An idea became so prevalent that I was on terms of intimacy with so many titled and celebrated personages, that I was recommended to write a book entitled People I Have Met. They were sure that I had met nicer persons than Archibald Forbes, who wrote about Napoleon III., whose grandfather was a nobody, and that highly improper gentleman, the Sultan of Turkey, who, report said, had one hundred and seventeen wives.

As my relationship with the man who so pluckily ran his gunboat, the Condor, under the guns at Alexandria and dismantled several ports, the man who when his steamer ran aground at Khartoum and the engine and boiler broke down, whilst "stormed at with shot and shell" by a terrific cross fire from both banks, with one other man daringly exposed himself and repaired the damage, has been misunderstood, and as paintings have been made of the meeting of Blucher and Wellington, descriptions given of the meeting of Napoleon and William after Sedan, I might as well accurately narrate my meeting with Lord Charles Beresford.

One hot December afternoon in the year 1884 a solitary figure might have been seen slowly wending his way in a northerly direction, toward the foot of the great Cataract of Dal, about fifty miles south of Wadi Halfa. To even a casual observer it would be apparent that the lone figure was in dire straits as to his apparel. A piece of guy rope and two nails suspended precariously a material portion of his raiment, which altogether consisted of a "looped and windowed raggedness." By the quick, nervous manner in which he lifted his feet from the burning sands it was evident the lone figure was barefoot. Although not wishing to thrust my personality too plainly before you, I may say that I was the lone figure that so picturesquely adorned the landscape. At that time I was one of the pilots on the cataract, in which employment I had ruined my clothes, perfected myself in the utterance of strange oaths, and lost my boots. Afterwards I procured another pair from a dead man who didn't require them any more, and as long as the boots held out I remembered that poor fellow with pain, for it was just my luck that he should have worn sevens and my number was large eights.

After a boat had been piloted up the cataract the voyageur returned on foot two or three miles across the desert for another trip. It was on one of these constitutionals that the casual observer might have seen me wending "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." It is one of the beauties of military life that another man is paid a high salary for doing your thinking. You needn't bother. I had proceeded about half way when I saw slowly emerging from a defile in the mountainous rocks on the other side of the plain a solitary figure mounted on a camel, coming towards me. Everything looks solitary in the Soudan, still a man can hardly be said to be solitary on the hurricane deck of a camel. Its undulating walk, a combination of earthquake and bucking broncho, makes itself plainly, oh so plainly felt, and its individuality is so aggressively asserted under your very nose that you are never lonesome and the thought of Eau de Cologne is paradise. I could recognize even at a considerable distance one whose face was already well known on the river, the handsome *debonair* sailor, Lord Charles Beresford. As we approached each other he stopped his camel and exclaimed in the same tone, strange to say, that an ordinary man uses:

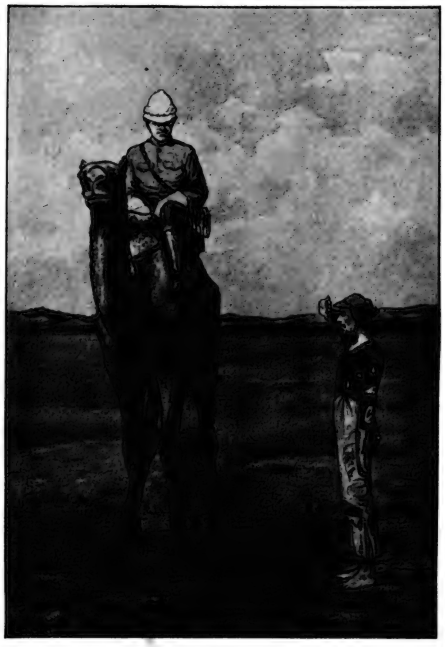
"Hello, Canadian."

We had never been introduced, so he didn't know my name. I halted and with a graceful wave of my right arm bringing my hand one inch above the right eye, palm outward, acknowledged his presence.

"Would you kindly give me a match?" said the hero of the Condor, who knew full well by that time that there was nothing going on the river that a Canadian hadn't his own share and generally somebody's else. From the band of my shanty hat, where I kept my matches out of the wet, I gave him, seeing he was a lord and a pretty decent fellow, three. Not being in the habit of meeting members of the aristocracy, I was slightly put out as to the manner in which I should address him. The only person of title I had ever known was the mayor of my native town, and I had always called him Bill. "Charlie," I must say, would seem slightly familiar for the first interview anyway. I remembered Sir Walter Scott's characters when similarly placed said, "My liege lord" and "Most valiant knight." "My liege lord" didn't seem exactly the proper term to use to a fellow stuck "like a bump on a log" on the back of a consumptive-looking camel, smoking a two-for-a-quarter cigar, which he had lighted with an E. B. Eddy match, struck in the ordinary, old-fashioned way; it didn't harmonize with the surroundings.

The heat of the sand on my naked feet necessitated my "marking time" in slow cadence, seventy-two beats to the minute. He apparently was attracted by my general picturesqueness, for he looked at me long and earnestly and at last said, "Well, you are the most disreputable-looking specimen of humanity I have seen on the Expedition. Haven't you any clothes?"

My unselfishness in not agitating the British Empire regarding the condition of my wardrobe and the opportunity withheld from the late Mr. Bright of making a thrilling speech on the horrors of war, I never mentioned. Overlooking the strong personal nature of Lord Beresford's remark and in order to put him entirely at his ease by showing that I was accustomed to the ways of good society, I said, "It doesn't make much difference, my lord; you see I am not going out to any five o'clock teas this winter." He apparently seemed to think there was something comical in the idea of my going out to a five o'clock tea, for he burst out laughing. He laughed so long, and if he weren't an admiral I would say so uproariously, that even the phlegmatic camel gazed at me enquiringly but with a startled blush immediately turned his head and modestly looked the other way. The noble lord seemed to have a keen appreciation of my social gifts, for he managed to say midst his laughter, "Nice sort of a young man for an old maids' tea party." It may have been flattering but it was kind of him to say a pleasant word to a perfect stranger. Pulling his pocket-book out, the future Lord of the Admiralty wrote for a minute, tore out the leaf and said abruptly, "Can you read?" I just escaped giving the orthodox answer of the melodrama, "Born of poor but honest parents in a cottage hard by, I cannot read." I answered instead that I could. "Well then, take this as directed." It sounded very much like a doctor's instructions, but before I could ask if it had to be well shaken he had moved on. Without having even asked my opinion on the plan of the campaign, the effect on European politics of the Triple Alliance and whether a man does really feel the cold in Manitoba, he had gone. Well, well, it was his loss. But there was the note. What did it say? Could it be? Yes, it must be. The office had sought the man. My worth and talents had been observed and at last appreciated. I was to be offered a position which nature intended me for. Was it to be on the staff or as general supervisor? My heart beat high and with trembling fingers I opened the note and read:



"HELLO, CANADIAN."

"TO THE OFFICER IN CHARGE, ORDNANCE STORES, DAL:

"Give bearer (Canadian) pair of trowsers.

"BERESFORD."

I looked reproachfully along the trail he had taken and all the trace I could see of Lord Beresford was the gentle wave of a camel's tail as it disappeared behind a hillock of sand. I put my pride and the note in my pocket, which would have otherwise been empty, and in two hours was the envy of every Canadian on the cataract. A few days afterwards I again saw Lord Beresford, but my new clothes must have transformed me to quite an extent, for he never recognized me and I was just as cool as he was.

He was standing on a jutting point of the high rocky bank overlooking one of the worst rapids in Dal Cataract with Col. Fred Burnaby. With a natural interest I had drawn near to see at close quarters two of the most typical as well as the most gallant representatives of Her Majesty's land and sea forces. An expression of good-humored recklessness on the handsome, high-bred face of Lord Beresford made it easy to understand how he was the idol of the British sailor. As I heard one of his brigade say, they would follow him into hell. They came as near to doing it before Khartoum as could be done on earth. The towering height and wonderful physique of the author and actor of the

Ride to Khiva impressed one with the fact that to this knight errant of the nineteenth century, deeds impossible to other men were possible to him. The determined-looking chin and resolute mouth showed the spirit that had overcome the dangers of the Siberian steppes and the duplicity of the Russian agents. When I afterward heard of the manner of his death, how when the corner of the square was borne back at Abouklea he stood his ground, refusing to retreat an inch, and single-handed faced the Arab horde and fought while fight he could, I thought that his death was characteristic of his life. Like the old guard he would die but never surrender.

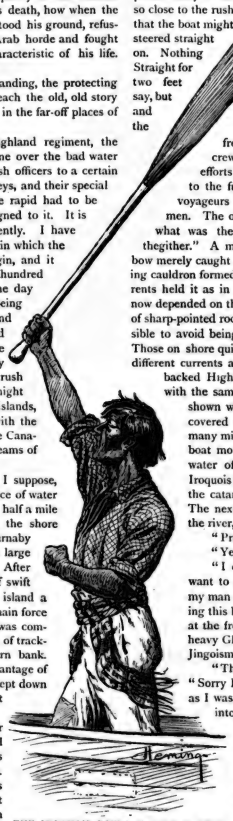
Ravings of peace societies to the contrary notwithstanding, the protecting flag of Britain, in whose shadow the mission churches teach the old, old story of Calvary to Moslem and to Buddhist, was first planted in the far-off places of the world by the Beresfords and Burnabys of our race.

They were watching the different boats of a Highland regiment, the Gordons, if I remember aright, being piloted one by one over the bad water beneath them by the Caughnawaga Indians. The British officers to a certain extent treated the voyageurs in the same manner as jockeys, and their special favorites were the Indians. The water was very fast, the rapid had to be skilfully worked and the Caughnawagas had been assigned to it. It is almost impossible to describe a Nile cataract intelligently. I have never heard of it being done. The rocks in the districts in which the cataracts are, show evidences of being of volcanic origin, and it always seemed to me that the river, normally about two hundred yards wide, was pursuing the even tenor of its way one day when a volcano underneath, which no one suspected of being loaded, went off and scattered the sacred stream all around the neighborhood without any judgment, and it remained scattered and thus formed a cataract. Sometimes the distance from one main shore to another would be nearly a mile and sometimes the whole force of the river would rush through a gorge only forty yards in width. A cataract might be any length and any breadth. There would be small islands, rapids, falls and submerged rocks on all sides, which with the muddy color of the water rendered it very difficult for the Canadians to steer, accustomed as they were to the clear streams of their own country.

Dal—"The place where a child can live," meaning, I suppose, on account of the wreckage—was the first really bad piece of water we had yet struck. At this particular part it was about half a mile wide. A boat took advantage of a back water along the shore caused by the promontory on which Beresford and Burnaby stood. A little further up, about thirty yards out, was a large rock and a heavy fall of water between it and the shore. After making the eddy caused by the rock, another piece of swift water had to be gone over to catch the eddy of a small island a considerable distance still further up, about which the main force or body of the current swept. This accomplished, it was comparatively easy to cross the river, where a certain amount of tracking could be done, which was impossible on the eastern bank. The only progress that could be made was by taking advantage of the eddies, and if a boat failed in making either it was swept down over another rapid that had taken the previous day to get up. Many did not succeed on a first attempt.

The next boat had been lightened and was ready for the trial. The bank was lined by soldiers of several British and Egyptian regiments, and every attempt was applauded or derided according to its success or failure. Apparently Jackson, the chief of the Caughnawagas, was doubtful about sending the two voyageurs whose turn it seemed to be. They were brothers and mere boys. From the time of their affecting farewell with their old mother, who had followed them to Montreal from their little village, whence they had run away, and vainly endeavored to dissuade them from crossing the Great Salt Lake, I had often noticed them, not only for the affection displayed towards each other, which display is phenomenal in an Indian and their youth, but they were perfect types of what I supposed the Iroquois of our early history to be. They seemed to be anxiously pleading for the chance to take the boat, and at last their chief consented, for they both bounded towards it amidst the ironical laughter of their older comrades. There is no more pitiless rivalry than in river work. After a few words of instruction in broken English to the grim-visaged old Scotch sergeant who rowed stroke, the elder with his paddle took his place in the bow while the younger proved his rudder and tiller, and the boat was shoved off. Keeping close to the shore, a good way was got on. Every inch of the back water was utilized and they took the first swift water in a most workmanlike manner. The bowman's paddle caught the water at the exact time and held her nose well up against the stream, and what with the impetus already obtained and a few powerful strokes from a good crew, the first eddy was made. "Two pounds to one," I heard Col. Burnaby say to Lord Beresford, "that they make it." "Done." For even the vice-admiral had a little of the sailor's prejudice against the voyageurs for having usurped them in work which they thought they could do as well. They got over it when they had to ask the Canadians to take their boats with the Gatling guns down some of the cataracts.

Now came the crucial test. The steersman half rose in his seat that he might clearly see the rock ahead; the soldiers bent to their oars with a strength that made the whaler spring at every stroke through the eddy; I seemed to see the bowman quiver with excitement as he stood erect, his paddle poised ready to catch the water the moment the boat struck the rapid. Keeping so close to the rushing water that the starboard oars almost touched it, in order that the boat might strike the fall with head well on, the Indian lad steered straight for the rock. Nearly a thousand men were looking on. Nothing could be heard but the "sound of many waters." Straight for the rock the boat was rushed, her bow was within two feet of it. "By heavens, they'll strike," I heard someone say, but with a quick turn of the tiller her nose grazed the rock and the she took the rapid almost dead on, the spray drenching crew. The prettiest work of the day. There was a cheer from the spectators which was unfortunately heard by the crew who, imagining that everything was all right, relaxed their efforts when they were in the middle of the swift water, exposed to the full force of the current. They began to lose ground. The voyageurs saw it but their broken English seemed to bewilder the men. The old sergeant, looking over his shoulder, at last understood what was the matter and roared, "For God's sake pull, lads, pull thegither." A moment later it would have been too late. As it was, the bow merely caught the eddy of the island and the stern swung into the seething cauldron formed by the confluence of the two currents. The counter currents held it as in a vice. The safety of the boat, if not the lives of the men, now depended on their getting ahead. Immediately below them were a number of sharp-pointed rocks that if they did not make the island it would be impossible to avoid being dashed upon, the boat lost, and probably several drowned. Those on shore quickly realized the situation. The interest was intense. The different currents and boiling whirlpools confused the rowing, but the broad-backed Highlanders seemed to set their teeth and tenaciously held out with the same dogged determination that their regiment and race had shown when they hurled back Ney's cavalry at Quatre Bras and covered the retreat of Wellington's army. It couldn't have been many minutes, although it seemed hours, when I thought I saw the boat move slightly forward. A moment after she was in the back water of the island, and waving his paddle above his head the Iroquois bowman gave a yell that could be heard above the roar of the cataract, a yell of defiance and victory to his rival voyageurs. The next rapid was taken and in a few minutes they were across the river, a line was thrown out, and they went on up the cataract.



THE IROQUOIS BOWMAN GAVE A YELL.

"Pretty close shave," said Col. Burnaby.

"Yes," said Beresford, "but here goes another boat."

"I can't wait, I am going on to Dongola by camel to-day. I want to get these traps of mine up to my tent. I wonder where my man is? Here, Canadian," this to me, "would you mind carrying this bag for me?" There was a "Good-bye, old fellow, see you at the front," and the last of the Lewises shouldered a particularly heavy Gladstone bag and followed the long strides of the prophet of Jingoism.

"Thank you very much," said he when we arrived at the tent. "Sorry I can't give you a glass of beer." He wasn't half as sorry as I was. He then quietly and unobtrusively slipped a half-crown into my tapering fingers. I know that I was wrong. I know that I didn't show proper pride. I know that I should have drawn myself haughtily up and said that the Lewises were a poor but proud race and scorned the menial's fee; that I had a maternal uncle who was a town councillor, and a second cousin who had failed for $18,000. I should have done so, but I had a lurking idea that I would make a consummate ass of myself by kicking up a fuss about nothing and—and—and, well, an English half-crown is sixty cents, Canadian currency, and that bag was heavy.

I kept that half-crown for about three weeks as a souvenir of my first and last tip, but if my memory does not belie me I bought pan-cakes in the bazaar at Dongola with it from a dark-eyed young lady with whom I endeavored to flirt with only nineteen words of choice Arabic. She admired something about me I know; my chum cruelly said it was my capacity for the unromantic pancake.

However, in the years that have rolled by since the Soudan war many times have I longed for some memento of the sunshine and the palm trees, the mysterious river and its strange legends, the half-buried temples and their unknown gods, the gallant deeds and gallant men; many times have I wished from the bottom of my heart that I had not parted with that half-crown souvenir as my hands explored the recesses of my pockets without pecuniary success.

III.

Yes, it is a strange thing, that quality which we call pluck. Whether it is that physical courage is a distinctive and inherent mark of our manhood, and we foster it for that—it is provocative of that admiration which all men unconsciously seek for, the admiration of women—or whether it is that the feeling begotten in the times when personal prowess was the most essential quality our forefathers could possess dies hard within us in these days of galoshes and law courts, still the fact remains that there is no more hateful English word than

ASCENDING THE CATARACTS.

coward. That man is naturally a fighting animal, I suppose, must be admitted. When a boy, the most impressive lesson of Holy Writ is the particulars of David's overthrow of Goliath. His homage is equally divided between the cock of the school and the Duke of Wellington, his only historical argument that the British would have thrashed the French at Waterloo if Blucher had never been born. Education and time, however, change all that to a great extent; David and Goliath become merely an incident, and the text bearing upon the divinity of the call of a minister to a wider field and higher salary, or the sanctity of the laying on of hands on an embryo bishop, after a hotly contested election between High and Low, is the one dwelt upon. His school-boy hero is now peaceably selling cotton, warranted to wash, in a dry-goods store. The Duke of Wellington he now looks upon as an unreasonable old Tory. The battle of Waterloo was the means of opening up the markets of the world to British commerce.

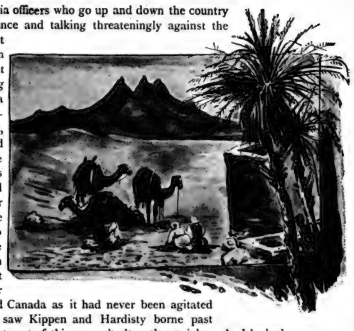
And courage is a contradictory thing. There was a school-fellow of mine that knocked the historic chip off a big bully's shoulder and stood a thrashing that kept him in bed for a week, and who now turns pale every time he is compelled to use the elevator. Who has not known the strong man tremble with fear in the dentist's chair while his wife, who nearly frightened the life out of an innocent little mouse by her screams from the top of the library table, will unflinchingly attempt to flirt with the dentist between the operations? President Cleveland during the war paid a substitute a thousand dollars to *do* his fighting, and as president defied his party and appointed a Republican to the Cabinet. Why, I remember myself, since the days when as a boy of fifteen I donned the red coat as a Canadian volunteer, I had a wild longing to go into battle, a march in quick time made the blood course madly through my veins and a martial poem would thrill my heart. I would long for dashing charges and withering volleys with a most blood-thirsty longing. During the Turco-Russian war I would eagerly read the reports and despise all battles where less than a thousand a side were killed. I think I was the bloodiest-minded youngster I ever heard of. I mentally waded in gore and my desire for a battle-field was almost fierce. I am changed now—I don't hunger any more for battle-fields with myself in a cocked hat and jack boots placed artistically in the foreground, yelling "In column charge;" I prefer charging by the column now. I saw a battle-field; it was not much of a one, but it satisfied me.

As I stood almost alone on the heights of Kerbekan, surrounded by over two hundred of the most courageous warriors in the world—they were all dead, I may remark; the battle had taken place the day before, for, strange to say, they didn't wait for me—I became convinced that a peaceful avocation was probably the most healthy after all, and determined that as long as men would take a shilling a day for that sort of thing I would be a most willing tax-payer. There was an entire

THE GREEKS HAD WINE SHOPS AT ASSOUAN.

absence of the accessories of the battle-field my boyish mind had pictured. After Kerbekan I found it infinitely more comfortable to sleep inside the square every night. The commanding officer and those conversant with Arab warfare believed that the soldiers should sleep on their arm, formed in square, with a hundred rounds of ammunition each, and should stand to their arms an hour before daybreak. As I would sleepily hear the command, "Stand to your arms," in the cold of the early morning I would gather my blanket closer around me for my beauty sleep, lazily look at the four walls of British bayonets guarding myself and the other Canadians and feel that the action of the Brigadier General was most commendable. We would have liked them to have stood there all night but we didn't wish to impose on good nature, so didn't insist on it.

Those war-like militia officers who go up and down the country breathing war and defiance and talking threateningly against the United States, must not let their imagination run away with the idea that war consists of nothing more serious than a twelve days' drill, a perfectly fitting frogged coat, whisky and water and three cheers for the Queen. However, this fictitious blatherskite and warlike loyalty is their only stock-in-trade. The volunteers who so pluckily went to the North-West to put down a foolish rising, of a most insignificant class, in our midst, but which agitated Canada as it had never been agitated before, realized, as they saw Kippen and Hardisty borne past them at Batoche, that that sort of thing wasn't altogether a joke. As I looked on that scene of death in its most awful form, on the Soudan rocks, where in one heap sixteen forms lay, where a shell had done its fearful work and marked in all, old and young, the clenched fist, set teeth, the torture-drawn face, that even in death retained its unconquerable fierceness, I also realized that it was no joke. I remember Jim Burney calling me to where he was looking at a primitive fortification on the side of a precipitous ridge where three figures were lying in the position in which they had died. There was no more careless fellow on the trip, but the sight before us impressed even him. That they had died hard the empty cartridges beside him whose hand still held the Remington in his death grip and the blade of the two-handed sword of the eldest, plainly showed. They were apparently of the same family, father, son and grandchild; the three generations had fought and died together. The youngest was a mere boy, his Madhist uniform adorned with all the vanity of youth, or it may be a mother's pride. A terrible thrust from a bayonet had caused a hideous wound in his little chest, but his hand still grasped the small spear which the secluded post had prevented the search party from finding after the fight. Burney turned to me after throwing a piece of cloth over the dead boy's face and said in a husky voice, "It's a shame, a damnable shame to come here with their Martinis and murder these poor devils who never did them any harm."



"Well, you see, Jim," I said, "it cannot be helped. Gordon and the garrison at Khartoum have to be rescued and——"

"Gordon be ——. What did the Government send them for without enough support? These people are men like you and me; look at them now, look at that little boy—they were fighting what any man would fight for, their religion and their home." He stopped and turning around looked over the hopeless, weary waste of black rock, while the oppressive silence was unbroken save by the sullen roar of the cataract and the flapping of the wings of the vultures from the surrounding rocks, impatient for their fearful feast. As far as the eye could reach there was not a sign of tree or plant or living thing; of all the scenes of desolation in the desolate Soudan that was without doubt the most awful. With a wave of his arm more eloquent than words can express, the voyageur said in a low tone, "And, my God, what a home!"

I had thought of that story about the Iron Duke weeping when crossing that death-cumbered plain of Waterloo, as a tale of womanish weakness which must be a libel. I faintly understand it now.

I have seen so many evidences of men who were everlastingly making aggressive speeches and writing ridiculous paragraphs, deeming it loyalty, in order to get an easy living, that in the opinion of a humble Canadian boatman it's rot. Canadians are all right and there is no doubt will fight, if there is any necessity for it, but there's no blooming necessity, and we have no time to spare from our work for luxuries; it is hard enough making an honest living as it is, without taking a long vacation, fighting Yankees, who only try to do us up in trade.

Talking of courage, I am beginning to think that I am a coward; well, not exactly a coward, but I am beginning to think that in default of a family motto I am assuming that about discretion being the better part of valor. For instance, on the return trip of the Canadians who had volunteered to go on with the troops—but I may as well tell you now that when the Canadians first enlisted it was for a period of six months. As the time had nearly elapsed before we entered the enemy's country, Lord Wolseley called for volunteers to re-enlist for such time as the campaign should last and go on with the troops up the river to Khartoum. He said that those who stuck to the letter of their first engagement would be returned home safely to their anxious friends. About eighty volunteered, and three hundred gallantly commanded by Capt. Aumaud braved the dangers of the broad Atlantic, returned home and were banqueted—some of them wear their medals.

We had arrived at Assouan, the border city of Egypt; the Greeks had wine shops there. An hour after the Canadians arrived the citizens of Assouan were sorry, very sorry the Greeks had wine shops in Assouan. You all know the gentle, loving, playful nature of the riverman on his return from the drive,

when he receives his pay. You have heard of home-drafts and sailors being paid off; well, combine that with what you know about river-drivers, mix that up with a consciousness of duty done and cheap French brandy, and you may have a faint idea what the citizens of Assouan ran up against. They were surprised, for it was the nearest approach to a Western cyclone they had ever seen. There's no doubt about it, for one night at any rate we owned that town. History tells of the taking of Detroit by Canadians, but few are aware of the capture of a town in far-off Africa by only sixty of their countrymen.

Possession of the town was given up the next day, and we re-embarked in barges for Assiaout There seemed to be a strange prejudice against the Greeks, probably on account of the Trojan war, for there was a strange unanimity in the pillage selected, which was entirely of the wares of the descendants of Alcibiades. Unfortunately there was a large supply, and it was conclusively shown that there was more trouble in a quart of French brandy than a barrel of Gooderham & Worts. Within the narrow precincts of the barge things waxed merry all day, old feuds were settled, and the question as to who was the best boatman was proven by half knocking the life out of your opponent. Tired of the pandemonium, I was reclining in a retired corner during the afternoon, intensely interested in a headache and a French novel, both of which I had succeeded in procuring in Assouan the day before. I was in anything but a Christian mood, for I was bothered by the headache, the French verbs and the hero of the novel, who had just discovered his intimate friend embracing his wife and had sought a public *cafe* to tear his hair, drink *eau de sucre*, and weep on the shoulders of his acquaintances, to whom he had confided his loss of honor. I was just at the part where the duel had been fixed for the next afternoon on account of the dangerous character of the morning dew, and the injured husband had made the desperate resolve never to again even speak to the wrecker of his life's happiness, when Jim Burney reeled towards me. He hadn't eaten anything for a day or so, and having a little spare time on his hands after an interesting argument with a comrade, whereby the said comrade had retired with some bandages, to compose his features, which had become disarranged in the argument, he had boiled some tea. In passing behind me with the teapot he lurched, and about a pint of the boiling liquid went down the back of my neck. I have heard of cold shivers running along the spine, but it is nothing to hot tea, so I may be excused for not repeating the remark which dropped feelingly from my lips and concluded with the kind intimation that I would punch his blooming head. I sprang to my feet with the intention of carrying out my proposal, hot inside and out, intoxicated with rage and the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. The blood of a long and illustrious line of Scottish farmers flowed madly through my veins, while the tea in a "flow gently, sweet Afton" manner pursued its downward way outside. The dauntless spirit of my ancestors who had fought with Bruce for freedom at Bannockburn and died with their king beside the standard on Flodden Field, burst forth. I am not dead sure about having had any ancestors in those times, but if there were any they were there; the Lewises always were hunting for trouble. Burney carefully put the teapot to one side as if fearing to waste any more. I could have told him that he hadn't wasted a drop; I had it all by that time carefully stowed away in both boots. He said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Sorry to have to do it, Lewis, but if you want me to, I can mop this scow with you in about two minutes."

There was a tone of conviction about Jim's words that started me thinking. It is astonishing what an amount of quick thinking you can do when facing a man six feet high, fighting weight one hundred and ninety pounds, heavy ammunition boots, and with just enough bad alcohol aboard to make him thoroughly enjoy kicking your ribs in. As a piece of information I may say that I am not altogether a fool, and I began to think that it was not really necessary to convince me of a self-evident truth and be compelled to constitute myself a search party after several teeth that would probably disappear in the excitement of the moment. I am not much to look at, but I strongly prefer to remain as I was originally constructed. By this time I could feel that the tea had got quite cool; so had I, but I honestly believe that if that tea had remained at the temperature it went inside my collar at, I would have fought my weight in wild-cats, and it was all on account of a few degrees of heat that I reluctantly told Jim that I guessed he could, and sat down. With a muttered "Guessed right first time, Charley," he betook himself to his own quarters. But that was no reason that Charley Manchard should come up and laughingly say, "I have known you for four years, Lewis, and 'pon my soul that is the only sensible thing I ever saw you do." A far-fetched joke about a tempest in a teapot did not prevent me then feeling what I have already told you, that I am considerable of a coward.

IV.

The Christian church does not, *ex cathedra*, declare her position as to supernatural visions: theosophy vaguely speculates as to the transmission of thought and communion of souls, but students of psychology endeavor in a dozen different ways to explain that curious and invariably startling impression that possesses a person at times that, though it may be under different conditions or in another life, a certain present scene has been witnessed by him before. The idea has possessed everybody. The indescribable, almost ghost-like familiarity that strikes you, though it may be indefinite as to details, is positive, while the feeling that it begets is uncomfortable and uncanny.

On the steamboat journey through Lower and Upper Egypt, whether it was on the river with its curious dahabiehs and nuggars or on the banks where the fellaheen with primitive implements were engaged with ox and ass in agriculture; whether it was in the narrow streets of the crowded bazaars of the various towns with their money changers, bearded merchants and ever changing groups of motley dressed Greeks, Copts, Jews and Arabs, or in the desert where might be seen the heavily laden caravans with Sheik trudging at the head with pastoral staff in hand, again and again would I be possessed with the idea that I had at some time or other been there before.

Many phases even of the everyday life of the people, although met with for the first time, did not strike me as strange. In a dreamy and undefinable past I would sometimes think I had walked those streets and talked with those people. The idea became oppressive. I began to entertain the most grotesque and jumbled up notions of immortality. I wondered in a hazy sort of way about the possibility of a previous existence. I hovered around the Brahmin theory of the transmigration of souls and was even haunted with the ludicrous thought that a camel or a donkey might turn out to be a poor relation. It was harrowing in the extreme when mounted on a donkey to run up against the thought that your long-eared steed might turn out to be a seventh or eighth cousin of your own. Although I believed that I had had an existence in some shape or other in the land of the Pharaohs, I never flattered myself that I had hovered around in angelic form or had been some lovely bird. I wasn't built that way. Neither could I bring myself to think that I had been a camel. The idea that a Canadian voyageur could in any existence have gone nine days without a drink was inconceivable.

At what period of Egypt's history I had existed I could never determine, and would rack my memory to find out if I could remember the departure of the Israelites, the building of the Great Pyramid, or the gossip of the day about Mark Antony's historic flirtation with Cleopatra. One day I confided my feelings to a friend.

Jack Boyle was a type of the Canadian raftsman now fast disappearing, a curious combination of toughness and tenderness; tigerish almost in his fierceness in the bar-room rows that took place when the river-drivers were paid off in the spring, but gentle as a woman in the idle days of the summer when the little children of the backwoods village would cluster around to hear the quaint old-world stories of fairies and banshees his mother had told him when a boy. He thrashed a man within an inch of his life on the road to the bush one autumn and single-handed nursed him through small-pox before Christmas. There are several men in Ottawa and Quebec that will carry the mark of Jack Boyle's fist or corked boots to the grave, and there are many poor women that will never forget his kindly aid and many children who even yet look forward to a visit from Shantyman Jack's fairies as a reward for good behavior.

As I described the impressions I had, a look of relief stole over his face.

"So you've been seein' them, too. Do you know, Charlie, I've had the darnedest scare about those things. You know for quite a time there I'd been hittin' the wine shops pretty hard and makin' the bazaars howl generally, when I began to feel just as you've been tellin' me. In Canada rats and snakes might be expected on the programme, although I didn't think I drank enough for that.

JIM BURNEY.

But this is such a confoundedly strange sort of a country that I thought a fellow mightn't have that kind here—didn't grow them. So I began to think that that was another kind I was havin', a sort of Oriental jim-jams, so I swore off and have stuck to Nile water for a week. Heavens, Nile water for a week! Let us go up to the bazaar. Come on."

The steamer and barges were tied up to the bank for the night and Jack and I set out. Beside a well in the shadow of an enormous palm tree immediately outside the gate of the walled town, a desert caravan had encamped. The burdens had been removed from the camels, donkeys and horses, and the wearied beasts were lying down enjoying their well earned rest. The patriarchal-looking Shiek, with long, flowing white robes, had that look of innate, unconscious dignity that only the high-born Oriental possesses to its full extent. It was sunset and as the last "declining rays" tipped with gold the hillocks of sand, the Ishmaelites of the desert with faces turned toward the glowing west prostrated themselves on the sand in evening prayer. The perfume of the mimosa trees and gardens scented the evening air with almost intoxicating sweetness; the brilliant glare of the day had given place to the uncertain hazy light of the hour that dimmed the surrounding objects with a semblance of unreality; the ceaseless murmuring of the great river with its strange, strange story could still be heard, and as I looked on the upturned face of the old man and as I listened to his reverent cry of "Allah, Allah," I forgot the prophet of the sword, the heresy of Islamism, and remembered only that the God he worshiped was the God of Isaac and of Jacob.

With almost solemn intensity I was impressed with the familiarity of the scene. Along a narrow street in the direction of the bazaar Boyle, who was unusually silent, and I, still possessed with the scene I had just passed, proceeded. Bret Harte's humorous lines kept incongruously jingling in my brain:

Do I sleep, do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or are visions a out?

From the other end of the silent street we saw a tall Egyptian coming in our direction. His turban was green, showing him to be of the family of the prophet and he appeared to be a man of wealth and position. As he approached I noticed that his face had a look of treacherous malevolence unusual even in an Egyptian Pasha, and as he passed he favored us infidel British with a look of such concentrated hatred that Boyle whispered to me in a tone of conviction, "Judas Iscariot, so help me God!" Like a flash it occurred to me that it was in the Bible that I had met with these scenes before. The wonderful word pictures of the Book of Books, known in my boyhood, had unconsciously imprinted themselves on my youthful mind to such an extent as to form mental photographs of Eastern life and scenes, and although unfortunately half forgotten in the hurly-burly of life, when seen with the actual eye seemed strangely familiar. Throughout the journeyings on the Nile the lessons of the Bible were taught with a forceful understanding the mind was incapable of grasping when seated in a cushioned pew, and it seemed that the Voice that spoke on Sinai could yet be heard midst the rocks and silent places of the wilderness, and its echo seemed still to linger in the night wind of the desert and the mighty flow of the river.

Understandable as that feeling of familiarity was, explainable as was the sense of dreamy unreality and mysticism that so pervades Oriental life that the tales of the Arabian Nights did not seem outlandish or improbable and enchanted mirrors and genii floating around on bewitched carpets seemed to be perfectly in harmony with the life of the people, still, to describe the wonderful, awe-inspiring ruins of temple, monolith and sphinx, that rise in their stupendous, weird majesty throughout Egypt as imperishable monuments over the grave of a buried world, and the emotions they conjure up, is impossible for anyone—except, perhaps, a certain class of minister.

A congregation can never refuse its minister leave to go to the Holy Land with salary running on the same; it would seem like refusing him leave to go to church or to heaven. He is generally run through Egypt by contract in so many days on a Cook's tourist ticket and a guide book. When he returns, what he doesn't know about Rameses, Sesostris, Isis, etc., isn't worth knowing. He knows all about the hieroglyphics and can tell to within ten feet where Moses was found in the bull-rushes. In the lecture which he invariably gives he glibly explains the reason, date and manner of erection of the mysterious great pyramid with the same easy, dogmatic certainty that the Sunday before had settled the question of the creation of the world. The explanation of the marvelous ruins with their array of hieroglyphics, of Luxor and Karnak, which Homer speaks of as "hundred-gated Thebes" and which is supposed to have been as large as modern London, presents no more difficulty to him than the doctrine of original sin. Somebody has said somewhere that to visit the ruins of ancient Egypt with a guide book is like placing yourself face downwards at midnight in the middle of the desert with the outlines of astronomy in one hand and a candle in the other, imagining you are understanding the mysteries of the stars. That idea never strikes the average minister. I once heard a lecture on Egypt and the Holy Land given by an ultra-respectable reverend gentleman who fairly reveled in ruins. He handled pyramids and obelisks in a careless, easy manner and simply toyed with monoliths and sphinxes. He cheerfully gave an accurate guide book description of the temple of Abydos and applied it to the temple of Edfou. They were located a few hundred miles and erected a few hundred years apart and in honor of different gods, but he went cheerfully on, and in order to be perfectly fair applied the description of Edfou to Abydos and then merely changed gods. He handled the thirty-three ancient dynasties as an expert gambler would shuffle a pack of cards and whenever he wanted a king or queen would simply draw one, perfectly regardless of the suit or dynasty. He ascribed the building of the magnificent temple of Karnak to Amehotep IV. instead of to the famous king Thothmes III., but the audience did not seem to mind this injustice and there was no kick coming from me. Thothmes III. was no friend of mine.

He fearlessly tackled the kings, and I looked for trouble. In the most imperturbable manner possible he made one Pharaoh's son his great-grandfather, and contrary to the explicit rules of his church hurriedly married one unfortunate king to his own grandmother. However, he very nearly did get into trouble. His lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views. On a large canvas on the stage or platform the views were shown, and on a temporary stand slightly to one side and in advance of the platform of the darkened hall, with his back towards it, stood the lecturer with a small shaded lamp with which to read his copious notes. A magnificent view of the sphinx by moonlight was thrown on the canvas. It would be impossible to give an uninteresting description of it, and what with the beauty of the view the lecturer's remarks were loudly applauded by the large audience. The reverend lecturer paused for silence. Unfortunately, the stereopticon man thought he was through with the sphinx, withdrew the slide, slipped in the next in order and threw it boldly on the canvas. It was a picture of a handsome Bedouin girl of the village near the sphinx. The minister never noticed the change. Gratified by the applause, he waxed eloquent. "This is a mysterious as well as beautiful figure. There is a mystery surrounding it that is indescribable. For centuries men have endeavored to understand this wonderful puzzle, this marvelous enigma. The intellect of the scholar as well as the experience of the man of the world are alike confounded by this gigantic riddle. It has become a synonym for anything incomprehensible." ("That's so," said an old married man beside me as he gazed at the girl. There was applause from the back benches and a flutter among the ladies.) "As I gazed into the beautiful face, beautiful in spite of the disfiguration" (the audience looked at the roguish-eyed girl but could not see anything wrong), "I marveled at its calm beauty, I felt its strange charm growing upon me to such an extent that I believed I could have looked upon it forever." The young woman was good-looking and there was sympathetic applause from the young men, while the deacons looked grave and the ladies became slightly agitated, for as usual the minister had a wife and nine children. "From the shoulder, where after considerable trouble I placed myself, I could easily notice the contour of the beautiful chin and mark the artistically chiseled lips."

This was getting startling and the coughing became pronounced. On account of a sermon against dancing to young women, who foolishly thought their hearts beat merely in unison to music and that their little feet naturally would persist in responding, until he explained otherwise, the reverend lecturer had a great reputation for piety and learning, but this was coming it rather strong, and in the presence of his congregation too. I know that there was a mental resolve made in the minds of many of the married ladies present never to let their spouses loose in that horrid Egypt if that was the effect it had on their pastor. A few students in the rear of the hall created a diversion by flatteringly singing, "He's a Daisy," and the Arab maiden, despite the unkind things already being whispered about her, still beamed sweetly on the audience. The lecturer went on: "The Persian, the Greek, and the Roman in their turn have felt the influence of that impenetrable smile. It seems decreed to be for ever a mystery. No man can explain it and the reputed age even can never be relied upon." ("Right you are," said a voice in the dark.) "There is no doubt that it must be over three thousand years." That was too much. If a woman is only as old as she looks that girl was not a day over twenty, and the back benches whistled and caterwauled in disapproval of the attempt to ring in a Rider Haggard yarn on them, even if he was ten times a minister. "You can judge of the impressive effect of this figure in its perfect proportion and symmetry when I say (luckily the magic lantern fellow just then replaced the sphinx on the canvas) that it is over fifty feet at the base." There was a sigh of relief from the audience that nearly blew the minister's light out, at the narrow escape from a church investigation the pastor had had.

No, no. The ordinary lecture on the ruins of Egypt is sacrilege. Let these people take their little hammers and knock off chips from temple and sphinx and place them on their mantel-pieces, it cannot be helped, but for heaven's sake let them not lecture about it. Sir William Butler repeats this story, referring to ancient Thebes, "When the French army under Dessaix in the last year of the last century came in sight of these vast temples, an instantaneous emotion spread through the ranks. Chiefs and soldiers halted by a common impulse, and with uplifted swords and presented arms the whole army saluted Thebes. Such was the homage paid by the young army of Napoleon before the relics of Sesostris." It should be so with us. We cannot understand them. Their magnitude and mystery confound us. Let us salute them. It is vandalism for the ordinary man to presume to explain them.

Speaking of vandalism reminds me that there is the small toe of a beautifully perfect statue of an Egyptian king hammered off in that marvel of marvels, the temple of Abou Simboul, by a Canadian officer in—but as Kipling puts it, that is another story, which will appear in the regular issue of SATURDAY NIGHT the third week in January and continue six or eight weeks. The many exciting and humorous experiences of the Voyageurs will be set forth in illustrated form.

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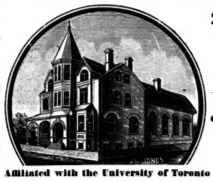

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